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CONTENTS OF THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. GOETHE AND PHILOSOPHY. By Professor EDWARD CAIRD.....	145
II. AMERICAN JOTTINGS. By GRANT ALLEN.....	159
III. THE FALL OF AN ISLAND. By R. D.....	169
IV. THE CHARACTER OF SHELLEY. By Rev. JOHN VER-SCHOYLE.....	178
V. LOYALTY OF THE INDIAN MOHAMMEDANS. By Sir WM. H. GREGORY.....	185
VI. FRANCE AS IT IS AND WAS: GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY. By "A PARISIEN.".....	195
VII. DREAMS.....	208
VIII. ANIMAL LORE. By J. A. FARREH.....	200
IX. AN UNDERGROUND TRAGEDY. By C. HADDON CHAMBERS.....	216
X. THE RAILWAY BUBBLE.....	224
XI. ILLUSTRATIONS OF "FAUST." By WALTER H. POLLOCK.....	230
XII. MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA. By JOSEPH THOMSON.....	234
XIII. FINANCIAL FRAUDS. By MALCOLM LAING MEARON.....	239
XIV. CONFEDERATION—THE SOLVENT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION. By GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.....	248
XV. CHRISTIANITY AS THE ABSOLUTE RELIGION. By Rev. CANON WESTCOTT.....	251
XVI. THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.....	258
XVII. LAZARUS TO DIVER. By JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.....	266
XVIII. SONNET.....	271
XIX. STAR LORE. By J. A. FARREH.....	271
XX. THE MATTERHORN AND ITS VICTIMS.....	278
XXI. LITERARY NOTICES.....	284
Our Arctic Provinces, Alaska and the Seal Islands—History of the Second Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac—Studies in English Literature, including Selections from the five great classics, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, and a History of English Literature from the earliest times to the death of Dryden in 1700—A Study of Mexico—The Buckholz Family. Sketches of Berlin Life.	
XXII. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	287

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GOETHE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD CAIRL.

THE "old quarrel of poets and philosophers," of which Plato speaks, is as far off from reconciliation as ever, and in one point of view we cannot wish it to be reconciled. It is far from desirable that poetry should ever become "a criticism of life," except in the sense in which beauty is always a criticism upon ugliness, or a good man upon a bad one; and it is quite as undesirable that philosophy should relax any of its effort to produce such a criticism, or, in other words, to set the deeper meaning of things against their superficial appearances. Each does best service by remaining within its own limits and keeping to its own ways of action. Yet there is undoubtedly a point—and that, indeed, the highest point in both—in which they come into close relations with each other. Hence, at least in the case of the greatest poets,

we are driven by a kind of necessity to ask what was their philosophy. A few words on the general relations of poetry and philosophy may make it easier to express what in this point of view we have to say about Goethe.

The poet, like the philosopher, is a seeker for truth, and we may even say for the same kind of truth. He may not, indeed, like the philosopher, separate the idea or principle from the immediate reality of things, but he must be so eager and passionate in his realism as to get at the ideal in it and through it. He must grasp the world of sense so firmly that it ceases to sting. If he remoulds the immediate facts of the world of experience, it must be by means of forces which are working in it as well as in himself, and which his own plastic genius only brings to clearer manifestation. In some few cases, this poetic

process of "widening nature without going beyond it,"* has been so successful that it becomes almost a futile curiosity to ask what were the materials which the poet has used, or the bare facts for which he has substituted his creations. The kernel has been so completely extracted that we are not concerned about the husk. If we could learn the circumstances of the Trojan War as a contemporary historian might chronicle them, we should not know nearly so much of the inner movement and development of the Greek spirit as Homer has told us; though we should probably find that Homer's story is nowhere a mere copy of the facts, but that it stands to them in somewhat the same relations in which the "Sorrows of Werther" stands to the accidents of Goethe's life in Wetzlar, and the suicide of Jerusalem. The facts are changed, and a new world constructed out of the old by the shaping imagination of the poet, but the change is such that it seems to have taken place in the factory of Nature herself. The forces that work underground, and hide themselves from us beneath the appearances of human life, have, by the silent elaboration of poetic genius, forced their way to the surface, and transformed the appearances themselves. Hence the new creation has all the colors of life, and almost shames the so-called facts of every day by the sturdy force and reality of its presence. Thus before Shakespeare's characters most ordinary human beings seem like the shadows of the dead in Homer. It is not that in these dramas a different life is set before us from that which men everywhere lead, but the passions and characters which, in conflict with each other and with circumstance, gradually work out their destiny, are in the poet's mind put into a kind of forcing-house, and made with rapid evolution to show their inner law and tendency in immediate results.

It is indeed only the greatest poets who are capable of thus making themselves, as it were, into organs by which nature reaches a further development. In all but the greatest we find a mixture of such creative reconstruction with what we can only call manufacture. The

failing force of vision obliges them to hold together by mechanical means the elements which do not round themselves into an organic whole. And even to the greatest poets it is not granted to have a complete and continuous vision. Hence, except in the case of short "swallow-flights of song," which can be produced in one lyric burst of feeling, works of *pure* poetic art must be the result of much patient waiting and watching for the spirit; they cannot be perfected without much self-restraint and critical rejection of every element which is not quite genuine. "That which limits us, the common or vulgar," and which by its presence at once turns poetry into prose, cannot be excluded except by a self-abnegation as great as that by which the scientific man puts aside subjective pre-suppositions and "anticipations of nature." For poetic truth does not lie on the surface any more than scientific truth. The *kinds* of truth are indeed widely different. The aim of the man of science is to distinguish the threads of necessity that bind together the most disparate phenomena, and in pursuit of these he seems, to one who looks at the immediate result, to be explaining away all the life and unity of the world, and putting everywhere mechanism for organism, even in the organic itself. On the other hand, the poet ignores or endeavors to get beyond the external mechanism of the world; he is ever seeking and finding life even among the dead. But only one who regards the abstractions of science as the ultimate truth of things, can take this process to be a mere play of subjective fancy, or can suppose that any great poetic creation is produced by an imagination which merely follows its own dreams and does not bend to any objective law. It is even harder for the poet to eliminate from his work all that is not living, than for the scientific man to set aside the phantoms of life, the final causes, which disturb the prose of science. In both cases the individual has to put himself aside and let nature speak; but the poet listens for another voice, a "still small voice," which comes from a further depth. The extreme rarity of poetic works of a high order, in spite of the comparatively frequent appearance of a measure of poetic

* Schiller.

genius, shows how many and difficult are the conditions which must be satisfied in their production.

The poet, like the philosopher, is in search of a deeper truth in things than that which is the object of science. He seeks, as has been said, the unity and life which is hidden in the mechanism of the universe, and he who seeks truth in any form must be prepared for self-abnegating effort. Yet we must not forget another characteristic of poetry by which it is separated at once from science and philosophy—viz., its spontaneous and even unconscious character. After all, the effort of the poet is to provide a free channel for a power that works in him like a natural force. Wordsworth's criticism of Goethe's poetry, that it was not inevitable enough (a criticism which is singularly wide of the mark in regard to the best of Goethe's work), is an apt expression of this truth. Creative imagination is a power which is neither lawless, nor yet, strictly speaking, under law; it is a power which, as Kant said, *makes laws*. It carries us with free steps into a region in which we leave behind and forget the laws of nature; yet, as soon as we begin to look round us and to reflect on our new environment, we see that it could not have been otherwise. The world has not been turned upside down, but widened by the addition of a new province which is in perfect continuity with it. But this feat of "widening nature without going beyond it," has its special subjective conditions. It cannot be achieved by one in whom the division of man's higher and lower nature has produced the sense of an irreconcilable breach between the two, or in whose eyes their unity has been reduced to a mere ideal. Poetic genius must live in fruition, not in aspiration—must be at peace and not at war with the world; it must be able to see good in the heart of evil, it must grasp as attained what others see only as a distant hope. The poet cannot be one who has had to trample upon his natural life in order to make room for moral freedom, or one who has lost the vividness of the sensuous present in order to grasp at an idea. He must remain at one with himself as in happy childhood, and maintain an unbroken life in spite of all fightings

within and contradictions without. For if he does not, a false note will get into his song; it will become a wail for a lost past, a complaint against time and fortune, or an aspiration after the unattainable instead of an echo of the divine word that "all is good." Art must, therefore, in a sense, be joyous; if it is not to fall beneath its idea, it must at least return in its final note to joy. If it admits the tragic contrasts of life, it must not lose itself in them; it must carry us beyond "fear and terror," even if it has to carry us through them. It must not leave us victims of such passions without a reconciling atonement, which makes us accept the event, not merely as an inevitable fate, but as an issue in which the dramatic evolution of character has brought about *its own* destiny. Thus, even when it goes beyond the first and simplest theme of poetic imagination, and ceases to be an expression of man's joy in the response of nature to the demands of his spirit, it must restore the broken harmony by giving us, even in the utmost tragic catastrophe, the sense of the realization of a law in which we are more deeply interested than even in the sorrows and joys of the individual. If, on the contrary, a poem throws us back upon ourselves, jarred and untuned as by a consciousness of inexplicable accident or meaningless sorrow, or if it leaves us strained with a vacant longing for we know not what, we may safely say that we have been cheated by a false semblance of art, or at best by an art which wilfully seeks to destroy the sources of its own power. For contradiction, division, external limitation are the prose of life; and art is art, poetry is poetry, only as it disentangles, unites, and reconciles, giving us, if not the open vision, at least the presentment or "*Ahnung*" of the unity which is beneath and beyond it.

In a sense, then, we may admit that poetic art is merely ideal. It must be ideal just because it holds so closely to the *immediate* reality or sensuous presence of its objects, even while it lifts them beyond those limits and conditions which are attached to the things of

* "Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst." (Schiller.)

sense. It cannot therefore, even in tragedy, go fairly down into the region of conflict and limitation, which, as I have said, is the domain of prose. It shrinks from the abstractions and divisions of science, as fatal to that immediate unity and life which it cannot surrender. Hence its "old quarrel" with philosophy. Philosophy is, *in the end*, at one with poetry. It might even be said that *ultimately* it is nothing more than an attempt to prove that which poetry assumes as given, or to enable us by reflection to recognize as the universal principle of reality that ideal which poetry exhibits to us in special creations. Yet the essential differences of method make it difficult for two such disparate activities to come to any understanding with each other. Plato, in whom the perfect union of these two forms of spiritual life was most nearly realized, is also the writer who most strongly insists on their essential opposition. In truth they may be said to start in opposite directions, and only to coincide in their final goal. For philosophy, whatever ultimately it may do to point toward unity, is obliged to begin by carrying abstraction and division to a further extent than even science. If it aims at a final synthesis, it is on the basis of an unsparing analysis; if it seeks to find a living unity in the world, it is not by restoring the immediate life, which science destroys that it may dissect the dead body. Rather its business is to complete the scientific disintegration that, through death, it may reach a higher life. It is essential to philosophy to separate the spiritual from the natural, the higher life from the lower life, the subject from the object, the universal from the particular, the ideal from the real. Thus it carries us deep into the region of abstraction and division, of contradiction and controversy, and if it also can be said to carry us beyond that region, yet in this respect its work is never complete, and the answer it gives in one age requires to be, if not essentially changed, yet deepened and widened and translated into a new language with the changing experiences of another age. Thus the element of pure theory must always be a dangerous, and may even be a fatal, element to the poet; for it severs that

which it is his peculiar function to keep united, and even where it reunites, it has to accomplish its synthesis in a region of thought in which the sensuous forms of poetry can hardly breathe and live.

These general considerations may serve as an introduction to a few remarks on Goethe's attitude toward philosophy and its influence on his intellectual development. Goethe owed much to particular philosophers; we can often trace in his work indications of the study of Plato, and still more of Spinoza. Nor could he at any time withdraw himself from the influence of the great contemporaneous movement of idealistic thought, to which his own mental development moved in parallel lines, and on which it frequently reacted. But toward philosophy in general he preserved throughout his life a self-defensive attitude—a sort of armed neutrality. While he welcomed suggestions from it which were kindred with his own way of thinking, and even willingly appropriated many of its results, he always tried to keep his mind from being influenced by its methods and processes. He shrank from it, at first by a kind of instinct, and afterward with a distinct conviction, that any nearer approach would be dangerous to that intuitive process of imagination which was the source of his own strength. Such reserve and self-limitation was very characteristic of Goethe; for, notwithstanding his many-sidedness, no one ever realized more distinctly the necessity of keeping within his own province. That each one must know himself in the sense of knowing his work, and must refuse to allow himself to be drawn away from it to interests and pursuits which lie beyond the range of his faculty, was for him the first maxim of self-culture. His obedience to it has often subjected him to serious moral charges, on the ground that his pursuit of self-culture involved a narrow self-absorption and a selfish indifference to the interests of his nation or of humanity. Such a view might appeal to expressions like the following in a letter to Lavater: "The passion to lift the pyramid of my being, the basis of which is assigned and established for me, as high as possible into the air, outweighs every-

thing else, and permits me scarcely for one moment to forget it." But we must interpret an exaggerated phrase like this by Goethe's often-expressed conviction that we necessarily become bunglers and meddlers when we interfere with that which lies beyond the "orbit fixed for our existence by eternal laws." Activity that does not advance our own self-culture will, he holds, be useful to no other man. For him, as for Plato, all the virtues were summed up in each one doing his own business and avoiding to interfere with that which is the business of others. On this principle we can, at least, partly explain what gave so much offence to the patriotism of his countrymen—his attitude during the war of liberation. In the "Awakening of Epimenides," a poem which was written after the victory over Napoleon, and in which he expresses a kind of penitence for his silence during the national struggle, he suggests the excuse that the part he was called by his nature to play was, not to share in the war, but to prepare for the higher civilization that should arise after the war was ended. Epimenides, who represents Goethe, is made to say: "I am ashamed of the hours of rest; it would have been a gain to suffer with you; for the pain you have borne makes you greater than I." But the answer of the priest is: "Blame not the will of the Gods that thou hast gained many a year; they have kept thee in quietness so that thy feeling may be pure (*dass du rein empfinden kannst*). And so thou art in harmony with the future days to which history offers our pain and sorrow, our endeavor and our courage."

It was a similar feeling that made Goethe generally keep philosophy, as it were, at arm's length, while at the same time he recognized the points of contact which it offered to him. In a letter to Jacobi he says:

"You can easily imagine my attitude to philosophy. When it lays itself out for division I cannot get on with it; indeed I may say that it has occasionally done me harm by disturbing me in my natural course. But when it unites, or rather, when it elevates and confirms our original feeling as though we were one with Nature, and elevates it into a peaceful intuition that under its external *συγκρησις* and *διάνησις* a divine life is present to us, even if we are not permitted to lead such a

life ourselves—then it is welcome to me, and you may reckon upon my sympathy."

From this we may explain the charm which he found in the one philosophical work from the influence of which he never tried to withdraw himself—the "Ethics of Spinoza." That strange book, in which the soul of poetry is clothed in the body of geometry, took hold of Goethe at an early period, so soon as he had begun to emerge out of the "storm and stress" of his youth; and through all his subsequent life he continued to refresh and strengthen himself with its doctrine of all-embracing unity and disinterested love. The extreme antagonism of Spinoza's methods of thinking and expression to his own contributed to the attraction. He saw in Spinoza his intellectual complement, whom he could enjoy without being in any way tempted to go beyond himself.

"His all-reconciling peace contrasted with my all-agitating endeavor; his intellectual method was the opposite counterpart of my poetic way of feeling and expressing myself; and even the inflexible regularity of his logical procedure, which might be considered ill-adapted to moral subjects, made me his most passionate scholar and his devoted adherent. Mind and heart, understanding and sense were drawn together with an inevitable elective affinity, and this at the same time produced an intimate union between individuals of the most different type."

Goethe never attempted to master the Spinozistic philosophy as a system; he tells us, indeed, that he never even read the Ethics through at one time. But he kept reading *in* it, as people read in the Bible, to get strength and inspiration, and to confirm himself in those principles that gradually had become almost identified with his consciousness of himself. No other philosophy ever came so close to him: though his early association with Herder brought him indirectly under many philosophic influences, and in particular we often find him using the ideas and language of Leibnitz. To the Critical philosophy, in which the subject seemed to be set against the object and the ideal separated from the real, he at first felt an instinctive repulsion. But at a later time, intercourse with Schiller, who professed himself a Kantian but who tried to soften Kant's sharp contrast between the moral and the natural, did something to re-

move his objections. And the "Critique of Judgment," in which Kant himself undertakes the same task of mediation between freedom and nature, was a book almost entirely to his mind. He detected the way in which Kant, especially in this final development of his philosophy, points ("as by a side gesture") beyond the limitations which he seems to fix for the intelligence of man, and with a curious turning of the tables, he claimed Kant's account of the "intuitive understanding" as a fit description of the true synthetic method for the discovery of Nature's laws which he had himself followed. On the other hand, he was repelled by the one-sided Idealism of Fichte, who exaggerated that aspect of the critical philosophy with which he was least in sympathy, and he seldom speaks of "the great Ego of *Osmansstadt*" without a shade of irony. There is even a trace of malicious satisfaction in the way in which he relates how Fichte had his windows broken by the students of Jena: "not the most pleasant way of becoming convinced of the existence of a non-ego." The further development of the ideas of the "Critique of Judgment," by which Schelling brought Idealism, so to speak, into a line with Spinozism, excited his eager interest, and he even speaks of the advance of philosophy as having helped him to reconcile himself to many things that had repelled him at an earlier time, and especially as having considerably changed his view of Christianity. Still, on the whole, except in the case of Spinoza, his attitude to philosophy is that of an outsider who accepts its help when it seems to support his own way of thinking, but disregards it when it does not. And his ultimate view of it seems to be that indicated by the (somewhat ambiguous) aphorism, that "man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out wherein it consists."

What has just been said may be taken as a summary of Goethe's relations to philosophy. Such a summary, however, can tell us very little about Goethe, unless we are able to bring it into definite relation with the different stages of his intellectual history. In this article we can only attempt to indicate one or two turning-points in that history, and espe-

cially to show how it was that, at one of these turning-points, the philosophy of Spinoza gained so great a power over him, and how at a later time it combined itself with other influences to produce that distinctive cast of thought which we trace in all his later works.

The first question we are naturally led to ask about an original genius like Goethe, who has done so much to change the main current of European thought, is as to his relation to the past. Against what had he to revolt—from what had he to free himself, in order to open the way for the new life that was in him? And on the other side, with what already acting forces could he ally himself? Born in the middle of the eighteenth century, he awakened to intellectual life between a lifeless orthodoxy and an external enlightenment which was gradually undermining it, but at the same time reducing itself to a platitude. Looking beyond his own country to France, which had then all the prestige of culture, he found an artificial and aristocratic literature which repelled his youthful sympathies, and a scepticism which stopping short in its development and allying itself with the rising mathematical and physical sciences, was on the way to produce a mechanical theory of the universe. He had soon got by heart the negative lesson of Voltaire, and, like Faust, he found that, while it freed him from all his superstitions, it at the same time made the world empty and barren to him. And the mechanical philosophy which presented itself in the "*Système de la Nature*," as the positive substitute for his lost faith, could not but fill a poet's soul with pious horror. In Goethe's autobiography, though written many years after, we can still see the vehemence of his revolt against a theory which "reduced that which appears higher than nature, or rather as the higher nature in nature itself, to aimless and formless matter and motion."

"It appeared to us," he declared, "so gray, so Cimmerian, and so dead that we shuddered at it as at a ghost. We thought it the very quintessence of old age. All was said to be necessary, and therefore, no God. Why, we asked, should not a necessity for God find its place among other necessities? We confessed, indeed, that we could not withdraw ourselves from the necessary influences of day and

night, of the seasons, of the climatic changes, of physical and animal conditions; yet we felt something within us that appeared arbitrarily to assert itself against all these; and again something which sought to counterpoise such arbitrariness and to restore the equilibrium of life."

On the other hand, the ordinary teleological theology, with its external world architect and externally determined designs, could not seem to Goethe any more satisfactory than the mechanical philosophy. It had indeed the same fault as that philosophy; for it too substituted an external composition of parts for inner life and development. He had put such theology away from him almost in his boyhood, and he could not return to it. Then as always, he was ready to shoot Voltairian shafts of wit at a doctrine of final causes which made any accidental result of the existence of an object into its end. In this state of mind, the fiery appeals of Rousseau to Nature, as a power within man which is self-justified against every constraint forced upon him from without, could not but produce the greatest effect on Goethe. All his discontent with an unproductive orthodoxy, and all his distaste for a disintegrating scepticism, combined to make him accept a creed which promised freedom to all the forces of his being. Rousseau seemed to vindicate the claims of everything that had life, and to war only with the dead; and a susceptible poetic nature, doubting of itself, was only too willing to be re-assured by him as to the rightness of its own impulses. The vagueness of this gospel of nature was for a time hidden from Goethe by the very intensity of the poetic impulse within him which responded vividly to every impression from without. "See, my friend," he writes in an early letter, "what is the beginning and end of all writing, but the reproduction of the world around me by the inner world, which seizes upon everything, binds it together, new creates it, kneads it, and sets it out again in its own form and manner." The rush of youthful inspiration seemed to need no guide, and it spent its force in every direction from which excitement came with what Goethe afterward called "a divine wantonness." The calm pages of the "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" preserve only a feeble image of the fervor and

passion which is shown in the letters and poems of this time of "storm and stress." From some of the worst dangers of such a time, Goethe was saved by the genuineness of his poetic impulse. But such a living at random, with all sails set and no hand on the helm, could not long be possible even to genius. In his case it resulted in a crisis of sensibility, the image of which is preserved for us in the "*Sorrows of Werther*," a work in which he at once expressed the passions and illusions of his youth, and freed himself from them.

"Nature" is the obvious rallying cry of a new generation striving to free itself from the weight of the ideas and institutions of an earlier time. Such a cry may often be the expression of a very artificial and sophistical state of mind, which, beginning in the desire to throw off that which is really oppressive, ends in a fretful revolt against the most necessary conditions of human life. The vague impulse of youth which refuses to limit itself or give up its "natural right to all things," the vain demand of the heart to find an outward world which corresponds to its wants, the rebellion of passion against the destiny which refuses it an immediate satisfaction, the hatred of the untamed spirit for everything of the nature of convention and rule—each and all of these feelings readily disguise themselves under the name of a desire to return to nature. But in truth such a longing can least of all be satisfied with the simple rustic and domestic life which it seems to admire. When it cries out—"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"—it forgets that knowledge would be fatal to such bliss. The self-absorbed, self-conscious spirit, preying upon itself in its isolating individualism, is least of all capable of that simple union with others for which it pines, of that contentment with natural pleasures which it loves to express. Rude nature would terrify it most of all, if it could once fairly come in contact with her. The discontent of the sentimentalist with the world is merely a way of expressing what is really the inner self-contradiction of his own state. The exaggerated image of self stands between him and the world, and gives rise to an infinite craving which spurns every finite

satisfaction. His joy is, in the language of Goethe, a fruit which is "corrupted ere it is broken from the tree."

This strange emotional disease which vexes the modern world has had its literary representatives in most European nations, who have expressed it with national and individual modifications. From Rousseau, whose whole individuality and character was absorbed by it, it received its first and most complete expression. In this country, Byron combined it with the fervor of an active temperament, and draped it in a somewhat theatrical costume. Goethe, in his "Werther," gave to it a purer rendering, combining it with the domestic sentiment and reflective self-analysis of his nation. But, while Rousseau and even Byron were permanent victims of the self-contradictory state of feeling which they expressed, Goethe, in his "Werther," found a true æsthetic deliverance from it. He cured himself, so to speak, by painting his disease. He exorcised the spectre that barred his way to a higher life by forcing it to stand to be painted. "Werther" was his demonstration to himself of the emptiness and unworthiness of a state of mind whose only legitimate end was suicide. This, indeed, was not understood at the time. Goethe was haunted through life by the "*viel-beweinter Schatten*"—by a constant demand for sympathy from those whose malady he had so perfectly described and who expected to find in him a fellow-sufferer. But for him, the writing of the book was the beginning of recovery. In his Autobiography, he complains of those who sought a direct moral lesson in a work of art, and who imagined that "Werther" was intended to justify the sentimentality and the suicide of the hero. For himself, however, it had a lesson, the reverse of that which lies on the surface of it—the lesson that rebellion against the conditions of human life is not only futile, but irrational. In these limiting conditions, he is never weary of preaching, lies the way to freedom. "From the law that binds all men, he only can be freed who overcomes himself." How far this lesson was revealed to Goethe in the mere rebound from Wertherism, and how far he owed it to any external teaching, we cannot now disentangle. It is sufficient

to say that he seemed to himself to find it in the pages of Spinoza. Goethe's "apprenticeship," to use his own metaphor, was ended when Spinoza took in his inner life that place which had hitherto been filled by Rousseau. The passage in the "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" in which this is expressed is familiar, but it is necessary to quote it here once more:—

"Our physical as well as our social life, morality, custom, knowledge of the world, philosophy, religion—yea, many an accidental occurrence—all tell us that we must renounce. So much is there which belongs to our inmost being, which we cannot develop and form outwardly: so much that we need from without to the completion of our being is withdrawn from us: and, again, so much is forced on us which is both alien and burdensome. We are deprived of that which is toilsomely won, of that which is granted by kindly powers, and ere we can see the meaning of it, we find ourselves compelled to give up our personality, first by fragments, and then completely. In such cases it is usual to pay no attention to any one who makes faces at the sacrifice exacted of him; rather, the bitterer the cup, the sweeter must be one's bearing, in order that the unconcerned spectator may not be annoyed by a grimace.

"To solve this hard problem, Nature has furnished man with a rich provision of force, activity, and toughness. But what most often comes to his help is his unconquerable levity. By this he becomes capable of renouncing particular things at each moment if he can only grasp at something new in the next. Thus unconsciously we are constantly renewing our whole lives. We put one passion in place of another; business, inclinations, amusements, hobbies, we prove them all one after another, only to cry out that 'all is vanity.' No one is shocked at this false, nay, blasphemous, speech; nay, every one thinks that in uttering it he has said something wise and unanswerable. Only a few men there are who anticipate such unbearable feelings, and in order to escape from all partial renunciations, perform one all-embracing act of renunciation. These are the men who convince themselves of the existence of the eternal, of the necessary, of universal law, and who seek to form conceptions which cannot fail them, yea, which are not disturbed, but rather confirmed, by the contemplation of that which passes away. But as there is something superhuman in this attitude of mind, such persons are commonly held to be inhuman, without God and aliens to the world, and it is much if men refrain from decorating them with horns and claws."

"Renunciation once for all in view of the Eternal." It was this lesson that made Goethe feel an "atmosphere of peace breathe upon him" whenever he opened his Spinoza. Much may be said

in some respects against Goethe's moral attitude, but there is one point in which it is scarcely possible to praise it too much. No one ever acted more faithfully on the resolve to make the best of circumstances, and to put behind him with resolute cheerfulness the "blasphemous speech that all is vanity." It is easy in one way to make too much of one's own life, but it is not easy to make enough of it in Goethe's sense of living in the present, and drawing all the good out of it. Where men do not live from hand to mouth, nor are the victims of one narrow interest, their self-occupation is often a dreaming about the past and the future, which isolates them from other men and from the world. "They are always losing to-day, because there has been a yesterday, and because to-morrow is coming." "They little suspect what an inaccessible stronghold that man possesses who is always in earnest with himself and the things around him." To be "always in earnest" with little things as well as great, with the minutest facts presented to his observation as with the most important issues of life, to throw the whole force of his being into a court mask (when that was the requirement of the hour) as into a great poem or a scientific discovery; to be, in short, always intent upon the "nearest duty," was Goethe's practical philosophy. With this was combined a resolute abstinence from complaint, or even from thought about what is not given by nature and fortune, and an eager and thankful acceptance of what is so given. In one way, this "old heathen," as he calls himself, is genuinely pious; he is always acknowledging his advantages and opportunities, and almost never speaking of hindrances; and he seems constantly to bear with him a simple-hearted confidence in the goodness and justice of the Power which has brought him just what it has brought, and refused just what it has refused. He belongs to the order of which he speaks in the second part of "Wilhelm Meister," the order of those who "cheerfully renounce" whatever is not granted to them, and who come back through a kind of stoicism to an optimism which begins on a higher level. With this is connected an ungrudging spirit in the

recognition of the excellences of others, and an unenvious readiness to further every one in his own way. It was this pliant strength, and the faith on which it rests, that attracted to Goethe the admiration and almost worship of a man so different as Carlyle, who, in all superficial interests, was at an opposite pole of thought and temperament.

Goethe's "storm and stress" period—the period of "unconditioned effort to break through all limitations," as he calls it—was ended with "Werther," and with it began a movement toward limit and measure, which culminated at the period of his Italian journey. If in this new phase of thought Nature was still worshipped, it was no longer regarded as a power that reveals itself at once in the immediate appearances of the outward world, or the immediate impulses of the human spirit. It was now the *natura naturans* of Spinoza—i.e., as Goethe conceived it, a plastic organizing force which works secretly in the outward and especially in the organic world, and which in human life reveals itself most fully as the ideal principle of art. Clinging, as an artist, to the external, Goethe now sees that the truth of nature does not lie immediately on the surface, but in a unity which can be grasped only by a penetrative insight. Demanding, as a poet, that the ideal should not be separated from the sensuous, he is now conscious that the poetic truth of the passions shows itself, not in their immediate expression, but only when their conflict leads to their "purification," and so reveals a higher principle. Hence, though, even more decidedly than at an earlier time, he rejects the Christian faith, which he regards as breaking the sacred bond of Nature and Spirit, and setting the one against the other, it is an idealized materialism which he opposes to it. What he fears and abhors in religion and in philosophy is the idea of "a godless nature and an unnatural God,"* a mechanical world order and an external world-architect or world-governor who "lets the world swing round his finger." "It befits Him to move the world from within, to cherish nature in Himself, and Himself in nature, so that what lives and moves

* Schelling."

and is in Him never forgets his force or his spirit." He is filled with the thought of a power which manifests itself in the facts of nature, though only to an eye which can penetrate through the apparent chaos to the point where it may be seen as a cosmos. The great modern ideas of organism and development have taken hold upon him, and he regards the artistic faculty as simply the highest expression of the shaping principle which works underground in nature. His fundamental ideas might be summed up in the pregnant words of Shakespeare, that

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so o'er the art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

He had come, he tells us, "to regard his own indwelling poetic power as simply and entirely nature," and as with him "every idea rapidly changed itself into an image," he sought to express his religious attitude by a new rendering of the old myth of Prometheus. He too, like Prometheus, had a consciousness of "the god within him" which made him independent of the gods above; for his poetic faculty seemed to him something higher than his individual will and impulses—something that might claim kindred with the productive force of nature itself.

Such a view of things we may call in a special sense Hellenic, since it was in ancient Greece that the higher spiritual interests of man seemed most directly to connect themselves with the gifts of nature. The Greeks were led by an almost unconscious impulse to idealize the natural without ever breaking with it or opposing the spiritual to it. Thus they showed themselves artists not only in art, but in life, and escaped the painful division of the modern mind.

"The modern," writes Goethe, "can scarcely bend his thoughts upon any object without throwing himself into the infinite, in order finally, if things go well with him, to return to a limited point; but the ancients, without traversing any such circuitous path, felt all their individual requirements satisfied within the limits of the beautiful world. Wherefore are their poets and historians the wonder of those who understand, the despair of those who would imitate them, but because the *dramatis personæ* whom they had to set on the stage took so deep an interest in their own immediate selves, in the narrow sphere of their

Fatherland, in the course of their own lives and that of their fellow-citizens—because, in short, with all their heart and soul they threw themselves upon the present? Hence it could not be difficult for writers who were filled with a kindred spirit to make such a present eternal. What actually happened had for them that magic value which we are scarcely able to attach to anything but that which is thought and felt. They clung so closely to what is nearest, what is truest and most real, that even their fancy pictures have bone and marrow. Man and what is human were most highly prized, and all man's inward and outward relations to the world were exhibited as powerfully as they were apprehended. For not yet were thought and feeling dismembered by abstraction; not yet had that scarcely remediable division been produced in the sound nature of man."*

These words bear the impress of the change by which Goethe passed from what is usually called the romantic to the classic school of art. From his earliest years indeed he had felt the charm of Greek art and poetry; but the productions of his youth were animated by another spirit. "Götz von Berlichingen," his first important dramatic work, was one of the earliest expressions of that passion for mediæval ideals which afterward went so far in Germany and other countries; and his first essay on art was an enthusiastic tribute to the glories of Strasburg Cathedral. Most of the poetic works attempted or sketched out in this period, such as "The Wandering Jew" and the first outline of "Faust," show the same bent of mind; and in "Werther" the endless lament of modern sentimentalism over the separation of the real from the ideal reached its *ne plus ultra* of expression. But with this work Goethe, as we have seen, made a return upon himself, and almost violently rejected from him the ideas and methods of romanticism. He became the sworn enemy of all formless and chaotic productions, and insisted with growing emphasis upon the necessity of form and measure. It is a superficial indication of this that he began to versify his dramatic works, even those that had at first been composed in prose, and in many cases to select classic subjects and use classic metres. The same change showed itself in other contemporaneous writers, as, for example, in Schiller, whose "Götter Griechen-

* Goethe's "Essay on Winckelmann."

lands" is an expression of that admiration for the repose and harmony of the antique, which was awakened in him in the reaction against the untamed violence of "The Robbers." But it is characteristic that while Schiller expresses this feeling as a longing for something unattainable—something that has once for all been taken from men by the progress of human thought and can never be perfectly recovered—Goethe has no such word of despair. For him the ideal is there before us in nature for our eyes to see, if they can only look deep enough, and it is working in the poet's mind now, as in Greece, to reproduce itself in art. His dawning friendship with Schiller was disturbed when the latter began to insist upon the Kantian doctrine, that no experience can ever be adequate to an idea. Goethe reflected, however, that if Schiller held that to be an idea which he expressed as experience, there must be some mediating link between them. "I told him that I was glad to think that I had ideas without knowing it, and that I could even see them with my eyes."

This last expression has immediate reference to Goethe's scientific views, especially in relation to the *Metamorphosis of Plants*. This, like all his contributions to biology, was inspired by the idea that there is a unity of principle in all life, and that it develops toward diversity by continuous modification of a single form. This idea led him to regard all plants as variations on a single type, and all the parts of each plant as correlative modifications of one simple form by which it has been adapted to various functions. The same principle guided him to the discovery of the traces in man of the intermaxillary bone, the absence of which had been supposed to distinguish the structure of man from that of the apes, and also made him one of the first to maintain that all parts of the skull are modified vertebræ. Thus, in spite of his being in a technical sense an amateur in science, Goethe grasped the idea of development, and used it to throw light upon the animal kingdom, when as yet few or none of the professed biologists had reached such a point of view. Nor did he regard these biological studies as a something distinct from his poetic work. On the contrary,

he conceived them to be a necessary complement or continuation of that work, and he complained of the imperfect insight of some of his friends, who thought that he was wasting time upon scientific studies that might have been better spent in poetic creation, and who did not detect how this interest "sprang out of his inmost being." * And when an eminent naturalist complimented him on his "objective thinking"—i.e., on his power of giving himself up to the sensuous impressions of objects in such a way as to extract their secret—he did not hesitate to claim for himself in the same sense the power of being objective in poetry (*Gegenständliche Dichtung*). —

"Certain great motives, legends, ancient traditions so deeply impressed themselves upon my mind, that I kept them living and active within me for thirty or forty years. To me it appeared the most beautiful of possessions to see such worthy images renewed in my imagination, in which they were, indeed, continually transformed, yet without being altered, till at last they were raised to a purer form and a more definite expression."

These words well express the manner of Goethe's poetic production. It was not his way, as it was the way of Schiller, to concentrate his thoughts upon a subject, and force his genius into action. Rather he watched the creations as they grew within him, and used his conscious intelligence only to defend the work from all incongruous elements. Such "objective poetry" cannot be an easy matter even for the greatest of poets. As it takes much metaphysic to keep free from metaphysic, so it requires no little critical and reflective power in the poet to purge out the dross of prose from his work, and especially to free its pure intuitive unity from the artifice and mechanism of reflection. Above all it requires a certain stubborn faith in the "whispers of the lonely muse when the whole world seems adverse," a resolute maintenance of the consciousness of poetic harmony in the face of all the discords of life, which is hard for the poet, just in proportion as the very condition of his existence is his susceptibility to impression. And for the modern poet this is harder than for the ancient, because the movement of history has brought

* "Campaign in France," November, 1792.

with its new problems and causes of division. The greater the conflict of man's nature with itself and with circumstance, the more difficult has become the artist's task of making music out of the jarring forces in and around him, and preventing their confusion and conflict from mingling with his song. In a passage already quoted, as in many others, Goethe expresses his sense of the effort which the modern requires to make in order to place and keep himself at a point of view which the Greek took up almost by instinct. And it is indeed this effort itself, and the consciousness of it, which prevents Goethe from ever being wholly Greek. Even in those of his works that are most filled with the spirit of antiquity, he is obliged to pay this tribute to the time. He is not a Greek, because, in order to reach the "peace and purity of the antique," he has to conquer an antagonism which for the Greek did not exist. This feeling is expressed half-humorously in his account of a conversation with Schiller, who regarded the Fall as a desirable event, because only by it could man rise above his animal innocence; while Goethe maintained that such a break in the continuity of development was a disaster. In the same spirit he sometimes spoke of the Reformation as a violent crisis which delayed the progress of civilization, and condemned the Revolutionary struggle of his own day as a disturbance to peaceful culture. "I hate all violent overturns, because in them men lose as much as they gain. All that is violent and precipitate displeases me, because it is not conformable to nature. In politics, as in nature, the true method is to wait." Struggle, warfare, revolution is to him the negative and the barren; and even patriotism, with its exaltation of one nation at the expense of another, is a doubtful virtue. "How could I take up arms without hate?" he cries. "National hate is a particular hate; it is in a lower region that it is most energetic and ardent; but there is a height at which it vanishes, when one is, so to speak, above nationalities, and one feels the happiness and misery of a neighboring people as his own." This idea of all negation, controversy, and conflict as something essentially

evil is embodied in his wonderful creation of Mephistopheles, the disintegrating spirit who is continually warring against life and energy, but who is tolerated by the divine power, because man is so fond of "unconditioned peace," and requires to be fretted and provoked into activity. Even so much toleration as this, however, is for God and not for man, who is called to "hate the devil and him only," to withdraw himself from all that is negative, violent, and destructive, and to devote all his life to that which is positive and productive, and who thus only can hope for a final deliverance from the base companion who is allowed in this world to haunt him.

"Gerettet ist das edle Glied
Der Geisterwelt vom Bösen:
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht
Den können wir erlösen."

It is here, perhaps, that we find the limitations of the genius of Goethe, limitations which were closely connected with the sources of his strength. As to the artist the immediate sensuous form of reality is indispensable, so Goethe was jealous of any influence that tends to mar or destroy it. Division, pain, and evil appeared to him too great a price to pay even for the highest good, and, in the spirit of his master Spinoza, he was inclined to deny that such a price was necessary. He demanded that the highest should be attained without a breach with nature, and merely by continuing her work upon a higher platform. Hence he was repelled from history as he was repelled from politics, by the violence of the struggles, the depth of the divisions, and the greatness of the sacrifices with which the progress of man is purchased. Hence also he could not accept the Christian idea of life. It is true, as we have seen, that he was inspired with the great moral idea of renunciation, but his interpretation of it is somewhat different from the Christian interpretation. He does not exactly bid us die to self that we may live; he bids us renounce all that nature and fortune refuse us, in the confidence that if we keep working on to the end "nature will be obliged to give us another form of existence when that which we have can no longer contain our spirit." The differ-

ence may seem almost verbal, and it is easy to see that by a slight change of tone the one lesson may be made to pass into the other. Nay, we may even say that such a change of tone is perceptible in some of the later works of Goethe himself. But in the first instance, the variation of expression concealed a real difference of spirit. It showed that Goethe feared and shrank from what has been called "the earnestness, the pain, the patience and the labor of the negative," through which the Christian spirit reaches a higher affirmative; that he could not reconcile himself to a war with nature even as the way to a higher reconciliation.

This difference between the Goethean and the Christian idea of life showed itself in the most marked way in Goethe after his Italian journey. At that time he was so imbued with the naturalistic spirit of antiquity that he regarded the productions of mediæval art as for the most part monstrosities, or at least as eccentricities that were not to be copied. He even felt and occasionally expressed a violent repulsion toward the symbols of Christian worship, and took pleasure in proclaiming himself a "heathen." At a later period the bitterness of this antagonism disappeared. As his exclusive Hellenism was gradually modified by advancing years he became ready to admit the value and even the supreme moral importance of Christian ideas. "It is altogether strange to me," he writes to Jacobi, in reference to the dramatist Werner, "that I, an old heathen, should see the Cross planted in my own ground, and hear Christ's blood and wounds poetically preached, without its offending me. We owe this to the higher point of view to which philosophy has raised us." His "truly Julian hate to Christianity and so-called Christians," he declared on one occasion, with a touch of humor, had softened itself with years, so that little was wanting to make him say with the Ethiopian eunuch in the Acts, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" And in the "Wanderjahre," he makes a broad distinction between the "ethnic religions" and the religion which teaches "reverence for that which is beneath us," recognizing in the latter the highest of all religions. He adds, however,

that it must not be understood to exclude the other two religions—the religion of reverence for that which is above us, and the religion of reverence for equals. The overseer of his ideal educational institution, when asked which religion he accepts, has to answer: "Alle drei"—each and all of the three religions that have divided man's allegiance in the past.

In truth Goethe's quarrel with Christianity was due to two causes which were at first closely connected, but which are capable of being separated. In the first place, as has been suggested above, it was due to his viewing Christianity as a religion of the other world, a religion whose God was not the principle of all life in nature and man, but an external creator and governor. In the second place, it was due to the prominence of the ascetic or negative element in Christianity, and to the divorce of the natural and spiritual which is connected therewith. Now the first of these objections rested on a mental characteristic which Goethe could scarcely have surrendered without ceasing to be Goethe, the born enemy of all that is transcendent, all that carries us into a region beyond the possibility of human experience. It was the vocation of Goethe's life to teach that what in this sense cannot be brought within our reach, is as good as nothing for us. His objection to Christianity on this ground, therefore, could be removed only in so far as he was led by the philosophical movement of his time to attach greater importance to the Christian idea of the unity of the divine and the human, and to regard the purely supernatural element as an accident.

On the other hand, Goethe's objection to Christianity as a negative and ascetic religion became greatly modified when, in later years, the Greek conception of life ceased to be all-sufficient for him. Ultimately, as we have seen, he came to admit the necessity of a religion of reverence for that which is beneath us—a religion which could see the divine even in that which in its immediate aspect is "repulsive, hateful, and evil." But that which is "repulsive, hateful, and evil" cannot by any gradual transition be elevated and refined to goodness. If the divine is to be revealed in it, it can only be by the negation of that which at first it seems

to be. The Christian idea of self-realization through self-sacrifice is the necessary outcome of the religion of reverence for that which is beneath us. Hence we do not wonder to find Goethe in the same connection treating the "Sanctuary of Sorrow," in which the sufferings and death of Christ are represented, as the innermost sanctuary of religion. Into this sanctuary, however, he avoids taking us. He is, one might say, theoretically reconciled with Christianity, but something still repels him from it. He waits, to use the imagery of his "Märchen," till the narrow fisherman's hut shall become the altar in a new temple of humanity. The form in which Christianity is commonly presented as a religion of supernaturalism and other-worldliness continues to keep him alienated from that which in its moral essence he recognizes as the highest.

Perhaps we may best sum up what has to be said of Goethe by calling him the most modern of the moderns, the high priest of a culture which, in its opposition to mediævalism, is carried back toward the literature of the Greeks, "the most human and humane of literatures, the literature of those who were most at home in the world." It was characteristic of the mediæval mind to seek for that which is highest in that which is furthest removed from man, that which can least be brought within the range of human experience. The divine power on which it depended for the elevation of man, was conceived as acting upon him from without, as upon a lifeless and inert material. The asceticism, the supernaturalism, the divided life of the Middle Ages, were only the natural result of such conceptions. On the other hand, the whole movement of civilization from the time of the revival of learning has been a war against such ways of thinking. The modern spirit, like the spirit of antiquity, is obliged, by its most essential intellectual instincts, to cling to that which is present, to that which is immediately evidenced to us in inner and outer experience. It holds to fact and reality against that which is merely ideal, and it can recognize the ideal only when it presents itself as the deeper fact.

In all this the modern spirit withdraws itself from the Middle Ages, and claims

kindred with antiquity. Yet it is impossible any longer to regard the modern movement of thought as merely a return to the light of ancient culture out of the "Dark Ages." The long mediæval struggle of humanity for deliverance from itself cannot be regarded as simply a contest with spectres of its own raising, but must be taken as an essential stage in the progress of human thought. If the endeavor to crush nature under the dominion of spirit was in a sense irrational and fruitless, seeing that it is only *in* nature that spirit can be revealed, yet that endeavor has forever made impossible the easy reconciliation of the two with which the ancients were satisfied. A mere return to antiquity must produce, as it always produced, a culture which falls below that of antiquity both in fulness and depth. For the ancient civilization was not impoverished, as such a revival of it must be, by ignoring problems which had not yet been opened up. As Goethe found his idea of Iphigenia most fully realized in a Christian saint,* so we may say that the perfect form of Greek art cannot be again reproduced except by a spirit which has passed through the Christian "Sanctuary of Sorrow." On the other hand, if the moderns can return to the ideals of the Middle Ages, it is on a higher level, at which such ideals no longer come into conflict with the naturalistic spirit of antiquity. In like manner the secular scientific impulse, which, in the last century, was working toward an altogether mechanical and external explanation of the world, begins, with Goethe himself, to bring back in a higher sense, under the names of organism and development, that explanation of the world by final causes which in a lower sense it has rejected. And the vain attempts still made to explain spirit by nature are rapidly teaching us to revive the truth which underlay the mediæval supernaturalism, that in the last resort nature is only to be explained by spirit. Perhaps it may be found that no one has done more to prepare the way for such a reunion of ancient and mediæval ideas than our great modern poet and prophet of the religion of nature, Goethe.—*Contemporary Review*.

* "Italienische Reise," Oct. 19, 1786.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

THE one salient point of America is the Glacial Epoch. In Europe, the Great Ice Age is but a pious opinion; in Canada and the Northern States it is a tremendous fact, still devastating with its mass of tumbled débris the cultivable fields in every direction. The havoc wrought by the universal ice-sheet, indeed, renders by far the greater part of Northeastern America permanently unfit for human tillage. Square mile after square mile of the St. Lawrence basin and the Massachusetts hills has been ground flat to the naked rock, and shaven clean into smooth rounded bosses, by the ceaseless action of that enormous natural jack-plane. The backbone of Canada consists of a low granitic ridge, worn down to a stump by the grinding ice-sheet, with the bare gneiss scarcely covered in places by some thin scattering of infertile soil. Hardly a stunted pine-tree or a straggling blueberry-bush can find a foothold anywhere in the shallow crannies where the rock has weathered into a crumbling trench. The great central range of New England, again, from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the Connecticut hills, is almost as barren, rocky, and desolate, and for the same reason. So are the dividing-ridges of the Mohawk, the Hudson, the Susquehanna, and the Ohio River. In all the more mountainous or elevated regions, in short, the ice has simply cleared away everything bodily from the surface of the earth, and left nothing behind but a bald rounded surface, scantily occupied, even at the present day, by casual colonies of struggling trees.

As one steams out of Boston toward the Hoosac tunnel, or on to Albany along the Springfield line, it is impossible not to realize with what delight Agassiz must first have gazed upon the universal evidences of glacial action which, I will not say fill, but rather constitute New York, New England, and the Middle States. In the old world, the fiery Swiss naturalist had been struggling hard, with all the magnetic energy of his nature, to make a sceptical few accept the proofs of a Great Ice Age on

the striated rocks in the Beddgelert Valley or the scanty moraines scattered among the corries of the Scotch Highlands. In the new world, he found the entire area of the Eastern States one vast jumble of moraine and boulder-clay, of erratic blocks and *roches moutonnées*, of polished hills and ice-worn basins. It would be impossible for anybody, however sceptical, however unimaginative, to doubt in America the historical reality of the Glacial Epoch. Every Eastern farmer still spends half his time in picking off his fields the rounded boulders left behind among his stone-strewn furrows by the melting undertow of the all-embracing ice-sheet.

To realize the profound effect visibly produced upon the whole face of nature in the new world by the glaciation of two hundred thousand years ago, we have only to imagine the existing ice-cap melted bodily by some secular change off the frozen surface of our modern Greenland. As the ice gradually retreated and disappeared, it would leave behind it, on the ridges, a slippery mass of smooth and polished naked rock; in the interstices or valleys, a mighty mud-field, composed of the drift or boulder-clay—that is to say, of the ground-up detritus of sand and earth, rubbed off the rocks by the constant downward movement of the ice, and largely intermixed with boulders and erratic blocks of all sizes, colors, shapes, and materials. This "till," or ground moraine, or glacial drift, would form at first the only cultivable soil that a fresh race of immigrants might perhaps attack in the newly made plains of a warmer Greenland. The mountains or hills, planed smooth and low, and as yet unweathered into pinnacles and crannies, would allow no roothold for tree or shrub; and even the till in the intervening valleys would be so thickly choked with big round stones, that only after many pickings would it be possible to run a plough or harrow through the stiff mass of heterogeneous rubble.

Now that was just the condition of northern America about the end of the

last glaciation, say no more than some eighty thousand years ago. The whole north had gone solid for ice. The crystal sheet that covered the surface of the entire continent, as far south as Baltimore and Washington, must at the time of its greatest extension have had a thickness of which the puny modern coating of Greenland and the Antarctic land—those last relics of the old polar caps—can scarcely give us any adequate conception. The ice lay so deep and high that it ground smooth the summits of the Catskills, three thousand feet above the Hudson Valley; and the scratches and polishing due to its ceaseless motion may be still observed among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, at a height of 5,500 feet above sea-level. A hundred yards higher still, the glacial mud lies even now upon the upper slopes and combs of Mount Washington. We may probably conclude, therefore, that the ice at its thickest rose to at least some six thousand feet above the general level of the North American plainlands. And this vast moving continent of solid glacier pressed slowly and surely, ever downward, from the Arctic regions to its fixed melting-point in the latitude of Maryland. As it went, it wore down the eternal hills like hummocks in its march, and filled the intermediate troughs with wide sheets of rubbish from their eroded material. The grooves worn in the solid Silurian limestone by the shores of Lake Ontario look in places like big rounded channels, and in their regularity and parallel arrangement, always running approximately from north to south, closely simulate some gigantic product of human workmanship. In places the rock seems almost to undulate, as if upheaved and disturbed from below by some long rolling wave-like convulsion.

All northern America, as we see it today, is the natural result of this terrific orgy of profound glaciation. The great continent always does things on the big scale; and when the ice set to work to ruin the smiling fields of the genial Pliocene period, it ruined them in good earnest, as if it really meant it. From the Atlantic to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and from the latitude of Maryland up to the eternal snows, all

America still suffers visibly to the naked eye from the havoc wrought by that long and widespread secular calamity. The mountains, to be sure, have slowly weathered down in process of time, and vegetation has spread tentatively among the rifts and ravines excavated on their flanks; but in most places even now where there are still or once were mountains, the greater part of the land remains as mere shining flats of polished rock, naked and not ashamed, or barely covered with a girdle of foliage strewn here and there upon its rugged loins. The moraines and drift still occupy the better part of the intervening spaces; and though the native vegetation here grows thicker and lusher, the cultivated fields attest abundantly, by their frequent heaps of picked-out boulders, with what ceaseless toil in these stony basins tillage has been brought up at last to its present low and shabby level. It is only in a few rare spots by the river sides, in the Eastern States at least, that any depth of alluvial soil, spread over the surface by floods since glacial times, gives rise to meadows of deep grass, or to cornfields which approach, at a dismal distance, our European standard of good farming. I speak, of course, of the East alone. In the West, the profounder alluvium of the great central basin has had time to collect from the Mississippi and Missouri tributaries, over the vast areas which form the American and Canadian wheat-belt.

It is the Great Ice Age, too, that is mainly answerable for the very inconvenient and awkward distances between American cities. For eastward but few spots exist, and those mainly along the river valleys, that lend themselves readily to human tillage. The greater part even of old-settled Massachusetts remains to this day under primeval forest, and will probably remain so, at least as long as an acre of wheat-land continues unoccupied in the unencumbered plains of the Western grain-belt. Immense areas in the Eastern States are naturally far more unfit for agricultural use than any part of Wales or the Scotch Highlands. The only district of Britain, indeed, that can give the faintest idea of such unconquerable barrenness may be found in the slopes of the Llawllech range, that stretches at the back of Har-

lech and Barmouth. Hence it happens that the population in Eastern America concentrates itself entirely around a few great Atlantic commercial emporiums—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore; straggles somewhat more sparsely up the agricultural valleys of the Hudson, the Connecticut, the St. Lawrence or the Ottawa; and leaves the vast ridges of intervening highland or low ice-worn plateau in almost untouched and primitive wildness. Eastern America consists, in short, of some few solitary islets of civilization, sprinkled at long distances through a great sea of serried forest and uncultivable woodland. In the West, once more, things are very different; there, a marvellous network of railways through the flat central basin, interlacing and looping at every point, shows at once on the map potentialities for the future support of a teeming population.

On the other hand, while America has suffered immensely in her geographical and agricultural features from the Great Ice Age, she has suffered far less in her fauna and flora than poor peninsular and isolated Europe. For us, the Glacial epoch was a final catastrophe—the end of most things; for America it was merely an unfortunate episode. The second thing that strikes an English naturalist in New England, after he has got accustomed to the first flush of the all-pervading glacial phenomena, is the wonderful proportional richness of the vegetation and the animal life. In Europe, and still more in England, we have only a bare score of indigenous mammals, only half a dozen or so of indigenous forest-trees—oaks and elms, ashes and maples, birches and beeches, pines and lime-trees. But in the American woods the wild beasts are large and numerous, the birds are multitudinous and multiform, the insects are innumerable, the names of the various forest-trees are legion. Scarcely any two one sees at the same moment are of the same species; and the diversity and beauty which this variety gives to the trunks and foliage forms one great charm of wild American woodland scenery. Life with us is poor and stunted; life in America is rich and manifold and vigorous and beautiful.

Asa Gray has well pointed out the un-

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLV., No. 2

derlying reason for this marked difference between the plants and animals of the two continents. On our side all the main mountain ranges—Pyrenees and Asturias, Alps and Carpathians, Balkans and Caucasus—trend ever regularly east and west, along the axis of the great subdivided peninsula of Europe. In America the two main mountain systems, the Rockies and the Alleghanies, with all their outliers and lateral ranges, trend ever regularly north and south, along the axis of the big, solid, undivided continent. Furthermore, Europe is sharply cut off from the south by the Mediterranean, and again just beyond the Atlas chain by the vast lifeless area of Sahara. When the enormous ice-sheet of the glacial epoch began to form, it covered the northern half of our continent with its devastating mass, and chilled the frosty air of the remainder as far south as the Mediterranean. Even Spain and Italy must then have possessed a climate far more rigorous and forbidding than the climate of Labrador in our own day. Nor was this all; the Alps and the Apennines, the Sierras and the Carpathians, were each the centres of minor ice-sheets, of which a few shrunken representatives still remain in the Mer de Glace and along the flanks of the Pic du Midi. But during the Great Ice Age these mountain glaciers extended far more widely in every direction over the better part of Switzerland and the Tyrol, of Southern France and Northern Italy. As the ice moved slowly ever southward, it pushed the warm Tertiary fauna and flora remorselessly before it, crushing them up and hemming them in between the northern ice-sheet and the Alps, the Alps and the sea, the Sierra and the Straits, the Straits and Sahara. Naturally, in such hard times the warmer types died out entirely, and only those sterner plants and animals which could accommodate themselves to the chilly conditions of the Glacial Period struggled through with bare life somehow into the succeeding epoch of secular summer.

When the ice retreated slowly northward once more, it left behind it a Europe (and a Siberia) out of which all the largest, fiercest, and strongest animals, as well as half the most beautiful trees and shrubs and plants, had been

utterly exterminated. The mammoth and the mastodon were gone forever; the elephant and the rhinoceros were gone too; the tapir and the hipparion, the hyæna and the monkey, the primitive panther and the sabre-toothed lion, all had disappeared from the face of our continent, and some of them utterly from the face of the earth. The European fauna and flora of the Pliocene age—the genial age just preceding the Glacial epoch—were richer and more luxuriant in type than those of sub-tropical South Africa at the present day. Chestnuts and liquidambars, laurels and cinnamons, ancestral tamarinds and Australian hakeas, with conifers like the big trees of the Mariposa grove, had flourished lustily in those happy years by the banks of the Seine, the Rhine, and the Danube. Through such forests of lush sub-tropical vegetation, early man—that dark and low-browed savage whose fire-marked flints the Abbé Bourgeois unearthed from the still earlier deposits of the Calcaire de Beauce—must have chased many wild and ferocious creatures now known to us only by the scanty bones of the Red Crag and the Belvedere-Schotter. The dinotherium, with his fearsome tusks, still basked in the sunshine by the riverbank at Eppelsheim; the hippotherium, with his graceful Arab-like tread, still cantered lightly over the Vienna plains. The African hippopotamus lolled as commonly in the Rhone as in the Nile. Apes and gazelles gambolled over the not yet classic soil of Attica, side by side with a gigantic wild boar, which fantastic science has not unaptly nicknamed Erymanthian, and with an extinct giraffe as huge in proportions as his modern African representative. “The colossal size of many of its forms,” as Geikie puts it, “is the characteristic mark of the Pliocene European fauna.” But when the limitless ice-sheet swept all these gigantic creatures away before it, there was no point from which, on its retreat, they could re-enter the impoverished younger Europe. The Himalayas and the Hindoo Koosh, the Caucasus and the Caspian, Sahara and the Mediterranean, stretched between them one long heterogeneous but continuous barrier, cutting off the surviving fauna and flora of the fortunate south

from the whole depopulated and devastated area of Siberia and Europe.

The consequence is that our modern European fauna and flora are probably the poorest in size and variety to be found anywhere, in an equally large tract of country, over the whole face of the habitable globe. In insular Britain, and more especially in Ireland, this general poverty reaches at length its lowest depth. Even allowing for the extinct species killed off by man within the historical period, what is the miserable little sum-total of our British mammalian population at the very highest period of its recent development? The red deer and the wild white cattle, the bear and the boar, the wolf and the fox, the beaver and the otter, the badger and the weasel, and a beggarly array of smaller wild beasts, such as squirrels, martens, rats, mice, shrews, hedgehogs, hares, rabbits, moles, and water-voles. Even of these, the largest and most interesting forms are gone long since; only the smallest, most vermin-like, and (so to speak) weediest still survive, except under special artificial conditions of deliberate preservation.

In America, on the other hand, when the advancing ice-sheet pushed the genial Pliocene fauna and flora southward before it, it pushed them on, not into the sea, the mountains, or the desert, but into the open lands of Carolina, Kentucky, and the Gulf States. There were no intervening Alps or Pyrenees, between which and the slowly southward marching ice-plain the plants and animals, attacked on front and rear, could be gradually crushed out of earthly existence. So the ice advanced harmlessly to the point where American geologists have of late detected its absolute terminal moraine, in a line running roughly along the parallel of 39° or 40°—about the boundary between the old slave and free States, in fact—and there for a time it halted on its march, leaving the plants and animals it displaced free to find their own quarters in the warmer plains from Florida to Texas, and from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico. The country lay open from the Arctic circle to the tropic in Mexico. As the ice oscillated backward and forward (for the glacial era as a whole embraced, as Dr. Croll and Dr. James Geikie have

proved, from different points of view, many successive glacial and interglacial periods) the vegetation and the wild animals had full freedom to follow it closely northward during each long retreat, and to fall back southward again during each fresh spell of rigid glaciation. As a consequence, the American fauna and flora have not suffered to anything like the same extent as the European from the pauperizing effects of the continental ice-sheet. As soon as the ice got once clear off the face of the ground, trees and shrubs, beasts, birds, and insects, struck north once more, almost in as full force as ever, to occupy the soil their ancestors had left during the first chill that ended the halcyon days of the Pliocene epoch.

No distinct break, therefore, divides the temperate and tropical American life-regions. Europe has no lion, no tiger, no jackal, no crocodile. But the puma (or "panther"), in the native state, ranges from far south of the equator in Paraguay to far north of Hudson's Bay, among the frozen shores of the Saskatchewan and the Athabaska. The coyote, or prairie wolf, is equally at home on the banks of the Missouri and in the North-West Territory. The black and brown bears, it is true, show themselves somewhat more exclusively northern in their tastes; but the grizzly extends, with the utmost impartiality, from the Canadian Rockies as far south as Mexico. The richness of the Canadian fauna in animals like the lynxes, wolverines, racoons, minks, sables, skunks, badgers, otters, wild cats, and fishers, is very noticeable by the side of our marked European poverty. Flying squirrels, gray squirrels, and other bright little forestine rodents, abound in the woods of the St. Lawrence region. Woodchucks, musquash, and the so-called rabbit are everywhere common. Buffalo roam over the whole prairie-land. The moose and wapiti range far northward, till they encroach upon the region of the musk-ox, the caribou, and the polar bear. The great black war-eagle, the loon, and the wild duck give life and animation to the woods and lakes. Everywhere one feels oneself in the immediate presence of a large and luxuriant native wild life, to which porcupines and beavers, chipmunk and

gophers, prairie dogs and shrew moles, Virginian deer and prong-horn antelopes, each in its own place, impart variety, novelty, and freshness. One recognizes throughout in America the stamp of a great vigorous continent. Europe, on the contrary, has but the population of a narrow, poverty-stricken, outlying peninsula.

The woods themselves point this obvious moral even more vividly and distinctly than the creatures that inhabit them. American woodland runs riot in its richness. Lissome creepers recall the tangled bush-ropes and lianas of the tropics; a vivid undergrowth of glossy poison-ivy and trailing arbutus and strange shield-leaved or umbrella-shaped may-apple, far surpasses in beauty and luxuriance any temperate forest flora of the eastern hemisphere. Rhododendrons and kalmias drape the hillsides with masses of pink and purple glory. Virginia creeper crimson the autumnal tree-trunks; the pretty climbing bittersweet, known by that quaint New England name of waxwork, opens its orange pods and displays the scarlet seeds within on every thicket. Wild vines, lithely twisting their supple stems, mantle with rich foliage and with hanging clusters of small bloom-covered grapes the snake-fences and wayside bushes by the country roads. Ample leaves like those of the striped maple and of the white basswood impart an almost tropical breadth of shade to the profound recesses of the deeper forests. And to pick the insect-eating pitcher-plants among their native bogs, or to watch the strange side-saddle flowers lifting high their lurid blossom among the wicked rosette of uncanny-looking, trumpet-shaped leaves, is, to the heart of a naturalist at least, well worth the ten days of volcanic upheaval, external and internal, on the treacherous bosom of the cruel Atlantic.

To compare numerically the larger elements of the landscape alone, we have in Britain three indigenous conifers only—the Scotch fir, the juniper, and the English yew. Against this scanty list Canada proper (the old provinces I mean, not the Dominion) can set, according to Asa Gray, no less than five pines, five firs, a larch, an arbor-vitæ, three junipers, and one yew; that is to say, Canada has fifteen distinct species

of cone-bearing trees to Britain's three. Of catkin-bearers, which form by far the greater and nobler portion of our forest timber, Great Britain has of oak, beech, hazel, hornbeam, and alder one each, with eighteen ill-marked willows and two poplars: twenty-eight species, all told, and some of them dubious. To balance this tale Canada has eight oaks, a chestnut, a beech, two hazels, two hornbeams, six birches, two alders, fourteen willows, five poplars, a plane-tree, two walnuts, and four hickories—forty-eight species, all told. If we remove the willows, badly divided (and, in my private opinion, by no means always distinct), the contrast becomes even more sharply marked. Moreover, as Asa Gray has also pointed out, besides this mere difference in number of species there is, further, a distinct difference in kind and aspect. America has many trees and plants wholly unlike anything European: tall arborescent pea-flowers, such as the locusts and cladastis; southern-looking types, such as magnolia and tulip-tree; bold ornamental shrubs like the rhododendrons and azaleas; handsome composites in immense variety, like the asters, sunflowers, golden-rods, and erigerons. The warm summer climate, in fact, allows many plants and blossoms of tropical luxuriance, like the papaw, the trumpet-creeper, the passion flowers, and the bignonia, to flourish freely in the wild state and in the open air, not only as far north as New York and Philadelphia, but sometimes even on the northern shores of the Great Lakes.

Nevertheless, this superior richness of American life is for the most part demonstrably due to the more favorable set of circumstances for replenishing the earth which existed there at the end of the Great Ice Age. The ancestors of the American wild animals and plants lived also in Europe during the Pliocene period. We had then an American oak of our own; hickories then flourished on the European plains; pines of the western type covered our island hill-sides; cotton-woods and balsam poplars, magnolias and tulip-trees, locusts and sugar-maples, grew side by side in French and English copses with our modern elms and oaks and ashes. But the ice swept them all away remorseless-

ly on this side of the world, hemmed in as they were between the upper and the nether millstone, the arctic ice-cap and the Alpine glaciers. In America they all returned with the return of warmer weather, and form to this day that beautiful and varied Atlantic woodland which is the delight and the envy of the European botanical visitor.

Before the Glacial epoch the fauna and flora all round the Pole were probably identical. They are practically identical at the present day. But as we move southward differences soon begin to appear between the temperate fauna and flora on either side of the Atlantic, descended though they both are from the more luxuriant circumpolar types of the Pliocene age. The time they have been separated has told distinctly on the formation of species. Hardly any plants or animals now remain absolutely alike on the two continents. Even where systematically referred to the same species they differ, as a rule, more or less markedly in minor details. The wapiti is a larger and handsomer form of our own red deer, with a nobler head and more superbly branching antlers. The caribou is a reindeer whose horns present some minor differences of tine and beam and technical arrangement. The moose is an elk, all but indistinguishable in any definite particular from the true elk of Northern Europe and Siberia. The silver birch and the chestnut are reckoned as mere varieties of the European type; but the nuts of the latter are smaller and sweeter than in our Spanish kind, and the leaves are narrower and acuter at the base. So on throughout. The beeches and larches differ even more widely; the hornbeams, elms, and nearest oaks have attained the rank of distinct species. Yet all along the northern Atlantic seaboard the original oneness of kind may still be easily traced in numberless cases; as we move southward along the shore or westward inland, unlikeness of type grows more and more accentuated at every step. We catch here species-making in the very act. Many of these marked differences must, indeed, have been evolved in the mere trifle of two hundred centuries or so which have now elapsed since the great polar ice-cap first cut off the American trees and shrubs and animals

from free intercourse and facility of interbreeding with their European and Asiatic congeners.

Nor is it only among the old settled American animals and plants that one notices these greater or less differences of aspect and habit: something of the same sort even shows itself already in the animals and plants which owe their introduction to the hand of man since the sixteenth century. One expects of course that the American marsh-marigolds and spearworts, which have been separated from all intermixture with others of their kind elsewhere, ever since the date of the great glacial extension, should exhibit distinct and nameable points of difference from their congeners that grow beside the English watercourses; one is perhaps a trifle more surprised to find that American specimens of henbit, chickweed, sandwort, and purslane, introduced by European settlers since the foundation of the colonies, should also present minor (though doubtless growing) differences from their recent French and British ancestors. Yet such is in almost every instance actually the case. Just as European man, domiciled in those young and vigorous countries, has evolved for himself, in barely three centuries, a new type of figure and feature, a new intonation and inflection of the voice, a new political, social, and domestic organization; so the plants and animals, in a thousand minute points of habit and appearance, have begun to evolve for themselves a distinct aspect, differing already more or less markedly from the average run of their European contemporaries. Often it would be hard to say to oneself in definite language wherein the felt difference exactly consisted: the points of unlikeness seem too subtle and too vague to admit of formulation in the harsh and rigidly accurate terminology of zoological and botanical science; but I have seldom picked an imported plant anywhere in America which did not strike me as in some degree unfamiliar, and more so in proportion as I knew its form and features intimately in our English meadows. Sometimes it is possible to spot the precise points of difference, or some among them: the purple dead-nettle, for example, a British colonist over all the

Northern States, grows usually more luxuriant than with us; it has longer leaf-stalks, deeper crenations, more procumbent branches than its English cousins. But oftener still, the differences elude one, viewed separately; a naturalist can only say that the plant or animal as a whole impresses him as somewhat altered or unfamiliar. It bears pretty much the same relation to the original stock as the New York trotting-horse bears to the English hunter, or as the common young lady of the Saratoga hotels bears to her prototype in Belgravian drawing-rooms. Here we catch the process of species-making in its initial stage. Every intermediate step is well represented for us in one organism or another, till at last we reach the most diverse forms which have thoroughly established their full right to bear Latin specific names of their own, marking them off in Linnæan phrase as *Canadense*, *Virginicum*, *Occidentale*, or *Americanum*.

And this leads me on to the last point of primary importance in a first view of Northeastern America to a European tourist—I mean the extraordinary and unexpected extent to which the commonest European weeds and wild flowers have overrun and occupied the habitable and agricultural portions of New England, the Middle States, the Western grain district, and the Dominion of Canada. A European botanist in America who confined himself exclusively to the cultivated fields, the roadsides and commons, the neighborhood of great towns, and the outskirts of villages in the alluvial valleys, would hardly ever light upon an unfamiliar or local form among the thousands of plants that he saw competing eagerly for life in the meadows and pastures around him. Thistles and burdocks, mayweed and dead-nettle, common buttercup and ox-eye daisies, English grasses and English clover, with the familiar weeds of our cornfields and our gardens, would seem to him to compose the main mass and central phalanx of American vegetation. Where the flora is not the common weedy assemblage of Sussex or of Normandy, it is the common weedy assemblage of the Mediterranean and the Lombard plains. Once get well away from the purlieus of civilization, to be sure, into

the woods and forests, or on to the intervening watersheds, and the whole character of the flora changes abruptly. But in civilized, cultivated, and inhabited New England, and as far inland at least as the Mississippi, the vegetation is the vegetation of settled Europe, and that at its weediest. The daisy, the primrose, the cowslip, and the daffodil have stopped at home: the weeds have gone to colonize the New World. For thistles and groundsel, for catmint and mullein, for houndstongue and stickseed, for dandelion and cocklebur, America easily licks creation. All the dusty and noisome and malodorous pests of all the world seem here to revel in one grand congenial democratic orgy.

The reason is not far to seek, and it suggests unpleasant and disquieting suspicions as to the future which our scratch civilization holds in store for us all the world over. These vigorous and obtrusive weeds, which have taken possession of America and Australia and New Zealand and the Cape, side by side with the deluge of white colonization, are for the most part of western Asiatic or Mediterranean origin, and have accompanied the seeds of wheat and fodder crops from land to land wherever the white man's foot is planted. Dr. Asa Gray (from whose great and just authority I am here tempted to differ widely) thinks that the common European weeds spread so rapidly and so effectively over America, not through any inherent vigor of constitution evolved during the fierce struggle against aggressive man, but merely because there was then and there a vacancy created for them. I wish I could agree with him. It would remove from my mind a pressing nightmare for the future of nature and of the world's scenery. "This was a region of forest," says the Harvard botanist, "upon which the aborigines, although they here and there opened patches of land for cultivation, had made no permanent encroachment. Not very much of the herbaceous or other low undergrowth of this forest could bear exposure to the fervid summer sun; and the change was too abrupt for adaptive modification. The plains and prairies of the great Mississippi Valley were then too remote for their vegetation to compete for the vacancy which

was made here when forest was changed to grain-fields, and then to meadow and pasture. And so the vacancy came to be filled in a notable measure by agrestial plants from Europe" [horrid word, agrestial!], "the seeds of which came in seed-grain, in the coats and fleeces, and in the imported fodder, of cattle and sheep. . . . While an agricultural people displaced the aborigines whom the forest sheltered and nourished, the herbs purposely or accidentally brought with them took possession of the clearings, and prevailed more or less over the native and rightful heirs to the soil. . . . In spring-time you would have seen the fields of this district yellow with European buttercups and dandelions, then whitened with the ox-eye daisy, and at midsummer brightened by the cerulean blue of chicory. I can hardly name any native herbs which in the fields and at the season can vie with these intruders in floral show."

But Dr. Gray does not think the weeds have conquered by virtue of their inherent vigor of constitution. There, I fear, pessimistic as my conclusion may be in its final implications, I must venture to differ from him. The common agricultural nuisances of Western Europe, which alone have flooded America and Australia, and threaten to flood the cosmopolitanized world, to the destruction of all picturesque diversity and variety of local flora, are not truly European by origin at all, but are the offscourings and refuse of civilization in all countries, ages, and conditions. These pertinacious plants, most of them marked by two sets of alternative peculiarities, came to us first from farther east, and took in on their way most of the like-minded scrubby weeds of intervening regions. They are usually either ill-scented to the nose or acrid and disagreeable to the taste; and they have usually either adherent fruits, like burrs and cleavers, houndstongue and teasel, or winged and flying seeds, like thistle and dandelion, groundsel and fleabane. Often, too, they sting like nettles, or prick like cocklebur, or tear the skin like brambles and rest-harrow. In short, they are the campaign types of dusty weeds, which resist by their nastiness or their thorns the attacks of herbivores, love the garish heat of the

midday sun, and disperse their germs over wide plains either by the aid of the wind or by unwilling conveyance of man, sheep, goats, and cattle. Following the movements of agricultural humanity from the east westward, they have first occupied the once forest-clad regions of peninsular Europe, and there assimilating whatever like kinds could stand the new conditions, have gone forth on colonizing and filibustering expeditions over all the rest of the habitable world.

In America the same process is now being continued under our very eyes. Such hateful native species as most nearly resembled in type the European weeds have alone survived, in the cultivable valleys, this vast influx of the tolerated pests of civilization. The ugly and malodorous European houndstongue holds every dusty roadside in the States; but, cheek by jowl with it, the native beggar's-lice—"a common and vile weed," says Asa Gray, with righteous indignation—flourishes exceedingly in squalid spots under the selfsame conditions. And why? Because its habit is just as coarse, its smell just as rank and disgusting, its horrid little nutlets just as prickly, barbed, and adherent as those of its successful Old World competitor. The seeds of both get carried about and dispersed indiscriminately together in the fleeces of sheep and the hair of sheep-dogs. So, too, the continental European stickseed (*Echinochloa lappula*), equally vile and equally nauseous in smell, occupies every waste patch of building-ground in the towns and villages east of the Mississippi, while in Minnesota and westward its place is filled by Redowski's stickseed, an allied native American prairie plant, with the same prickly adhesive nuts, and the same abominable clinging perfume. Once more; our South European cocklebur (*Xanthium strumarium*), a degraded and degenerate composite weed, with hooked prickly fruits and a disagreeable scrofulous smell, like mayweed and chrysanthemum, common along the roadsides of Provence and Italy, has probably been indigenous in Eastern America ever since the Pliocene times, and has there also developed southward a still more noxious and prickly variety, called from its intense

thorniness, *echinatum*. But farther south yet its place in tropical latitudes is taken by a peculiarly American form, the spiny clotbur (*Xanthium spinosum*), which adds to the already offensive parent type the further atrocity of a long tripartite prickly, deftly inserted at the base of each leaf. This most terrible development of the cocklebur kind belongs by origin to tropical Mexico, where it pushes its way stoutly among the prickly aloes, cactuses, and pinguins of that very defensive and strongly armed desert flora.

Now, the terror for the future suggested by these native American weeds is just this: that in the cosmopolitan world of the next century the cosmopolitan weed will have things all its own way. Western Asia and Europe have long since furnished each its quatum to the world's weedy vegetation; America and Australia, China and Japan, have their own quota still to come. Already a few pushing American scrub-plants have invaded the older quarters of the globe. The Canadian butterweed (*Erigeron Canadensis*) has spread boldly over the whole Mediterranean shore, as well as into India, South Africa, and perhaps Australia. I find it now well established among the Surrey hills, and beginning to feel its way thence in an acclimatized form over all the rest of Southern England. The improved American variety of the cocklebur has long since made good its foothold over every warmer region of the world. The pretty little white claytonia of the Northwestern States has of late years become a common weed in many parts of Lancashire and Oxfordshire, and occurs also in some corners of Surrey. Southern Europe has now many of these stray American denizens, the firstfruits of a future abundant crop, all of them thoroughly weedy in type, and all dispersed in the true weedy fashion by feathery seeds or adhesive nutlets.

As yet, however, we have but seen the mere straggling advance-guard of the great weedy American army. The main body still loiters in the rear. Nevertheless, it will come in time. As surely as we shall see the Colorado beetle and the Hessian fly on English corn and English potatoes, so surely shall we see the western weeds invade and ap-

propriate the scanty interstices of European field crops. Many true weeds, with all the genuine weedy peculiarities, have already developed themselves on the spot out of American native plants. Some of them belong by origin to the Eastern States, like the Massachusetts nettle, the richweed, the smaller American spurge, and the three-seeded mercury. All these have now acquired a thoroughly weedy habit and aspect; they compete successfully in certain places even with the old and sophisticated European or West Asiatic immigrants, such as shepherd's purse, mallow, vetches, and chickweed. Others are of Southern, or even tropical, American antecedents, like the Mexican prickly poppy and the apple of Peru. Prickly pears, with their broad leaf-like cactus stems and troublesome hairs, cover sandy patches as far north as Nantucket Island; the common sunflower sows itself as a weed in Pennsylvania; the Peruvian galinsoga (now also escaping in England from Kew Gardens) has long established itself on waste places in the Eastern States, and is rapidly spreading from year to year as a pest of the roadsides. These pertinacious tropical species, accommodating themselves by degrees to more northern climates, grow side by side in New England fields with the South European callotrops, the Indian abutilon, the African sida, and the native bur-marigold, whose barbed arrows cling so tightly to the fleece of animals and the nether garments of wayfaring humanity. Hindoo importations, like the Indian heliotrope, the cypress-vine, the thorn-apple, and the opium-poppy, are likewise everywhere frequent in the States; and mixed with them we see such cosmopolitan nondescript outcasts as the goose-foots, the pig-weeds, and the thorny amaranths, which at present invade every portion of our cultivable soil all the world over, in tropical, sub-tropical, and temperate climates.

Nor is this all. The Western prairie region, an open plain country, admirably adapted by nature for the evolution of weeds of cultivation, is just beginning to send eastward its own rich contingent to compete with the European and Asiatic and Atlantic types for the waste places of cosmopolitan civili-

zation. A bristly cone-flower (*Rudbeckia hirta*), unknown till lately east of the Mississippi Valley, has been introduced of recent years with Western clover seed into the Atlantic States, and now brightens profusely with its unwelcome golden flowers the farmers' meadows from Canada to Maryland. "Almost every year," says Asa Gray, "gives new examples of the immigration of campestrine Western plants into the Eastern States. They are well up to the spirit of the age: they travel by railway. The seeds are transported, some in the coats of cattle and sheep on the way to market, others in the food which supports them on the journey, and many in a way which you might not suspect, until you consider that these great roads run east and west, that the prevalent winds are from westward, . . . and that the bared and unkempt borders of the railways form capital seed-beds and nurseries for such plants."

The invasion, then, with which the world is now threatened is an invasion of the cosmopolitanized weed from everywhere, to the utter extinction (in tilled soil at least) of all the beautiful local plants which to-day give interest and variety and novelty to each fresh quarter of the world we visit. The loss would be—perhaps we must say, will be—incalculable. A weed has been defined, on the false analogy of the famous definition of dirt, as merely a plant in the wrong place. But it is far more than that: it has positive as well as negative qualities. The word weed implies something further than mere abstract hostility to the agricultural interest; it implies a certain ingrained coarseness, scrubbiness, squalor, and sordidness, besides connoting, in nine cases out of ten, some stringiness of fibre, hairiness of surface, or prickly defensive character as well. Such noxious and dusty roadside plants, of which thistles, nettles, henbane, and mullein may be taken as fair average types, are beginning to turn the whole world in our own day into one vast weed-bed of universal sameness. We are getting cosmopolitanized too fast, to the detriment of all picturesque diversity and individuality of country or nation. The Empress of Japan has ordered a complete wardrobe from Parisian milliners. King Kala-

kaua of Hawaii dresses in the full uniform of an American major-general. Sitting Bull and Big Bear accept with effusion the inevitable chimney-pot. Zulu and Kanaka take to Sniders in the place of their aboriginal assegais or boomerangs. Ah Sing washes clothes in Boston and Chicago. Wampum and calumets, bead kirtles and flower girdles, fezzes and turbans, flowing robes and nude brown busts, are all unhappily doomed to proximate extinction. The coolie, the potato-beetle, and the Canada thistle will pervade the world.

In a few generations, the whole earth will be one big dead-level America, as like as two peas from end to end, dressed in the same stereotyped black coat and round felt hat, enjoying a single uniform civilization, and looking out upon a single uniform landscape of assorted European, Asiatic, American, African, and Australian weeds, diversified here and there by the congenial architecture of railway arches, crematoriums, gasometers, Board schools, Salvation Army barracks, and main drainage works.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE FALL OF AN ISLAND.

BY R. D.

[In an oak chest which has stood time out of mind in a garret of the house which has been the home of my fathers for many generations, I lately found a packet of papers endorsed with the name of my great-uncle, William Douglas. Hidden beneath a heterogeneous mass of antique silk hangings, damask chair-covers and curtains, the time-stained parcel had either escaped the observation of less keen-eyed searchers, or had been thrown aside as being too uninviting in appearance to justify further investigation. But to me the endorsement at once invested it with interest, for the name of this great-uncle had from my earliest years been associated in my mind with weird tales of travel and adventure. He had been in his day a free-lance in commerce with India, or an "Interloper," as all those who competed with "The Company" were then called, and had undergone numberless vicissitudes both by land and sea. The most notable event in his history was his escape from a shipwrecked vessel off Polo Mumin, an island on the south-east coast of Sumatra, in the year 1775. The ship, the "James Young" of London, struck in a gale of wind on a coral-reef, and went to pieces in a few minutes. A furious sea, which swept over the vessel just before she settled down, carrying all the remaining hands with her, washed my great-uncle overboard and beyond the reef. Fortunately for him he was a good swimmer, and

thus kept himself afloat in a current which carried him rapidly to the shores of Mumin. There he lived, as the following narrative describes, for twelve years; and though driven from the island at a moment's notice, while it was in the throes of a revolution, he yet eventually secured from his mercantile venture among the islanders a sufficient fortune to enable him to live the remainder of his days at Dover in comfort, if not in luxury.

Though aware of this general outline, I had never been made acquainted with the details of the wreck, and his subsequent residence on Mumin, and I was therefore delighted to find among the papers spoken of a full, and I have no doubt true and accurate, account of it all, in his own handwriting. As the narrative is too long to appear in "*Maga*" *in extenso*, I will condense in a few words the geographical particulars given of the island, leaving my great-uncle to speak for himself as to his adventures on it. The only liberty I have taken with his MS. in making a transcript has been to modernize the spelling, and to substitute for some now obsolete expressions their equivalents in use at the present time.

Polo Mumin, or "Happy Island," as the name means, is situated off the south-east coast of Sumatra, which I imagine to be the mainland spoken of in the following pages, at a distance of about 20 miles. The island itself is 60 miles in

circumference, and the population was reckoned by my great-uncle at about 100,000. The gazetteers describe the climate as temperate, and the soil as fertile. My great-uncle says little of the business which he carried on in Mumin, but I gather from things I have heard in the family that he occupied himself as a general merchant, and I know that he rented a large and profitable nutmeg plantation which surrounded the house in which he lived. R. D.]

That I may make this part of my narrative intelligible, it will be necessary that I should sketch, as briefly as may be, the political constitution of Polo Mumin, as it was when I was first borne to its shores in the year 1775. The supreme government of the "Happy Island" was vested in the Rajah, whose province it was to decide on all matters relating to peace and war, the formation and dissolution of alliances, the enactment of laws, and sentences of death, exile, or confiscation. The executive consisted, in the first case, of an adviser or Prime Minister, subordinate to whom were four *Pungulu negri*, or governors, one of whom presided over each of the four provinces into which the island was parcelled out; and under these dignitaries were a number of local magistrates, customs officers, and a host of minor officials. The Prime Minister, governors, and magistrates were without exception chosen from the richer classes, it being considered that as they were the most highly educated members of the community, they were best fitted to govern; and that, being in possession of those things for which crimes were commonly committed, they were less likely to be guilty of any deed of violence or injustice than those who were not so well provided. Experience certainly proved the wisdom of these considerations. When I first knew the island, no State could have been better ordered than it was. The Rajah, Budaman by name, had inherited the love of justice, the lofty courage, and the sound common-sense which seemed to have belonged to the reigning sovereign for many generations. In Kraling, his Minister, he had a sapient counsellor and a true patriot; and without exception the governors were men who

had been chosen as being persons well versed in affairs and upright in conduct. In these happy conditions, justice was firmly and wisely administered, and the rights of all were respected. The industrious felt sure of having the fruits of their labor secured to them; and those who were already possessed of riches, being free from all the cares which beset the wealthy in less settled communities, were able to devote their time and energies to the protection of the island from foreign foes, and to the furtherance of the good of the commonwealth.

By an easy and well-ordered system of compulsory military service, every man in the island had to pass through the ranks, with the result that, small as was the kingdom, the Rajah's power was held in respect not only by the princes of the neighboring islands, but also by the monarchs on the mainland. For more than a generation this system of avoiding war by being prepared for war had preserved the State in absolute quietude, and the result of this rest from their enemies was on all sides observable in the prosperous condition of the island. The nutmeg plantations were the most valuable possessions; but in addition, sugar-canes, wheat, barley, rice, and other kinds of grain, were much grown. The seats of the governorships were four good-sized seaport cities, where a considerable trade was carried on in native produce and foreign imports; and besides these centres of commerce there were numerous villages scattered about, some of which came near the dignity of towns.

But to return to the narration of my adventures. When first washed on to the island I was more dead than alive, and owe my recovery to the kind offices of a customs official by whom I was found, who carried me to his house, and who, by the application of kindly warmth, restored consciousness to my mind and feeling to my limbs. Fortunately both Tingra, as my friend was called, and his wife spoke a little Hindustani, so that I was able to make known my wants and gratitude to them. The language of the island was, I found, a dialect of Malay, in which tongue I soon began to make progress under the tuition of Tingra nié (Mistress Tingra),

a pretty, bright, little lady, who seemed intuitively to understand what I wanted to say, and who corrected my blunders with an artless amusement which prevented the possibility of shame.

When quite recovered Tingra took me to Klinga, the neighboring provincial city, and introduced me to Rakushak, the Governor, a venerable old man, who received me with considerable kindness, listened to my story with exemplary patience, and eventually sent me forward to the capital with a letter of commendation to Kraling. I parted from Tingra with sincere regret, and started for the capital, fifteen miles distant, under the guidance of an officer of the Havildar class, provided by the governor. Our road lay directly inland, and I thus had an excellent opportunity of observing the features of the country. A range of mountains was plainly visible running along the northern shore of the island; while from the foot of this range there stretched away to the sea on the south a rich, alluvial, undulating plain, teeming with all the fertility of the tropics. Everywhere the signs of careful cultivation were visible, and I gathered from my guide that every encouragement was given to farmers by the Government. It was evident also that the farmers on their part took an interest in the welfare of the laborers, as I judged from the substantial construction of the workmen's huts, and the cheerful and contented appearance of the men themselves.

On arriving at the metropolis, I was much struck with the cleanliness of the streets and the general air of prosperity which pervaded the town. My guide took me direct to Kraling's palace—a handsome building, consisting of three courtyards, one behind the other. Without any unnecessary delay, I was admitted into the presence of the Minister, who graciously listened to my story and expressed sympathy with my misfortunes. As well as I was able I thanked him for his kindness, and further begged that he would be pleased to help me to find a means of returning to India. He combated my desire to depart, and added that, being desirous to encourage the settlement of English merchants in Mumin, he would, if I were willing, make arrangements to give me a good

start either in the capital or in one of the provincial towns. In my then unfortunate plight, having lost all I possessed in the wreck, this offer was too advantageous to be declined, and I therefore accepted it with gratitude. Meanwhile the Minister allotted me lodgings in the town, and on the next morning introduced me to the Rajah. From that day I date the beginning of my prosperity, and I have every reason to rejoice that I closed with Kraling's proposal. During my stay in the capital, I saw much of both the Rajah and Kraling, and was mightily impressed by the width and wisdom of their views, and the soundness of their philosophy. Without the political experience of European statesmen, and with no such literary wealth as that bequeathed to us by Greece and Rome, they seemed to have arrived at conclusions on ethical and political subjects quite as true, and quite as firmly based on logical reasoning, as those propounded by our wisest and best thinkers. This was the more remarkable, because they were both in the prime of youth. The Rajah could not have been more than thirty, and Kraling was about the same age. In appearance, Budaman was rather under the middle height, and had strongly marked features, with a somewhat heavy expression, unless when talking, at which time his face lit up in a marvellous manner, giving grace and power to his utterances, which were always worth listening to. So far at least as looks were concerned, Kraling had the advantage of his royal master. He was six feet high, with broad shoulders, and a commanding presence. His face was singularly handsome, and was full of dignity, firmness, and benevolence. Altogether, his appearance inspired admiration and respect; and in the many years during which I was brought into frequent communication with him, I saw much in his character to call forth my sincere regard, and nothing which could be considered for a moment as mean, or in any sense unworthy.

Under the guidance of these two statesmen the material prosperity of the island continued without a break, until one season, about five years after my arrival, the nutmeg crop failed in the province of Subata. Considerable dis-

tress followed; and Governor Rakushak, who was perhaps more distinguished for his benevolence than his wisdom, wrote to the Rajah entreating him to supplement by all means in his power the relief furnished to the impoverished district by the wealthy inhabitants. After holding frequent councils with Kraling, the Rajah consented to bestow money and food, but accompanied the gift with a letter, in which he commanded the Governor to proclaim "that the suddenness of the calamity had alone induced him to supply by charity what should have been earned by honest work. Nothing," he continued, "impoverishes people more than the reception of indiscriminate alms; and the greatest misfortune which could overtake a population would be the growth of the idea that, in any strait or difficulty, their wants would be supplied without any effort on their part. You will publish it abroad, therefore, that this is an unusual gift to meet an unusual emergency, and is not to be construed into a precedent for any future occasion."

In obedience to the Rajah's commands, this letter was publicly read in the market-place, but the wisdom it contained was lost on its hearers, who cared only for the loaves and fishes which accompanied it. It would have been well if they had lent a more ready ear to the weighty words of their sovereign, for before long there were not wanting signs that some of the evils which he had foreshadowed were already germinating. Two months of idleness produced a decided disinclination among many of the men to begin work again, when the ploughing season came round. The most part, it is true, were glad once again to earn an honest day's wage for an honest day's work, but there was a residuum of idle vagabonds who, having tasted the sweets of doing nothing in comfort, showed a manifest desire to continue in the same pleasant way. And not only did they decline work themselves, but strove, by every means in their power, to prevent the more honest men from hiring themselves out. Though at first confining their complaints to their pressing physical wants, they soon began to cry out for general and visionary improvements, and an in-

crease of democratic influence. It was absurd, they said, that the government of the country should be entirely vested in the hands of the wealthy class, who, from the nature of things, could not properly sympathize with the laborers in their toils and privations. There should be at least, they said, one magistrate in each province who should be chosen from the people, and who would understand their wants and lay their grievances before the throne.

By the exercise of constant agitation, the ringleaders in the movement succeeded in bringing a crowd to the Governor's palace, to press these views on his Excellency. Being entirely unused to demonstrations of such a kind, Rakushak, after some faint demurs, promised to forward the petition handed in by the mob to his Majesty the Rajah. Unfortunately the views put forward by the agitators had been adopted by Sakabatu, an able, restless, and unscrupulous man of wealth, who was devoured with a democratic ambition, and who thought he saw in the success of the popular demands the means of gaining for himself the exercise of uncontrolled power. Although disliked by the Rajah, and distrusted by Kraling, Sakabatu succeeded in urging his views on Budaman, who was so far persuaded by his specious arguments as to consult his faithful vizier on the proposal.

"May it please your Majesty," replied Kraling, "I should meet the petition with a direct negative. What these men desire is not liberty to labor without molestation—that they already have—but it is a freedom from all legitimate restraint. They see, or at least their leaders do, that the quickest way to reach this conclusion is to gain political influence; and if their present request is granted, it will be but a first step in a long ladder of demands which will land us all in constant agitation, and possibly in revolutionary outbreaks."

"There is, however," rejoined the Rajah, "something plausible in the argument advanced for the people by Sakabatu, that since they far outnumber the propertied class, they should be represented in the Government."

"That is an argument, may it please

your Majesty, which, with all dutiful respect, I consider will not hold water. If the tests of wisdom, learning, experience, and honesty be applied to the qualitative and quantitative elements in the State, who will deny for an instant that the qualitative surpasses the quantitative element as surely as your Majesty's wisdom is superior to that of the coolie at the palace-gate?"

"But you will admit that, as Sakabatu has been urging on me, the collective wisdom of the people is superior to the wisdom of individuals among the upper classes."

"But it is not suggested that the people as a body should become magistrates, but only individual members of their body. And I would beseech your Majesty to remember what care has always been taken to prefer men of learning and political experience to the administrative posts, and how necessary it is that those who govern should first have learnt to govern. I make bold to say that if any one of these agitators who had not been brought up as a butcher were asked to kill a sheep, he would decline; and yet the same man would undertake to govern a commonwealth without any preparation, at a moment's notice. Can anything be more absurd? What man is there who, never having ridden, and wishing to learn the equestrian art, does not engage the services of a riding-master? And so, likewise, with all the arts with the exception of that of governing, which is the most difficult art of all."

"But although, as you say, the magistrates have been carefully chosen, I am told by Sakabatu that the people complain of their justice, or, as he says, injustice."

"To that I would reply, your Majesty, by asking, Are they in a position to decide on such a matter? When a question arises as to whether a suffering patient has been properly treated by his physician, to whom is the inquiry submitted? To the people in the street, or to a committee of experts? Surely to experts. And so it should be in this affair; for it is as ridiculous to suppose that these tillers of the soil are capable of deciding on questions of government, as it would be to imagine that they would be able to pronounce a

judgment on the treatment of an obscure medical case."

"I shall weigh well your words," rejoined his Majesty, "and shall consider what course should be taken in this very difficult business."

Happening to call on Kraling on the evening after this interview, I found the good man anxious and disturbed. It was plain, he said, that Sakabatu was acquiring considerable influence over the Rajah, who, being as incapable of imputing unworthy motives to any one as he was of doing an unworthy thing himself, was imposed upon by the insidious and able arguments of his false counsellor.

"What is your opinion of Sakabatu?"

I asked. "I hear that his personal influence is unbounded among those who are brought into contact with him; and I myself know that he is a most devout Buddhist, for he passes my house on his way to the temple more frequently than any other of the notables."

"Well, it is possible that my judgment may be biased by circumstances, but I look upon him as the most dangerous man in the island. He is a designing hypocrite, eaten up with ambition, and persistently vindictive toward all who thwart his schemes. It is plain to me that he has gained the ear of the Rajah, and I quite expect the promulgation of an edict granting the request of the agitators. The instant it appears, I shall retire to my nutmeg groves for a time; for at such a juncture my presence at Court would only be mischievous, and would certainly be misunderstood."

Kraling was right. On the second day after our conversation the edict was issued, and there were great rejoicings among the agitators and their friends in consequence. For several days the island was *en fête*, and sleep at night was made impossible by the constant beating of tom-toms and the explosion of fireworks, by which means the people testified their joy at the victory gained over the classes above them.

At the suggestion of Sakabatu, whose influence had now become paramount, two mechanics and two agricultural laborers were appointed magistrates, one in each of the four provinces. Every effort was made by their friends to sup-

port them in their new dignities. The eccentricities of their justice were concealed, and some doubts concerning their honesty, which before long were rumored abroad, were studiously repelled. In return for the cloak thus kindly cast over their failings, they devoted themselves heart and soul to the promotion of the ambitious designs of the men who had raised them to their present rank. One point time and experience clearly proved, and that was, that the appointment of these magistrates did not contain the secret for recovering the prosperity of the island. Partly, no doubt, the seasons were in fault, but the weather was not bad enough to have produced distress in ordinary circumstances. What with the growing idleness, however, of the working classes, and the feeling of uncertainty which was asserting itself in the minds of the employers, myself among the rest, the crops were allowed to fall very short on several succeeding seasons.

Although the Rajah had, in the first instance, publicly declared that his earliest donation for the relief of the distressed would be his last, he was yet persuaded by Sakabatu, who had become his vizier *vice* Kraling, to vouchsafe money in support of the funds raised by the wealthy for the succor of the destitute. If one could have been certain that the efforts of these philanthropists were wisely directed, nothing but admiration and praise would have been their due. Not only did they subscribe large sums to supply the wants of the poor, but they provided for their amusement by giving them theatrical and musical diversions free of cost. It was curious, however, to observe, that in spite of all that was done for the lower classes, the ill-will they bore their benefactors sensibly increased. It seemed to me, who, being a looker-on, perhaps saw most of the game, that they regarded every kindness as an admission of a previous wrong, much as a savage looks upon any act of mercy on the part of an enemy as a sign of weakness. Instead of diminishing in rancor, the speeches of the mob-orators increased in virulence, until the people were led to believe that those who were so freely spending their time and money on their behalf were worthless tyrants. Under the

stimulant supplied by these mischievous blind leaders of the blind, the popular excitement reached a height at which all self control was in danger of being lost. The police, formerly so admirably organized under Kraling, had sensibly declined in efficiency since events had suggested an uncertainty as to whether the people or the patricians were to be in the ascendant, and since the repugnance of the Rajah to violent measures, under Sakabatu's evil guidance, had reduced the local authorities to a state of vacillating impotence. Taking advantage of this circumstance, a mob, which had been regaled with sedition by a hiring lecturer at Klinga, marched into the wealthy quarter of the town, and plundered the shops and dwellings on their way. As no effort was made in the first instance to check these disorders, the mob swelled in proportions, and the whole city would probably have been sacked had not a body of troops been summoned to disperse the assemblage. At first the mob "showed fight" and assailed the troops, who returned the fire and killed one of the rioters. At this the people became enraged, and advanced to attack the soldiers, some of whom were killed, and the remainder beat a retreat to their barracks. The exultant mob marched through the streets uttering loud cries in celebration of their triumph, and were only dispersed by the appearance on the scene of a mixed body of police and military, who showed a determined front to the rioters.

Had it been possible for such an event to have occurred during the viziership of Kraling, we should have seen a swift measure of justice dealt out to the ring-leaders of the mob, and to the local authorities who could have allowed such an indignity on the peace of the community to occur. But with culpable weakness the Rajah at Sakabatu's suggestion, declined to prosecute the authors of these disorders, and even went the length of placing the commander of the troops on his trial for the use of unnecessary violence. The result of these tamperings with sedition soon became apparent in the increased violence of the mob. The whole balance of the State was upset. Trade came to a standstill, as I found to my cost, and as

many of the resident foreign merchants as were able removed their stocks-in-trade to the mainland.

This and similar symptoms of the approach of national calamities induced the Rajah to invite Kraling once more to assume the reins of power. Like a true patriot, the ex-vizier, though fully recognizing the almost hopeless nature of his task, at once accepted the responsibility thrown upon him. The people of the metropolis, overjoyed at his return to power, received him with every expression of delight. His progress through the streets to his official residence was a complete ovation. The Rajah received him with open arms, and the courtiers flocked round him in crowds as he entered the palace. For the moment public confidence was restored, and as if by a stroke of magic all violence ceased. His first act was to remove those officials who were primarily responsible for the disorders, and to strengthen the hands of the civil and military authorities. At the same time, he strove to the utmost to assuage individual distress. But it was too late. The poison which had been circulated for months by professional agitators had permeated too deeply into the national life to be eliminated by simply remedial measures. And though all overt acts of turbulence had for the moment disappeared, sedition in the more insidious forms of complaint and class hatred was still busily disseminated among the people.

The general aspect of affairs, though thus less immediately alarming, was still very disquieting. Distress was everywhere rife; and so rude had been the shock to popular confidence, that when Kraling was requested to receive a deputation of the representatives of the working classes, he felt that it would be unwise to refuse them. At his request I was present at the interview. After the usual salutations, the deputation seated themselves on cushions facing the divan on which the vizier sat. With an air of studied politeness, Kraling invited the spokesman, a voluble, crafty-looking native, to state his case, and he thus began:—

"May it please your Highness, we have been requested by our fellow-workmen to lay before you a statement of the

distress which has been produced among the working classes by the late succession of bad seasons, and the consequent diminution of trade. During each winter since the year 1780, an increasingly large number of men have been thrown out of employment, until, at this present moment, it is calculated that 5000 men are, with their families, left without any means of support. I need not tell your Highness how ardently these men are longing for employment, nor need I remind you of the dangers arising from the fact that while they are starving, the richer classes are living in every luxury, and are every day wasting that which would feed a large proportion of those who are now destitute. In these circumstances our prayer is that his Majesty the Rajah should deign to give employment to the men by constructing roads, streets, houses, docks, or any public works which his Majesty may deem desirable from a public point of view; and we earnestly entreat your Highness to be pleased to cast a favorable eye on our petition."

To this prayer Kraling replied: "His Majesty is well aware of the want that now unfortunately exists in his dominions, and from time to time he has, by largesses and the institution of public works, done all that he wisely can to relieve it. He fully recognizes the great misfortune which has befallen his realm in the late bad seasons; but at the same time he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the political agitation which has been so mischievously carried on has not been without its influence in increasing the evil. I suppose I may take it for granted that I am speaking to genuine working men?"

"You may, your Highness; we are all engaged at the present time in one or other of the trades of the island."

"Well, then, to take your own cases. You have lost one day's wage at least by coming here, and you and your families are so much the poorer. But I fear that this is not by any means the only day you have given up to agitation instead of to work. And I would have you know that the consequences of this agitation extend further than the immediate results. They tend seriously to diminish confidence, and how can we expect merchants to come from foreign lands

to trade with us, or our own merchants to lay out their money largely, when such scenes as those which have lately disgraced our towns may at any moment occur again? Then I would have you remember that the gulf which separates the lowest from the highest classes, though to be regretted on some accounts, is inseparable from a high state of civilization such as we happily have attained to. If you were to go among a barbarous people, you would find that a feather worn in the hair, or some such trifling badge, is the only thing which distinguishes the king from his meanest subjects. In a higher stage, we find a few who have distinguished themselves in war or in successful barter living apart, and surrounding themselves with some few domestic comforts. In a more advanced civilization will be found a distinct official class, who are separated from the masses by tradesmen and petty merchants; and then, again, you get, as among ourselves, an upper class, which, by the exercise of intelligence, temperance, and energy, have acquired an honorable position in the realm; and below them a number of merchants and others, who, by the employment of the same good qualities, are working their way up to the same high position. In such a state of society, the road to wealth and honor is open to every one who has the necessary intelligence and self-control. And I would impress on you that no part of this divergence is produced by the degradation of even the lowest class, which is, after all, in an infinitely superior position to that of the savages of whom I first spoke. Every class has risen, but by the exercise of the virtues certain members of the community have risen higher and quicker than the rest. While, therefore, I bitterly regret that any of our countrymen should be in the condition you describe, I at the same time heartily rejoice at the widespread intelligence which has enabled others to reach a condition of comfort and refinement; and I distinctly deprecate the use of the menace implied in your remarks on this part of your case. But, as I have already said, his Majesty is fully alive to the existence of the distress, and I give you my word that I will lay your petition before him, with every

certainly that it will be fully and wisely considered."

At these words Kraling rose, and, having received the not very cordial acknowledgments of the petitioners, retired from the hall. The result of this interview, from which the working people had been led by their representatives to expect so much, produced widespread disappointment, more especially as the Rajah, on the advice of Kraling, directed the efforts of the State to prevent those who were on the verge of destitution from falling into poverty, leaving all those who were already destitute to the care of the local charitable committees. The love of greed, which was the chief motive of the prevalent discontent, became more and more inflamed under the influence of the fiery rhetoric of the faction-mongers instigated by Sakabatu; and when they found that the succor they had expected from the Rajah was withheld from them, they gave reins to their violence. Mobs marched out from the cities into the country districts, and plundered and burnt the houses of the native proprietors, and destroyed their plantations and crops. So rapid were their movements that the soldiery, who had become half-hearted in their opposition to the people, only on rare occasions succeeded in coming up with them.

These deeds of spoliation, like puffs of wind over a parched-up prairie, spread the flames of agitation far and near, and with each raid the circles of violence widened and multiplied. Trade became paralyzed, and every hour added troops of unemployed men to the ranks of disorder. In a small inflammable community such as that of Polo Mumin, events march far quicker than among larger and less excitable populations—just as a flame burns up quicker under a boy's bonfire than under a heap of coal; and Kraling was thus called upon suddenly to face an emergency for which, in a European nation, he would have had time to prepare. As it was, he found that the weapons which should have been capable of defending the throne and State broke off short in his hand. The army could no longer be relied upon, and the police were absolutely powerless. In these circumstances the leading agitators waxed bold, and

demanding from the Rajah the dismissal of Kraling, and the restoration of Sakabatu. To this the Rajah unwillingly consented, and Sakabatu resumed office as the avowed leader of the malcontents. His first measure was to throw all the taxes upon the land, leaving the rest of the population free from all payments to the State. Against this the Rajah vehemently protested, but eventually had to yield. Finding themselves able to carry this, the agitators next demanded, through Sakabatu, that all land should be taken up by the State, and be let out to small farmers at low rentals. This act of confiscation was more than the Rajah could submit to, and he resolutely refused to put his hand to the order of State prepared for him. Finding persuasion to be of no avail, Sakabatu employed threats, and plainly told his royal master that the existence of his throne depended on his signing the edict.

"If that be so," said the Rajah, "I shall not hesitate which alternative to choose. I had rather resign my throne ten thousand times over than be guilty of such a deed of dishonesty."

"Your Majesty is the best judge of your feelings on the subject," replied Sakabatu, with ill-concealed insolence. "Your slave can only tell you what is in the hearts of all men."

It soon became apparent that Sakabatu had used no idle menace, for the very next night the palace was surrounded by armed mutineers, who demanded the Rajah's abdication. To the ring-leaders, who forced their way into the palace, the Rajah declared his readiness to vacate the throne; and without more ado he was put into a carriage, and driven to the nearest harbor, whence he was transported to the mainland. Living, as I did, at some distance from the capital, I was unaware of what had happened until a messenger from Kraling awoke me in the early morning, bringing a note urging me to meet him the next night after dark, at a spot which he indicated on the coast. I knew well what this meant, and spent the few hours remaining to me in the house which I had occupied for twelve years, in collecting all my money, valuables, and papers. Throughout the day, rumors reached me of deeds of violence and plunder on all sides. For many hours the capital was

in the hands of the rebels, who spoiled and ransacked every building beyond the grade of a hovel. Columns of smoke, which darkened the horizon, bore ample testimony to the work of destruction that was going on; and as I made my way to the trysting-place appointed by Kraling, my path was illumined by the blaze of burning houses and plantations, which lit up the country on all sides.

It so happened that our place of embarkation was close to the spot at which I had been thrown on the shore from the wreck, and that it was to my friend Tingra that the ex-minister had intrusted the preparation of the vessel which was to carry us from the island. Learning in answer to inquiries that Tingra's loyalty to the throne had cost him his place, I persuaded Kraling to allow him and his wife to accompany us; and it was with these friends and a few faithful retainers that on the next day we rejoined the Rajah in his enforced exile on the mainland. Some weeks later I resolved to venture back to the island to see if there was any chance of my being able to return to my farm. This I could the more easily do, being a foreigner, and one who had taken no active part in the politics of the island. Never shall I forget the scene of desolation which met my eyes on landing. Few traces could be found in the country districts of the cultivation which had formerly made them blossom like the rose. Blackened ruins only remained to mark the places where houses once stood, and over the scorched fields and plantations a rich undergrowth of luxuriant weeds was growing up, with a rapidity and profusion known only in tropical lands. Scarcely a soul was to be seen, and the few straggling wretches I met with ran and hid themselves at the sight of a stranger, thus revealing, even plainer than words could speak, the reign of terror which had taken possession of the land. I found my own house a heap of ruins; and as, with a sorrowing heart, I turned my back once more on my former peaceful home, I chanced to encounter an old neighbor, an honest, hard-working man, who had been one of the most successful nutmeg-growers on the island. At sight of me he started as though I had been a spirit from another world; but being reassured by my

voice and a hearty shake of the hand, he related the course events had taken since I had left the island. Things had rapidly gone from bad to worse. All work had been suspended, and the poor had deliberately lived on the plunder of the rich. The attempts to establish a system of government had failed, through the fierce quarrels of the ring-leaders of the mob, who were now united only in their hatred and distrust of Sakabatu. For some days that mischief-maker had been practically powerless, and a report was then current that he had been poisoned. My neighbor had lost everything he possessed in the world, but was determined to remain about the place, in the belief that so soon as the political intoxication of the moment should have subsided, the people would return to their right mind, and recall the Rajah and Kraling to revive the halcyon days of the past.

Not being tied to the soil by links so strongly forged as those which bound my friend, I bade him adieu, and returned to the mainland mourning over the perversity of man, which could turn so blooming a garden into so desolate a wilderness.

[Here the manuscript ends; but I gather from private letters that on the eventual re-establishment of order, consequent on the fortunate restoration of the Rajah, my uncle succeeded, through the good offices of Kraling, in realizing his property on the island. The negotiations, however, were lengthy and difficult, as is shown by the fact that there is a gap of a year and a half between the date of the conclusion of the above and the first letter I find written from Dover, whither he at once betook himself on finally leaving the island.]—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE CHARACTER OF SHELLEY.

BY REV. JOHN VERSCHOYLE.

It is not from any lack of sympathy or ability in his biographers that the life of Shelley, often attempted, has remained to be written to-day. More than one made an excellent use of the materials at his command; but materials were wanting to warrant a decided judgment on Shelley's conduct at the most critical period of his life. The representatives of the poet have long made no secret that they possessed ample materials to clear his character from the darkest blot upon it—the desertion of his first wife in order to elope with the lady who afterward became his second. These materials are at last given to the world. Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, learning through Sir Henry Taylor that Professor Dowden was willing to undertake a life of the poet, offered the great advantage of access to the manuscripts at Boscombe Manor. In addition to the Boscombe manuscripts, Professor Dowden, whose fitness for the task every one acquainted with his admirable *Life of Southey* will recognize, has had the use of Mr. Buxton Forman's valuable collection, of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's

compilation of whatever may be considered autobiographical in Shelley's writings, of the Hitcheners letters of a manuscript volume of unpublished poems lent by Mr. Charles Esdaile (Ianthe's son), and of materials from other sources too numerous to record here.

The new materials merely required to be handled with impartiality and skill in order to make Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley** the standard work on the subject. His skill is undeniable, and his aim has been to search out the truth and to tell it without reserve. "It is no part of this biography to justify Shelley in all his words and deeds. The biographer's duty is rather to show precisely what those words and deeds were, leaving the reader to pronounce such judgment as may seem just."

With much of the narrative the student of Hogg, Medwin, and the *Shelley Memorials* is already familiar, though even here new order and accuracy tell where the skilled hand has been. Professor

* *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Edward Dowden, LL.D. London, 1886.

Dowden has passed over nothing. Thus the account of Hogg's attempt to seduce Harriet at York is now for the first time given in full. Shelley's treatment of his guilty friend is characteristic; it comes out in one of his letters to Miss Hitchener. "We walked to the fields beyond York. I desired to know the full account of the affair. I heard it *from him*, and I believe he was sincere. All I can recollect of that terrible day was that I pardoned him, fully, freely pardoned him, that I would still be a friend to him, and hoped to convince him how lovely virtue was; . . . that I hoped the time would come when he would regard this horrible error with as much disgust as I did." It is worth noting that Shelley uses the term "error" of adultery, not only here, but in the letter in which he discloses to Mary the Hoppner-Byron slander against himself and Claire.

The point in Shelley's life on which fresh information has been most eagerly desired and most freely promised is the story of his separation from Harriet. The Shelley family have supplied the materials on which they relied to vindicate the conduct of Harriet's husband. Professor Dowden has not been satisfied to base his account on these documents alone, he has collected evidence from other quarters. Peacock was of opinion that "if Harriet had nursed her own child, and if this sister had not lived with them, the links of their married love would not have been so readily broken." Shelley, we know, was fond of children, and was to his own an affectionate father. Besides, his hatred of Eliza Westbrook was unbounded. "It is a sight which awakens an inexpressible sensation of disgust and horror, to see her caress my poor little Ianthe, in whom I may hereafter find the consolation of sympathy. I sometimes feel faint with the fatigue of checking the overflowings of my unbounded abhorrence for this miserable wretch." Thus Shelley wrote to Hogg in March, 1814, from Mrs. Boinville's house at Bracknell. There is no complaint against Harriet, but no one who reads the letter can doubt the reality of the estrangement. Shelley says that he sickens at the view of the necessity of returning to his home from a household which he

compares to a paradise. That Mrs. Boinville, and her daughter Mrs. Turner, were worthy of Shelley's friendship—that they were high-minded and noble women—Professor Dowden puts beyond question. But there was a yet stronger cause than the attraction of refined intellectual society to disgust Shelley with his home. Harriet was no longer an enthusiastic companion in her husband's literary pursuits or a sympathizer in his projects for the regeneration of society. She joined Peacock in laughing at the votaries of revolution and vegetarianism; she had relinquished her favorite practice of reading aloud, neither did she read to herself. She seems to have set her desires on a life of material prosperity—a life utterly repugnant to her husband. More than this. A poem which is the first of a few short pieces added in Harriet's handwriting to the manuscript collection of poems lent by Mr. Esdaile, shows that in May, 1814, Harriet had assumed an attitude of hard alienation toward her husband, who pleads with evident earnestness for reconciliation and pity, if not love.

"TO HARRIETT: MAY, 1814.

"Thy look of love has power to calm
The stormiest passion of my soul;
Thy gentle words are drops of balm
In life's too bitter bowl;
No grief is mine, but that alone
These choicest blessings I have known.

"Harriett! if all who long to live
In the warm sunshine of thine eye,
That price beyond all pain must give,
Beneath thy scorn to die—
Then hear thy chosen own too late,
His heart most worthy of thy hate.

* * * * *

"Oh trust for once no erring guide!
Bid the remorseless feeling flee;
'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
'Tis anything but thee;
Oh deign a nobler pride to prove,
And pity if thou canst not love."

Harriet may not have ceased to love her husband, but it seems certain that she maintained an appearance of hardness and did not meet his advances. "With Shelley," says Professor Dowden, "intellectual sympathy—sympathy with his ideal aspirations in the case of a companion who ought to be the nearest and dearest—counted for much, counted for

almost all." This sympathy had disappeared, and now, in addition, Harriet's affection had cooled. Thornton Hunt assures us that Harriet of her own accord left Shelley, but of this Professor Dowden has no proof to offer.

In the face of Harriet's letter to Hookham, dated July 7th, which Professor Dowden prints, we find it very difficult to entertain the notion to which he leans, that there was anything that could be called separation up to this date. If this be so, it avails little to prove that Shelley did not look on Mary Godwin with interest before May. It is plain, of course, that the coldness and estrangement between Harriet and Shelley dates back to a period long anterior to Shelley's acquaintance with Mary. But in June Shelley's lines, "Thine eyes were dim with tears unshed," prove that Shelley and Mary were in love, and that there was an understanding between them. On July 7th Harriet writing from Bath to Hookham betrays the fever of anxiety into which the want of any letter from Shelley for four days had plunged her. On July 8th Godwin remonstrates with Mary; and Shelley writes asking Harriet to come to London, where she arrives on July 14th. The charge of previous desertion made against Shelley is sufficiently disposed of by Harriet's letter to Hookham, and Shelley now seems to have tried to arrange a formal separation, and certainly told Harriet of his love for Mary Godwin. Harriet was indignant; but Professor Dowden very justly doubts, in the face of Peacock's testimony, "that Harriet consented to a separation, or yielded to it as inevitable, recognizing the fact that it would be final." On July 28th Shelley and Mary fled to the Continent, taking with them Jane Clairmont, to rescue her from Mrs. Godwin's unphilosophic training.

At this point must be discussed the evidence, collected from various sources, on which Professor Dowden relies to exculpate Shelley. Harriet, he conjectures, from the pathetic letter to Hookham, wished to retrace her steps. It was too late. "From an assurance that she had ceased to love him, Shelley had passed to a conviction that she had given her heart to another, and had linked her life to his." This assertion

rests on Miss Clairmont's note to a transcript of letters addressed by Mrs. Godwin to Godwin's friend, Lady Mountcashell. "He [Shelley] succeeded in persuading her (Mary Godwin to elope with him) by declaring that Harriet did not really care for him; that she was in love with a Major Ryan, and the child she would have was certainly not his. This Mary told me herself, adding that this justified his having another attachment." Professor Dowden shows from other sources that Shelley and Harriet had an acquaintance named Ryan, but as to Harriet's guilt he very properly adds, "I am well aware that Shelley's judgment was in a peculiar degree liable to err." Still he gives additional evidence. Godwin wrote to Baxter in 1817, "The late Mrs. Shelley has turned out to have been a woman of great levity. I know from unquestionable authority, wholly unconnected with Shelley (though I cannot with propriety be quoted for this), that she had proved herself unfaithful to her husband before their separation." "I learn just now from Godwin," wrote Shelley to Mary (January, 1817) "that he has evidence that Harriet was unfaithful to me *four months* before I left England with you." Shelley's reply to Southey in 1820 strongly corroborates the view that Shelley believed Harriet unfaithful before he fled with Mary. This is all that Professor Dowden considers established. "When Shelley parted finally from Harriet he did so as it were under a judicial decree, not, indeed, in legal form, but issued—issued, as I believe, rashly—by himself, as judge in his own cause." It must be remembered that Hogg, Peacock, Hookham, and others were convinced that Harriet was perfectly innocent; but Professor Dowden's point is, that if Shelley was convinced, however erroneously, of her guilt, he naturally held himself free to form fresh ties.

It might be urged that Shelley's letter from Troyes, inviting Harriet to join him and Mary in Switzerland, proves that he did not really believe her guilty; but, apart from the Shelleyan innocence of the proposal itself, it must be remembered that, though convinced of Hogg's guilt in attempting to seduce Harriet, Shelley, after a time, restored

him to his old intimacy as if nothing had happened. Shelley's views of the relations of the sexes are unmistakable, and one is at a loss to see why an elaborate explanation is needed for the action of a man whose published opinion it was that "a husband and wife should continue so long united as they love each other" and then part, to find "that happiness in the society of congenial partners which is forever denied them by the despotism of marriage." In leaving Harriet when love had ceased between them he was acting according to his opinions and his conscience. The fact is, Shelley's conduct was, throughout his life, far less extreme than his opinions warranted. The hasty conclusions of his reason were constantly corrected by the native goodness of his heart.

It is not to be wondered at that the errors of a man of such extreme susceptibility and passionate imagination as Shelley should have mostly occurred in his relations with women. Shelley needed companionship, though he was, as is well known, a lover of solitude, mainly because of the difficulty of finding any one who could satisfy his requirements. That it was chiefly Harriet's incapacity for mental companionship which estranged her husband is as certain as that it was chiefly Mary's capacity for such companionship which attracted him. "Every one," he said to Peacock, a short time before he eloped with Godwin's daughter, "must know that the partner of my life must be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." As regards Mary Godwin, the daughter of parents who had taught and practised the doctrines of free love, and who herself knew perfectly well what she was doing, Shelley's fault is small. Shelley had no notion that they were not acting virtuously, as his naïve letters plainly show. Nor, if we may trust her journal, did Mary feel any twinges of conscience for her part in the affair. When we remember how deeply attached she was to her father, how his pecuniary troubles affected her health years afterward, it is not too much to suppose that she must have regarded his objections as neither very strong nor likely to be permanent.

Nor was she wholly mistaken; for it is impossible to believe that if Godwin had felt Shelley's treatment very keenly he would, while refusing forgiveness, have continued to beg for money, still less allowed Shelley to borrow at a ruinous rate of interest to pay the debts of the Skinner Street establishment. The fulness of Shelley's happiness with his second wife overflows in the playful letters that passed between the pair in their first year of union; the permanence of this affection is insisted upon by Professor Dowden in his account of the last year of Shelley's life. "His love for Mary had become a more substantial portion of his being than the love of those early days of poverty in London had been, when he addressed to her his little morning and evening letters of rapturous devotion. It was sobered and strengthened into a habit of his life. In a large measure it had taken the form of an anxious solicitude for her happiness." Every one who has studied the life and works of Shelley must have noticed the steady improvement in tone and thought that mark the increase of Mary's influence. Shelley himself was conscious of this. "I believe," he wrote, "I must become in Mary's hands what Harriet was in mine. Yet how differently disposed, how devoted and affectionate, how beyond measure reverencing and adoring the intelligence that governs me." Mary had certainly given herself to Shelley with the supreme desire of rescuing from weakness and misery the man she loved. And she was successful. Her strong character and sound common sense discouraged illusions and brought Shelley into touch with the realities of life. "No better gift could have been given to such a heart as his, than the fortifying constraint of a woman's exclusive love." If, in Shelley's strongest and wisest verse, "The Triumph of Life," we may, with Professor Dowden, recognize a promise for its author's poetry, and perhaps for his life, of a reconciliation between his pursuit of the ideal and his dealings with living men and women, it was to Mary's companionship more than to any other influence that this result was due.

That Mary Shelley should have been able to retain to the last the love of the

young idealist would be in itself sufficient to mark her as no ordinary woman. Shelley's early idols were all sooner or later dethroned, and when no longer worshipped as divine often obtained less than fair treatment as men and women. Poor Miss Hitchener, the freethinking schoolmistress, from being his soul's sister, with a right in virtue of spiritual affinity to a share of Shelley's property, became after a short acquaintance his "Brown Demon." This, it may be said, was almost in Shelley's boyhood; but as late as 1820 we find Mrs. Gisborne at one moment adored, at another assailed with the most vehement vituperation. Professor Dowden does not hesitate to speak plainly: "It was one of the infirmities of Shelley's character that from thinking the best of friends or acquaintances he could of a sudden, and with insufficient cause, pass over to the other side and think the worst. Justice, after all, is perhaps a rarer virtue than charity." And again, "The Shelley invariably mild, gentle, and gracious, is the creature of a myth." We have evidence, indeed, of the heat of his temper as well as of his remarkable capacity for business in the letters to Godwin now published for the first time.

Mary may have had something to bear from Shelley's temper, as he certainly had from hers, but unquestionably her chief trial came from his good qualities, from the protective tenderness and warm sympathy with which he regarded the suffering and oppressed. The scandal of 1821, emanating from Paolo, believed by the Hoppners, disclosed by Byron to Shelley, and satisfactorily answered by Mrs. Shelley, has already been sifted by Mr. Froude, with the result of, at the same time, demonstrating Shelley's innocence and Byron's baseness. The story that Claire was Shelley's mistress was nothing new. The strange point is that the new materials make it plain that Mary was really jealous of Claire and as it seems not wholly without cause. She was jealous, in the first place, that another should share the high companionship of her husband's mind. She was jealous perhaps for another reason. Shelley's and Mary's journal and their letters describing the period of poverty in Lon-

don during the closing months of 1814 supply, together with much interesting information concerning a period of which little or nothing was before known, some curious facts concerning Claire. Entries in Shelley's journal show that Claire was frequently excited and unhappy, and that Shelley tried to calm her; while Claire in her journal records many misunderstandings with Mary and subsequent repentance and reconciliation. Shelley endeavored to reason Claire, here generally called by her proper name, Jane, into a better frame of mind. Claire used to sit up late at night with Shelley and come to him from her room for protection in her terror of the supernatural. Claire records in her journal, "I did not feel in the way he thinks I did." Mary was always in bed when the bewitched pillow sent Claire to Shelley, and at last he discovered what it all meant, and his journal records "Jane's insensibility and incapacity for the least degree of friendship," and certain other reflections as to the necessity of greater caution in sympathizing with inflammable young women. In after years when Claire, cast off by Byron, and deprived of her child, was forced to take a situation as governess in an Italian family, Shelley's lively interest in all her plans and the warmth of his letters might deceive one who did not know how lavish the poet was in his expressions of affection. Claire's very infirmities of temper and errors of judgment, while they provoked Mary, filled Shelley with compassion and tenderness. The striking difference between Professor Dowden and Mr. Froude as biographers may be noted here. In *A Leaf from the Real Life of Lord Byron*, Mr. Froude credits Claire with a latitude in matters of morality which scandalized Shelley himself. He gives, in proof of the impression she made, this extract from Shelley's journal: "Jane states her conception of the sublime community of women." The passage, *teste Dowden*, really runs, "Jane states her conception of the subterranean community of women." This Claire's journal explains to be a design of the Shelleys for a subterranean association of philosophical people.

The letters of Emilia Viviani, of which

Professor Dowden prints translations, abound in the fine sentiments and language which mean so little to an Italian, and help us to understand Shelley's feelings for the fair captive. A young and beautiful girl shut up in a convent and longing to be free was certain to stir the poet's chivalrous imagination. His hatred of authority, especially of authority religious and parental, combined with his passion for idealizing individuals to make Emilia the avatar of his ideal. Mary and Claire shared his feelings and Emilia's response. Even in the midst of this Platonic friendship he repudiated the idea that he was at all in love with Emilia. His relation to the real Emilia was rather that of an appreciative elder brother. The ideal Emilia had no existence save in her creator's imagination.

Professor Dowden, again, shows that Shelley himself claimed that his relations to Jane Williams and her husband were simply the relations of Ariel to Miranda and her Prince Ferdinand. It is not love, but the tender self-pity of a being of another nature in the sight of the peaceful happiness of a perfectly contented and devoted pair of earthly lovers, that inspires these charming lyrics. It must always be remembered, in judging Shelley's relationship to women, that his feelings for male friends found expression in language of ardor and intensity, which in the case of female friends may easily be mistaken for love.

The letters of Fanny Godwin now first published effectually disprove the charge that she was in love with Shelley; indeed Professor Dowden puts it beyond doubt that her suicide was due to the unhappiness of her home. I am more doubtful about his acceptance of the actual existence of the fair Incognita, whom I would rather take to be a creation of Shelley's self-deluding imagination. Still there is a great deal to be said for Professor Dowden's treatment of the story.

The tale of the Tanyralit assassin's attack, circumstantial though it be, is examined with strict impartiality by Shelley's latest biographer. "Was the assassin real or a creation of the brain? It is certain that on more than one occasion Shelley was the victim of his own

overwrought sensibility, and suffered from the persecution of phantasies, against which Peacock's materialistic prescription, 'Three mutton chops well peppered,' might have supplied a suitable prophylactic. In the present instance there can be no doubt that Shelley's mind was to a certain degree unhinged; but we cannot now determine whether this was the cause of a train of fantastic illusions or the consequence of an actual struggle for life with a desperate assailant." The recurrence of similar outrages, and the impossibility of tracing the assailants, adds to the probability that this was one of a series of illusions. It is not, as some suppose, a question of Shelley's truthfulness. We have ample testimony from those who knew him that in the ordinary occurrences of life he was truthful. But his lifelong hankering after the supernatural, his extraordinarily vivid imagination, his disordered health, and vegetarian diet combine to make illusions not improbable. Add to this such a well-authenticated instance of illusion as we find in Williams's journal, that when walking with him on the terrace at Casa Magni Shelley became violently excited as he looked steadfastly at the sea, replying to Williams's inquiries with, "There it is again, there!" and explaining after he had recovered himself that he saw, as plainly as he saw his companion, a naked child (*Allegro*) rise from the sea and clap her hands as in joy, smiling at him.

Shelley's attitude to religion and society Professor Dowden discusses, as might be expected, with sympathy and moderation. Shelley's faith in the future of mankind, his ideal of a future golden age, wins his biographer's approval. "In following the sun he loses his way in a radiant cloudland; yet still amid bright voluminous folds of error he is on the track of the sun." Shelley hoped for the day when law should be replaced by love, and his errors in life, according to his biographer, were largely due to his anticipating the new dispensation.

In one point, a matter of opinion, I differ from Professor Dowden, whose biography seems to me all that lovers of Shelley, who are also lovers of the truth, could desire. Professor Dowden gives,

I think, too little prominence to the permanent effect of the persecution and injustice, of which the schoolboy Shelley was the victim, on his character and still more on his views of life. The immediate result of the persecution was that "he passed among his schoolfellows as a strange unsocial being." He took no interest in the studies of the school; he did not join in the games. This was bad enough at Sion House; at Eton the persecution was worse, and the effects, as Shelley grew older, were graver. At Eton that contempt for all constituted authority, based on his experience of it, began to show itself in the actions of the youth. He was intensely sensitive, and boys quickly perceive how they can give pain, and are ruthless in inflicting it. To be ridiculed and treated as a pariah was felt by Shelley far more keenly than any physical torture. We have good evidence that it was the indignity not the pain of enduring the master's birch, that overwhelmed the susceptible lad. Accordingly a "Shelley bait" became a recognized amusement of the school. In a passage in the introduction to the *Revolt of Islam* we have the school experience distinctly assigned as the cause of the crusade against tyranny and wrong, of which that poem is a part. Experience is a master whose lessons are not soon forgotten. Authority, the schoolboy Shelley learned in a seven years' servitude, meant tyranny; and society, as he saw it in the little world of Eton, seemed a wholly evil thing. To a mind so prepared, the wave of revolutionary thought which was at that time still sweeping into England from France, came as a force making entirely for justice, light, and love. The existing society, it seemed, must be overthrown; and to overthrow the structure its main supports—religion and marriage—must be destroyed. Shelley had seen at school the futility of striking at individual persecutors who simply represented the feeling of the whole society. The system which created such tyranny and wrong he looked to revolutionary thought to destroy, and enthusiastically set himself to forward the glorious work. Very gradually, by the logic of

experience, he learned that religion was not all that he had supposed it to be; but the hatred of constituted authority survived. That Shelley, had he lived, would, without losing his faith in human nature, have arrived at saner and juster views of life may be fairly inferred from the progress he had made. Deeply, in truth, though he detested ecclesiastical and dogmatical Christianity, he was, in the latter years of his too short life, a practical disciple of much that is peculiar to the Christianity of Christ.

The fact is that Shelley's progress in literature and in the philosophy of life were not dissimilar. In literature as in life he advanced by a series of experiments, learning what to avoid by the failures he endured. The exaggerations and folly of his first attempts in verse gave small promise of *The Prometheus Unbound*, still less of *The Triumph of Life*. But in his poems a steady progress is after the first few years distinctly traceable. It is the same in his life. He was true to his philosophy, and as long as religion and marriage were in his view the chief obstacles to progress, it is not surprising that he erred seriously. The wonder is that his life is so largely free from blame. And, after all, it is not by the gravity of his occasional errors but by the growth of his virtues and the tone and tenor of his life that a man's character must mainly be judged. That Shelley was large-hearted, disinterested, generous, brave, is abundantly clear; that he was conscientious, walking according to the light he had, is certain. All his friends united in loving him. Byron, a much better judge of character than Shelley, and more inclined to be cynical than gushing, testified that Shelley was the most gentle, the most amiable, and the least worldly-minded person he ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men.

Professor Dowden has given to literature and the world the life of Shelley as he really was; he has shirked nothing, and for those who understand human nature Shelley's character has gained by the method of his biographer, has gained in distinctness and has lost nothing of its peculiar charm.—*Fortnightly Review*.

LOYALTY OF THE INDIAN MOHAMMEDANS.

BY SIR WM. H. GREGORY.

THE facility for travelling in comfort through India owing to the spread of railways has induced a swarm of tourists to visit that country, too many of whom consider it necessary to put into print useless descriptions of places and structures of which it would be difficult to write anything novel or amusing. The Taj at Agra, and Futtehpoore Sikri, and the Ghauts of Benares, are as well known as Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, and the landing steps at Greenwich; and we talk of the shop of Manik Chund at Delhi as readily as of that of Liberty in Regent Street.

For a book to be of value something more than denunciations of the abominable hotels at Bombay and Calcutta, or stories of "bowling over tigers," or details of railway journeys and misdemeanors of Hindoo servants, is required. An account of one week's intimate intercourse with the Ryots of a district would be far more valuable. But it may be truly said a traveller cannot enter into any intimate intercourse with the Ryots; it is hard enough for the oldest resident to do so. Yet one does meet with men who have had constant, familiar, and friendly intercourse with the cultivators, having gained their confidence by kindly words and kindly acts, and by a thorough knowledge of the dialect of the district. Such men I have met, more of them outside the Civil Service proper than within its pale; men engaged in commerce, in the purchase of agricultural produce, others in engineering works and in forestry, and in those many occupations which give them opportunities of sitting under a tree and of hearing that which the Indian peasant desires or complains of. The exalted position of the civil servant and the awe he inspires are obstacles in the way of unrestrained intercourse, and the higher he rises and the greater his experience, the greater is the awe and the wider the gulf between him and those he governs.

Although the traveller cannot penetrate below the surface of Indian life, still from conversation with English

officials, and with natives official and unofficial, specially in the independent states, and from the articles in the native press, one who has been a previous visitor to India can see how rapid and how high has been the advance of the tide of public opinion within a comparatively short period. It was my good fortune to have been at Calcutta in 1875 during the visit of the Prince of Wales, and to have become acquainted with almost all the natives of high position who were present on that occasion. Many of them spoke to me, apparently with great frankness, on the social and political questions of the day. I should rather say on the political, for as to the social questions they had generally no strongly defined opinions, nor had they thought much on the subject. Even as regards political questions there seemed to be much timidity and no definite aims. During the last ten years, however, the progress of thought has been enormous; social questions are eagerly and profitably discussed, and what were formerly but floating ideas of political objects have now assumed definite shape, and have become, if I may use a vulgarism, the planks of an Indian platform. This is to be ascribed to the general increase of education, and to the diffusion of intercourse between men of all parts of the Indian continent, owing to the facilities for travelling by the construction of railways, and their remarkably low scale of fares.

The opinion of the English governing class on this progress of thought in India varies. Some denounce it, looking back with regret to the stagnation of old times; some regard it as inevitable, and accept it as such; and others, I must say the minority, welcome it as tending to raise our Indian fellow-subjects to higher and nobler ideas, to the practice of self-government, and thus to the level of European civilization. Accepting this as a sound object of policy, they disregard the scurrilous and malignant outpourings of many of the Indian newspapers, and laugh at the inflated ridiculous harangues of young

Bengal, knowing that in the background there are natives of moderation, good sense, and forethought, and that the conservative and somewhat timid nature of the Indian mind forbids the application of wild speculative theories to the political questions which affect the course of daily life. It has been my good fortune to meet such natives, and I am not without belief that every day their number is being increased, and that by degrees, with caution and discrimination, many of the demands now advanced may with safety be conceded. Among the most prominent of these demands are self-government, reform of the constitution of the Indian Council, and the raising of the age for admission to the Civil Service. This is not the occasion to discuss at any length these demands. Suffice it to say, that the raising of the age of candidates has hardly an opponent in India. It finds favor, I believe, with the natives and the ruling powers alike, and would undoubtedly improve the class of English officials by enabling men who had taken degrees at the universities of the United Kingdom to compete, and who would come out matured in judgment and experience by the attrition of English life. As to reform in the Indian Council, no one can contend that, with the changes material and intellectual extending throughout India at the present rate, it is not necessary to have the advisers of the India Office in touch with the progress of the country, and for that reason I am quite ready to admit that members of the Indian Council should hold their seats for a limited period, not exceeding five years, and that they should be appointed within a defined short time after retirement from service in India. As to the demand for self-government, that too can be maintained as a proper and righteous aspiration, but it cannot spring up like a mushroom in a night. It must be conceded tentatively and by degrees, as individuals fit themselves for it, and there must be great reservations. But this does not suit the ardent spirits of young Bengal. Everything must be done at once; no delay can be admitted between the admission of a principle and its being pushed to its extreme limits. Expediency must be blotted out of the political dictionary, and log-

ical conclusions alone recognized. The Indian Council must be swept away because it is supposed that certain of its members are averse to change, and it is gravely contested that the Secretary of State for India will be better able to come to right conclusions about intricate questions with the aid of the permanent officials of his department, and without being hampered by the interference of men of the highest character and position who have passed much of their lives in India, and who have acquired knowledge of every department in every province of that country. So also as regards self-government—there must be no halting, no limitation. I asked the question of one of the delegates who attended the meeting of Indian reformers at Bombay last December, as to what was meant by self-government. "Does it mean gradual admission to many offices now practically closed against natives, or that elected members without any *ex-officio* leavening should constitute the municipal councils, or that local boards should be established composed of natives, who should have the supervision of districts?" "It would undoubtedly mean all this, with perhaps the exception of local boards, about which we have come to no conclusions," was the reply; "but it means a great deal more. It means that the administration of the country is to be in the hands of the people of the country, in other words India is to be for the Indians." "That, I presume, implies the retirement of the English," I said, "as unquestionably we could not remain and be responsible for whatever misgovernment might ensue under your administration; and how long do you suppose that the timid unwarlike Bengalis and sleek Brahmins of Poona would hold their own against the fighting races of the north, or even against the Mohammedans of Hyderabad?" "Not at all," answered my friend; "of course we do not contemplate the retirement of the English. You have conquered our country, and overthrown and broken up the ancient dynasties. It is now your duty to stand by and to maintain order, but India must be governed according to Indian ideas and by natives of India." "I am afraid," said I in conclusion, "that if your

views are carried out, our views as to our duty by you will be very different from yours."

This gentleman no doubt pushed his theories to their extreme limit; but that many agree with him, though not in so many words, we have the testimony of reported speeches at recent meetings and of articles in the native press. It is said that these windy wordy speeches do not penetrate the masses of the people, but only reach a very small educated minority. This is so far true that newspaper reading is certainly not rife among the Ryots, but I have heard that these speeches do reach the villages, and are read out to an astonished audience of an evening—astonished because the native cannot understand how any one can presume to censure or withstand the Government unless he be stronger than the Government. The worst of it all is that this violence and clatter is encouraged by many Europeans who proclaim themselves to be the native's special friends. No one can blame our countrymen for asserting the rights, and for endeavoring to elevate the condition, of their Indian fellow-subjects, and to bring them into more general social intercourse with us; but we can and do blame those who travel over India, proclaiming aloud by words and by writings that everything which is, is wrong—that we are governing India solely for our selfish purposes, that the welfare of the governed is but as dust in the balance compared with the gratification of our own greed and pride, and that nothing less than the complete overthrow of the present system and the transfer of the balance of power into Indian hands can or ought to satisfy Indian aspirations. There are plenty of such persons, far too many, and their action and their incautious words, which would be harmless at home, are far from harmless in India, and likely to promote very mischievous results. There is one matter for congratulation, and that is the signal defeat of those natives of India whose ambition fired them with the desire of entering the English Parliament. The time may come when India and our colonies may send representatives to England with mutual advantage, but how that is to be effected is still in the uncertain future. We do not re-

quire Indians to throw themselves into our political struggles, and to pronounce their opinion either on home questions or our foreign policy, neither is it advisable that Indian affairs should be made the football as it were of party conflict. When recently at Hyderabad I was spoken to by a Mohammedan gentleman on this subject, who said he and his friends were much surprised at the public meetings held in India to discuss various questions, and at the language employed by the speakers, European and native, and he wished to know if it were true that there was any disposition at home to hand over the administration of the country to Baboos and Brahmins. He supposed we should retire were that the case. I replied I saw no signs of any such tendency, and that probably such a determination would be the preliminary step to our final retirement from India. "Well," said he, in a low emphatic tone, "when that happens we shall have some old scores to settle with the Brahmins of Poona and the young gentlemen of Bengal, and one day, mind, one day, when we get in among them, will do our business." I was not careful to inquire what was the business, or what were the old scores to which he referred, but it is as well that those ardent young native spirits whose ambition prompts them to attain objects which if attained would have the effect of leaving them to protect themselves, should remember that there are still warlike Sikhs in the Punjab, and still warlike Mohammedans in the Deccan.

I do not myself attach any importance to these speeches and meetings, and should certainly not think of suppressing them. We may hear a good deal that is practicable and useful; and even if a little seditious nonsense is now and then delivered, it will not do much mischief.

Amid all this speechifying and strong writing in a portion of the native press, there is one remarkable feature which must strike every one whose attention is directed to what is going on in India, namely the abstention of the Mohammedans from these meetings, and the general tone of their press, which is very friendly to the English Raj. This is strange enough. Few years have elapsed since the attention of Indian

authorities was mainly directed to Mohammedan movements, which were watched with ceaseless vigilance, and deservedly, for no doubt before the mutiny intentions to revolt were rife among them, and aspirations aroused for a return of the good old times. Although the principal figures at the time of the mutiny, Koer Singh, Tantia Topce, the Rancee of Jhansi and the Gwalior contingent, and the majority of the mutineers were Hindoos, yet the backbone of the insurrection was Mohammedan. The native army had come to the conclusion it was irresistible, and visions of governments and high military commands filled the imaginations of the more ambitious portion of the soldiery. These were the Mohammedans. I believe the cartridges had the effect of precipitating both them and the Hindoos into mutiny, but the ground had been well prepared, and mutiny there would have been whether cartridges were greased or not. The Mohammedans remembered their former great position as courtiers, generals, governors of provinces; and though the Nana aspired to be Peishwa, they would soon have made short work of him and of the Poona Mahrattas, who had lost all martial ardor and had settled down into sleek but still seething discontent. Had the mutineers repulsed us and held Delhi, some puppet emperor would have been set up, and the Mohammedans of Hyderabad would soon have held out the hand to their co-religionists. Scindia and Holkar would have been formidable opponents had they been united; still the proud, warlike Mohammedans thought the game was in their hands, at all events they were prepared to play it.

The utter destruction of the mutineers and the terrible retribution which followed completely crushed these aspirations, for I take no account of the petty conspiracies of a few knots of fanatics at Patnah and elsewhere. From that period they have been rapidly falling in the social scale. I am bound to say they have taken the overthrow of their hopes like men; they feel and acknowledge that their future entirely depends on English goodwill, and that goodwill they are doing their best to secure. This is one of the reasons why they take

no part in the gatherings I have referred to, although probably a stronger one may be cited, namely, their preference of English to Hindoo administration; and that they have good reason for this opinion will presently be shown. This is the reason why the Mohammedan newspapers (it is true they are not numerous) take a different tone from that of the Hindoo press, and undoubtedly as a general rule a feeling of loyalty to us manifests itself in their columns. The same feeling is evident in Hyderabad. In that city, formerly so dangerous for a European to traverse, you are received wherever you go with more than civility, with kind looks and kind words, and an Englishman may walk through the streets at all hours in perfect safety. The same goodwill prevails at Aurungabad; and the Mussulman nobles and officials associate with our officers, hunt, shoot, race, dine, and gossip with them like comrades. I was so astonished at this state of things that I asked a Mohammedan official how it all came about. The answer was, "Here we are your equals, and you treat us as such." But there is also an impression at Hyderabad that there is a desire manifesting itself among our people to treat the Mohammedans with confidence and favor. Formerly, there was a dislike on the part of Indian civilians to them. They are a sturdy, proud class, and their pride prevented them from adopting the cringing pliancy and submissiveness of the low caste Hindoo. He had no objection to creep and crawl, and he crept and crawled into all the good berths. But things have since changed. Our officials have discovered that crawling things can sting and wound. "Qui peut lécher peut mordre." The Hindoo papers are reeking with constant gross and violent attacks on private persons as well as officials. Many of these attacks notoriously emanate from domestic correspondents and informers, and Englishmen begin to think that the Mohammedan, if he be less pliant, less accommodating, less clever, is at all events far more staunch and safe than the Hindoo, and so, undoubtedly, the current of goodwill is flowing in his favor. Now the feeling of the Mohammedan in regard to the Hindoo, that is to say to

the Bengali Hindoo, is that of contempt, dislike, and fear. He despises him as timorous, he fears him because he sees him gradually advancing to high position while he himself is gradually falling into penury and want of consideration, and he foresees the time coming when the once Hindoo Helot will have his foot on the neck of the Mussulman Spartan.

It would be the height of unwisdom on our part not to recognize what is going on, not to take advantage of this favorable disposition of the leaders of Mohammedan opinion, and not to adapt our policy to meet it. There are no doubt great difficulties in the matter. The Hindoo is carrying all before him by his quickness, assiduity, and superior education. There seems to be among the Hindoos a kind of instinctive power of acquiring knowledge. The young men live among well-educated persons; the necessity of education and the practical result of it in the shape of lucrative appointments is constantly before them, and they easily outstrip the Mohammedans, whose instinct is certainly not to clutch the pen but the sword. Undoubtedly there is but little tradition of the successful results of education in his family, and he has very slight tendency toward that class of book-learning which makes men head clerks and Tehsildars. But besides these disadvantages, other obstacles await him. He starts heavily handicapped in the race of life with his Hindoo competitor. The latter begins with the study of the vernacular language and then of English, the former with the study of Arabic and Persian, the language of religion and the language of the court. No wonder the Hindoo youth runs away from him. I have spoken on this subject to many Mohammedans; they acknowledge that Arabic is taught too much parrotwise, but the Koran must be learned in the inspired language, and Persian is the language indispensable to a gentleman, and must be learned also. Such is the contention. It is difficult to argue adversely to the study of Arabic, on account of the profound veneration for the sacred book which affects every transaction of their life, and the reply when I hinted that Persian was unnecessary was, "You would not consider the learning of French by your children un-

necessary." Of course in the days when every young Mohammedan might look forward to high and courtly positions this courtly language was indispensable, and it is now difficult to shake the belief of any respectable Mohammedan as to the necessity of the acquisition of Persian by his sons. What, then, can be done to give the Mohammedans a chance? It is clear they are not getting their share of State education, but it is their own fault, and herein lies the difficulty of the Government of India, which recognizes as fully as I do the expediency of maintaining the social position of the Mohammedans. Lord Mayo, I know, strongly entertained the policy of advancing Mohammedan education by even special advantages; but the Home Government, though they did not overrule him, did not give him the encouragement which he ought to have received.

I was presented with a paper by a Mohammedan gentleman of high position, from which I transcribe a few extracts. He wrote it at Roi Bareilly in 1882. He says:—

With a few exceptions I concur in the opinion of the memorial of the National Mohammedan Association of Calcutta, that the Mohammedans of India are daily decaying and becoming impoverished. There is a proof of it here in this very town, where the Mohammedan population amounts to 15,524 persons. Few are in government employ, and those only drawing a very moderate salary. Poverty and mendicity are yearly increasing among them: I have found here some descendants of the great Nawab Jehan Khan, now merged into bearers and khansamas. The chief cause of this decay is the dislike this people have to innovation, to English, and to learning the Western sciences. The justice and generosity of the Government is beyond all question, and it is undoubtedly the false pride and prejudice of the Mohammedans which has deprived them of the education so liberally offered by the Government. Now it is too late for this to be rectified, as all the posts, or most of them, in which a knowledge of English is necessary, are closed to them. The following statistics will prove this. In the North-West Provinces and Oudh, where there is a population of 9,430,285 Mohammedans, there are, besides Christians, sixty-nine Hindoos gazetted officers in the Medical Department, but no Mohammedan. In the Public Works Department there are seven Hindoo engineers and no Mohammedan. In the higher circle of the Irrigation Department there are four Hindoos and no Mohammedan. In the Upper Subordinate there are seven Hindoos and only two Mohammedans. Among the officers of the

Educational Department there are seven Hindoos and only one Mohammedan. In the Postal Department of the North-Western Provinces there are thirty-two Hindoos and only two Mohammedans, and in that of Oudh fifteen Hindoos and one Mohammedan. The only employments open to them are some low posts where a knowledge of English is not required. It must be borne in mind (continues the writer) that 50 per cent of the Mohammedans in India earn their livelihood by service, while 90 per cent of the Hindoos are agriculturists.

One would naturally suppose under these circumstances that the bulk of official appointments would be in Mohammedan hands, and yet they are only an insignificant minority. Government appointments are vigorously sought in this country, but in the East they are everything—means of livelihood, position, consideration. We may therefore estimate how bitter must be the feeling of exclusion to the descendants of those who revelled in the enjoyment of high emolument and rank. It should also be mentioned that a large number of openings were lost to the Mohammedans by the introduction of the Penal Code throughout India and the establishment of text books dealing with questions of Mohammedan law. This reform did away with the necessity of having many officials of that religion connected with our courts, and caused the abolition of a number of highly considered appointments requiring an advanced standard of Mussulman education.

Of course the reply will be, your Mohammedan friend himself fully accounts for this state of things, and does not hesitate to attribute it to the prejudice and pride of his own co-religionists. No doubt that is so, but statesmen must ever be ready to make allowances for prejudices, especially when these prejudices are chiefly nocuous to those who indulge in them. We want the goodwill of Mohammedans. Their ill-will was, in our memory, dangerous to our supremacy. It rests with ourselves that it shall not be so again. In ruling so vast a country as India, the old maxim of "Divide et impera" should not be lost sight of. It should not be applied in the odious sense of exciting sectional animosities, but as inculcating the expediency of not placing the keys of every branch of the public service in the pockets of one particular portion of the community, although it may be the

most numerous, the most versatile, quick-witted, and highly educated. Mr. Bright during the American war pleaded for something more than neutrality between the contending parties; he asked for "benevolent neutrality." For some time to come I plead for the same disposition toward the Mohammedans. It will be strange should our able Indian officials, if urged from headquarters, not be able to lessen this disproportion of appointments between Hindoos and Mohammedans. The same benevolent influence may be exerted to encourage and arouse the Mohammedans now sunk in despondency. The Central Government has shown its goodwill in this direction. In July 1885 resolutions were drawn up at Simla of a very friendly description to the Mussulmans, offering them the most sympathetic treatment. How far these have become generally known I am not aware, but I have heard them spoken of with approbation and gratitude, and that they were likely not to become a dead letter is evident from the storm of abuse they encountered in the Hindoo papers. No man, while anxious to encourage Hindoo talent and good conduct, can be more on the alert to win the confidence and regard of the Mohammedans than Lord Dufferin. He cannot of course change the whole system of education, but he has done much to encourage them. In Madras university special recognition has been given to Arabic and Persian, and the latter language is taught in any High School when there is a demand for it. In the Medical Department there is actually reserved for this portion of the community a certain number of stipendiary appointments. In Bombay university, Persian is placed on the list of languages which may be taken up for a degree, and in Bengal, where the Mohammedans are specially depressed, liberal provisions of a similar kind have been made to help them on.

Important as is the re-introduction, if I may so call it, of Mohammedans into the Civil Service, and the prevention of their being virtually expelled from it by Hindoos, no less important would be the elevation of their position in the army. Such a policy would go right home to the hearts of their young and ardent spirits. It would open to

them the career of arms, high pay, high position, and honors. I firmly believe we can implicitly rely on their fidelity; as to their bravery and power of command there is no doubt. I spoke to several military men of high position and of great experience in India, and they were all disposed to repose trust in Mohammedan officers and to advance them. One general in command recommends that they should rise to the rank of Brevet Colonel, stopping short of the command of the regiment. Sir Frederick Roberts, the Commander-in-chief, is anxious to bring young Mohammedans of family, with their adherents, into our native regiments, especially cavalry, offering them an increase in present rank. I did not meet one officer who was not favorable to this course, and I have reason to believe that overtures have been already made from India to the authorities at home in this direction. Let us hope they may not be put aside by those who know not the changed circumstances of that country, and who are still influenced by the fear which prevailed a quarter of a century ago of Mohammedan ambition.

Another step has recently been taken by the Government of India which will not only be most gratifying to the Mohammedans of that continent, but which will convey to the very heart of Islam the conviction that we, who rule a far greater number of Mohammedans than any other country in the world, are earnestly desirous of doing what we can to meet their wishes and provide for their safety and comfort in the performance of that pilgrimage to Mecca which is the duty and pride of every member of that religion. From 8,000 to 10,000 pilgrims pass through Indian ports every year, a large proportion being from Central Asia and Afghanistan, and of the poorest classes, for next to undertaking the pilgrimage himself, one of the most religious works a Mohammedan can perform is to assist his brethren whose means are small in securing their salvation by the accomplishment of the same pious act. I have heard that the Nizam annually defrays the expenses of 800 pilgrims. It would be difficult to give an adequate description of the hardships, misery, disease, extortion, which used to beset these unfortunate travel-

lers. Things are certainly much better of late years, but are still so unsatisfactory that communications have been passing since 1881 between the Government of India and the well-known firm of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son upon this subject. Nothing was finally settled till 1885, when Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Dufferin, in conjunction with Sir H. Drummond Wolf, took up the matter in good earnest. Mr. John Cook, the representative of the firm, a gentleman of remarkable ability and power of organization, came over himself to hold personal communication with the Indian authorities. One cannot commend too highly the readiness and despatch with which his proposals were met. I quote one extract from the proceedings of the Government of India, under date June 4, 1886.

The Governor-General in Council, after careful consideration, and personal communication with Mr. Cook, is of opinion that the conditions (proposed by Mr. Cook) are such as may be accepted. The conditions contemplate the appointment of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son to be pilgrim agents for the whole of India, local officers and officers in charge of Treasuries being instructed to assist that firm in making known the terms of conveyance to Jeddah and back, and in disposing of through tickets. The Bombay Government will be requested to make over to the representatives of the firm the issue of passports in Bombay, and to instruct the Protector of Pilgrims (an officer appointed in 1882) to work in harmony with the firm and to render it every possible assistance.

The year 1887 will witness the introduction of this great boon. Mr. Cook's agencies will be distributed through India. Tickets to Jeddah and back will be issued. Agents at Jeddah will endeavor to put a stop to the irregularities and extortions practised at that port, as has already been effected by Mr. Cook at Jaffa and the other Turkish ports. Mr. Cook thus concludes his account of this humane and politic transaction.

• In due course I was favored with an assurance that the steps I was taking met with the hearty approval of the Government of India; but before leaving Bombay I had a considerable number of interviews, including one with Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, several wealthy Mohammedans, and a considerable number of shippers, who had at various times conveyed the pilgrims between Bombay and Jeddah. Lord Reay and the members of the Bombay Government assured me that they would render every possible assistance. The

Commissioner of Police placed his staff and their books at my disposal, the shippers all expressed their gratification that at last the arrangements for the pilgrimages were to be controlled by some responsible firm, and a number of the agents of wealthy and well-known Companies assured me that they would be prepared to advise their directors to place certain steamers in the pilgrimage business to supersede the unsatisfactory vessels that have been constantly employed in it. Mohammedan gentlemen authorized me to express their thanks to the Government of India for the arrangement made, and assured me that they would undertake to make the arrangement known to all the Mohammedan societies through the various Mohammedan publications in the different languages necessary, and, as stated in my report to the Government, one of the wealthy Mohammedans authorized me to inform the Government that he would at his own expense build a rest house to accommodate 2,000 pilgrims, and so do away with the necessity of their having to resort to lodging-houses in objectionable quarters of the city.

I propose sending my eldest son, Mr. F. H. Cook, to India in October next, armed with all the necessary instructions from myself, and he will be accompanied by a well-known ex-Anglo-Indian official and a well-known Mohammedan. Their first work will be to travel to the Afghan frontier and to all the important centres of Mohammedanism, to explain to the chief Mohammedans and sheiks of the Mosques that the object of the Government in appointing Thomas Cook & Son to this business is to insure the safety, comfort, and economy of the pilgrimage, and that the Government are paying all the expenses incurred, and that the arrangement is not for the profit of any firm or private individuals. After they have visited all these gentlemen and the Government officials in every district, they will then be preparing and putting into operation the details ready for the booking of the passengers for the pilgrimage of 1887. This will necessitate a journey of at least 20,000 miles, and negotiations and arrangements not only with railway administrations, steamship companies, and others actually in the business, but also explanations to a large number of Government officials, who are authorized by the resolution of the Government of India to do everything they possibly can to assist us in insuring the success of the arrangements.

I have dwelt strongly on the necessity from a political point of view of straining a point to restore the Mohammedan element in the native portion of Indian administration. I have shown that the Mohammedans deeply feel the loss and degradation of falling back in the race of life, and encouragement will do much to give them a fresh start. We have a terrible example of the fate of their co-religionists in Kashmir, where they have been forcibly placed under the domination of Brahmins, whose execrable tyr-

anny has been maintained by our strong hand. It should be remembered that in 1846, after the overthrow of the Sikhs at Ferozeshahar and Sobraon, the Sikh Government being unable to pay the amount at which they were amerced, handed over to the English Kashmir as an equivalent, and we sold it to Gholab Singh for a million sterling; a transaction described by Cunningham as "scarcely worthy of the British name and greatness," while Colonel Malleon writes of it deservedly as

a blunder politically and morally: politically, because England thus gave away the opportunity of strengthening her frontier, and of gaining a position which in the event of an invasion would be of incalculable value; morally, because the Governor-General had no right to sell a hardworking and industrious people to a man alien in race and religion, and harsh and oppressive in nature. But Gholab Singh could not have made himself master of the new province without the co-operation of the English. His army was disastrously beaten by the Kashmiris under Imamuddin, who declined to yield up the valley until warned that he would in the event of further resistance be treated as an enemy of the British Government. Thus it came to pass that a country chiefly inhabited by Mohammedans was handed over to a foreign and Hindoo prince.

These words are written by the officer sent on special duty to Kashmir, and who reported to the Government of India on the frightful condition of that unhappy country during the famine which prevailed in 1877-78-79-80. It is a terrible document, written by a civil servant of high reputation, of sober judgment, and at present occupying a responsible position. He says:

The population of Kashmir was reckoned before the famine at about half a million, of whom all but 75,000 Pandits were of the Mohammedan creed. Some idea of the depopulation of the country may be formed from the following authoritative description:

"No European who carefully examined the city this summer (1879), with a view to guessing its population, ever put the people at over 60,000 souls, but nothing can be exactly known. A number of the chief valleys to the north were completely deserted, whole villages lay in ruins; some suburbs of the city were tenantless; the graveyards were filled to overflowing, the river had been full of corpses thrown into it. It is not likely that more than two fifths of the people of the valley now survive."

Monsieur Bigex, a French shawl merchant, has informed the writer of this note that whereas in former times there were from 30,000 to 40,000 weavers in Srinagar, now only

4000 remain, and that orders from France for shawls cannot be executed for want of hands. The Pandits are all of the Brahmin caste. They are a cunning and avaricious tribe. They fill almost every civil office of state, from the Governor of Srinagar down to the clerks in attendance on the collectors of revenue. Their pride and cowardice unfit them for military employ. Pampered by the Hindoo ruler, they play a tyrannical part in the administration of the valley, and they reap the fruits of their religious superiority in freedom from the pangs of famine, for it is a noteworthy fact that while thousands of Mohammedans have died and are still dying of hunger, no Pandit is to be met with who shows signs of starvation or even of pressing want. If attempts be made to control the Pandits, check their speculations and introduce some equality between them and the Mohammedans, they repair to the Governor, and with threats of cutting their throats before him, or abandoning the country with their gods, they bring him to their feet with submission, for they are holy Brahmins, and he is a devout Hindoo.

The writer speaks of the remains of prosperity which attest the time when the Kashmir nation had a name and fame.

But (says he) now within the valley the eye meets with tracts of unreclaimed swamps, fields thrown out of cultivation, and wretched hamlets in which half the houses are empty, and many more roofless and ruined. The appearance of the peasants is pitiable in the extreme. In the fields are women and children digging for edible weeds and roots. In Srinagar, the capital, there are vestiges of populousness, but the bazaars are sadly thinned, the suburbs are like cities of the dead, trade is either decaying or gone, and large numbers of the lower classes of people are so impoverished that they have no money to buy food, even when food is procurable. During the height of distress, if the inquirer asked for relief works he was shown a few laborers collected on roads near the English quarter, but these would loudly complain to him that they got no wages. If he asked for Government poor-houses he was conducted to inclosures where handfuls of boiled rice, insufficient to keep a dog alive, were given out to hundreds of people in the most awful state that can be imagined from hunger and disease. Sometimes the supply of rice was not sufficient to go round the throng, and then an indescribable scene of confusion ensued, in which men, women, and children were beheld fighting and tearing one another for the scrapings of the pans of rice, while soldiers armed with sticks laid about them on every side; but in vain, and the sleek Pandits, not one of whom had felt the pangs of hunger, sat enveloped in their cosy blankets, unconcerned witnesses of the agony of their Mohammedan fellow-subjects. These are not the inventions of a disordered fancy, but statements of facts as noted by an eye-witness whose painful duty it has been to observe them without power or opportunity to interfere.

NEW SERIES,—VOL. XLV., No. 2

It may, however, be alleged that the mortality during the last famine in Madras was greater than that of Kashmir, and that if the Maharajah is to be blamed, we are more culpable. But the difference is this, that every effort was made by us, both by public and by private exertion, to meet the calamity; that there was no wholesale official malversation in the feeding of the sufferers, no notorious and unpunished misappropriation of grain, no cruelty in the treatment of those who were perishing and who tried to migrate, no religious distinction in which one class was allowed to die without compunction, while another class was maintained in plenty.

The writer then proceeds to give an account of the frightful misgovernment of this unhappy country; the speculation, rapine, and extortion which run apace without let or hindrance; and concludes one of the most instructive and at the same time harrowing documents I have ever read with these words:

Here is a question of the fate of a whole people who are being gradually destroyed, and whom sad experience has taught to hope nothing from their ruler. The British public can feel sympathy for the sufferings of the Christian Rayahs in Turkey. Have they no blessing left for the unhappy Mussulmans of Kashmir, whose lot they could ameliorate by a word or by a hint?

Can we suppose that the other Indian Mohammedans are ignorant of this oppression, and of the actual destruction of their brethren by Brahmin rule, and that they do not dread and detest it? It is no use saying to them, as I have said, such a state of things cannot occur under the English Raj. They reply that it is a question solely of degree. It is true they are not plundered and openly starved by their Hindoo fellow-subjects, but they are pushed from their seats by them: from place, emolument, dignity; and the vista of their future is penury. My object in writing this article is to direct public opinion in England toward strengthening the hands of the authorities in India, who would, I am confident, gladly endeavor to offer a brighter future to the Empress Queen's Mohammedan subjects.

If I appear in this paper to have spoken adversely or disrespectfully of Hindoos in general, it has been far from

my intention. I have no feeling in regard to them except one of sympathy and regard. I rejoice to have witnessed their remarkable progress. I welcome them without one grudging thought in their advance to full and common citizenship. It is idle to shut our eyes and not to recognize that advance, or to sit upon the safety-valve, and not foresee the consequence. It is Brahminism, that incarnation of spiritual domination, ignorance, superstition, rapacity, and lust, which is seeking to regain its supremacy, that I denounce, together with the follies, conceits, and windy declamations of young Bengal. These were the classes who were encouraged to come to the front, and to assume the spokesmanship for the rest of India, during the late Viceroyalty. Our government of India is essentially a government of prestige, of a belief in our enormous resources, of our unswerving justice, and of our capacity to rule, and if that belief be shaken, the hand of power becomes at once palsied. All the great material improvements which are immensely increasing the resources of India have tended to reduce rather than increase that prestige. The number of European railway officials, engineers, station masters, guards, many of whom are rough and uneducated, many also violent and dissolute, has done much to lower the respect which the white face commanded. I have myself witnessed scenes in the streets of Ajmere which fully account for the difference of the reception an ordinary Englishman meets with there, and that which he experiences in other parts of Rajpootana, where such excesses are unknown. All this should make us doubly cautious to avoid unseemly differences in high places, which naturally encourage the native classes to whom I have referred to impute weakness to us, and to imagine that discord reigns in our councils. I have but little fear of any internal overthrow of our rule, either from military mutiny or the uprising of the masses, nor, if proper precautions be observed, which are sure to be, am I alarmed at the prospect of Russian invasion. What I do dread are the writings and speeches of theoretic Englishmen, absolutely ignorant of the condition of men and things in India, the stereotyped con-

servatism of the lower classes, their placid ignorance, the confusion and failure which must follow the forcing on them precipitately institutions for which they are not prepared. It is no question of retrogression or of even standing still, but of caution and preparation. If the administrative functions in India once get out of gear and in incompetent hands, results are sure to follow which will create a feeling of disgust and despair at home, and a desire to be rid of a burden, not only intolerable, but accompanied with shame. And yet this mighty possession, apart from the actual advantages we derive from it, is worth, for the sake of humanity, almost any sacrifice to retain. As one travels through India one naturally reads the records of the famous cities one visits; they are all, one after another, written in blood. Begin your reading in the Deccan, with the annals of the Mohammedan dynasties of Bijapore, Gulburgah, Golconda; all tell the same tale. The Sultan of Bijapore quarrels with the Rajah of Vizanagram on account of some musicians, and vows to erect a pyramid of 100,000 Hindoo heads; the Rajah in his turn vows to erect a similar monument of 200,000 heads of the subjects of the Sultan. Each was as good as his word. As you advance northward, you proceed through lands laid desolate, not at long intervals but almost continuously, till nothing remained to attract the Mahratta and Pindarree spoiler. Go still further north, and though during the time of the great Emperors comparative peace was maintained by their sword, yet when it fell from the grasp of their inert descendants, insurrection followed insurrection, invasion followed invasion. In fact the history of India, from the earliest authentic accounts of it until the time of the supremacy of the English, is one dreadful dreary record of treachery, outbreak, robbery, spoliation, murder, massacre, and of all the miseries that can beset the human race. What greater or more noble sight can a traveller see, than the profound quiet, the absolute security, the Pax Romana which prevails from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin? Surely this is essentially God's work. Surely it is our duty to continue it. We may rely on it that we can do

much to lighten our task, great though it be, by gaining the affections and trust of the Mohammedan portion of the pop-

ulation, once, but no longer hostile, and it rests with ourselves to do so.—*Nineteenth Century.*

FRANCE AS IT IS AND WAS: GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY.

BY "A PARISIAN."

"IL faut savoir où telle pensée est logée en son auteur," is one of the profoundest thoughts expressed by that profoundest of thinkers, Pascal. If this precept were strictly adhered to, there would be fewer mistakes in the judgments passed on different races. The common phrase, "How such a nation has changed," is a merely superficial comment on outward appearances, for, as a matter of fact, races change very little. We do not sufficiently study the permanent but hidden sources whence the real nature of a race is derived. We neglect to learn accurately where such or such a parent force is "lodged" (*où telle pensée est logée*) and we omit to see that, according to this original cause, so will be produced the developments of the race in spite of all contrary appearances.

The true and persistent nature of a race is mainly to be discovered at those points where what the Germans term the prehistoric harmonies between the physical and spiritual elements are least disturbed; where the completest equilibrium is established in the individual specimens of a race—namely, where the *type* of the race is most perfect. Taking ourselves as an example, for instance, no nation has assumed greater varieties of aspect than the British; yet we shall be found unchanged if what constitutes our very cause of being be adequately bared to the touch.

We seemed different under Edward III. or Charles I., under Elizabeth, or Cromwell, or the Georges, or the present confused conditions of our life; but we are the Vikings we were a thousand years ago, and the home and the source of our "thought"—the idea of our very being—is "lodged" for ever in strength and faith, the power to do deeds ourselves, and the capacity of trust in others. Behave as we may under some passing impulse or delusion, if once the

race realizes that it is being attacked in its might or its faithfulness, it will to a certainty prove that its true nature is unaltered.

Just so, too, with the French. The *natural* nature of the race—that which constitutes their physical and moral unity as a race—has never changed. The spring whence flows their being, the home where lodges their thought, is found in dependence and doubt. The Briton trusts others because he relies upon himself; the Frenchman doubts all men because he has no stubborn faith in himself, and, in general, no stubbornness of will.

Study the records of French history, dissect the finest fibres of the organism yclept Society; through every opposing semblance, through the basest servility and the fiercest revolt, through bigotry or atheism, and licentiousness or prudery, through despotism or demagoguery, you will always seize the same guiding threads that lead to the centre of the maze, and you will find face to face with you a psychical unity that equally inspires, from the earliest ages down to the present day, all the apparent antagonisms of French society.

Under the Valois and the Bourbons, through Gallicans, Jesuits, or Voltairians, from Versailles and Louis XIV., down to the Malmaison of the First and the Compiègne of the Third Empire, you will recognize the same spirit fleshed in varying garbs, and know that the race-thought is lodged in the same places.

This is the chief reason which makes it in reality so much easier to understand society in France than in almost any other country; and, granted certain circumstances, gives a so much readier foresight into how they will meet them. You can almost always divine what they will do, because you have a sure key to why they will do it. But for this you must know them, not

take them for granted, but live with them, live of their inner life, which they never, if they can avoid it, share with a stranger. They have a *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* for their lives as for their language, and "cela n'est pas Français" applies equally to the men and women of France under the age of Grévy and Gambetta as to those of the eleventh century, when Anna Comnena scribbled about them at the Court of Byzantium. No second-hand information will avail here; no listening at key-holes *à la Vassili*; no treasuring up of ante-room gossip. You must think with them, if you can, see with their eyes, sink a shaft deep into their mine, dig up their ore, whether copper, tin, or gold; for what is not theirs has no import. That done, they are easy enough to comprehend and to portray; but never seek to bring any external force to bear upon them, or apply any rules to them, save their own; you would drift into hopeless confusion, and their ever-changing outward manifestations would so jumble together all your faculties of discernment that you might as well try to live in a kaleidoscope.

Probably the two best tests of what a nation is, of its qualities and defects, are religion and marriage. How a man mates, and how he believes, will give a tolerably sure clew to the nature of the man himself. In France the two are indissolubly bound together, but marriage comes first. Marriage makes the human creature which is, later on, to believe or disbelieve; and while half of his belief is the result of teaching, the other half comes from the quality of his own mind. Now in both these matters, that of piety and that of marriage, France stands apart from almost all other countries. The French do not believe in love. This is a sweeping statement, it may be said, but if not accepted as a fundamental truth, the surest of all "Open Sesames" to the arcana of French society fails the observer.

In every other civilized country love is admitted as a possible modifier and framer of morals and manners. In Italy and Spain, where—whatever may be the internal orthodoxy—the habits of life are Catholic, love marriages do occasionally take place. They may be deplored as inconvenient to family proj-

ects, or imprudent or prejudicial to the man's interests or position, but a man is not lessened in the general esteem because he has married for love. In exclusive Austria (as also in more philosophical though scarcely less aristocratic Germany) the power of personal affection, *i.e.* the principle of "this one and no other," is so universally acknowledged, that the most frequent form of love-match is the least admissible, that of the utterest *mésalliance*, the union of a grandee among grantees with a milkmaid, of a prince with a peasant. Setting aside the heart dramas that make Austrian and German history so interesting in the past, our own age tells us of Archduke John—him whom Immerman* apostrophizes as

Oh! Theurer, lieber, Erzherzog Johann—

and his brave stable-maiden of a wife, respected, honored, consulted by every Hapsburg in existence; and of Prince Oettinger Wallenstein, in Bavaria, and his beautiful Crescentia, by common consent exalted to the level of the bluest-blooded dames; and dozens of others may be quoted in nearly every European country—Catholic as well as Protestant. But not alone is the "accident" of practice there to confirm our statement, but the theory has been laid down; and the principle established, in the same mode in which we seek to establish it regarding France, by one of the acutest thinkers and one of the completest men of the world of modern times. The famous Prince de Ligne, writing at the end of the last century, to a Grand Seigneur of France, his friend, says:—

"... Take heed of what you are doing: by the sales you are encouraging of your sons to the daughters of soap-boilers and *marchand de bois*, you will make of their children mere hucksters and peddlers—at best, petty *bourgeois*; while when an Austrian or Hungarian prince marries a peasant-girl for love, his progeny are princely as himself."

In those words lies the whole secret—true then, still truer now. Nearly all the successive social modifications of French society may be traced to the fact of the inability of the French nation to conceive of real love, and from this negation has gradually grown up the

* The poet of the *Tyroler Tragödie* (Andreas Hofer).

formidable power of clericalism (as distinct from religion), of that clericalism which has mainly contributed to transform the external aspects of society in France to what we see them now.

France is the only country in the world in which a man is positively lessened if he has married for love. It casts on him a kind of taint of insanity, leads people generally to doubt of his being employable for any practical purpose—and, as a matter of fact, he hardly ever is so—and entirely isolates him from his kind. Of course there are particular cases in which some daring individual has in this way challenged public opinion; but if those (comparatively few) who have committed this folly would produce the long list of failure and misery it has entailed upon them—the exile in some distant province, the exclusion from common pursuits, the destruction of healthy ambitions, the distrust of their fellows, and ultimate admission by both of their own mistake—it would be seen that the price paid for, at best, a questionable happiness, is so high as to deter the immense majority from accepting such a risk.

Marriage is a business, love a phase to be lived through; and it is the attempt at mixing up the two that is so bitterly punished. A man may marry his cook if he likes it, or he may live with his mistress (provided he have some reason for it); in the one case, as in the other, he remains virtually single; and if he is of any practical value to society he is made use of, without any regard to the "encumbrances" that are left at home and never taken into account. But what is forbidden is that love shall be raised to the dignity of a social constituent, a source of consideration, a power to be parleyed with like money, or rank, or any genuine indisputable superiority. If that could come to pass, it would transform too many time-honored customs and ways, and this brings us direct to the juxtaposition of religion and marriage in France, and to some of the most curious aspects of French society at the present hour.

A fact or two may prove more than whole pages of disquisitions. Under the later years of the Restoration, one of the greatest ladies in France, one of those with whose family almost every

historic name in the country has been allied, was left a widow with an infant son. She had delicate health, and may be said to have owed her life to the talent and devoted care of a young and very distinguished physician. They were much attached to each other, and her family so patronized the man who had preserved to them a (then) much beloved relative, that his fortune was to be considered made, and his fame brilliantly established; but the lady was a true Christian, taking the articles of her faith *au sérieux*, and she decided for marriage. They married, and survivors of the wedding ceremony tell to this day how the great lords of her line assembled at the doors of the vestry to mock and insult bride and bridegroom as they passed. The event created a never forgotten sensation. The man was ruined; the woman crushed, driven into solitude, and held up to the eyes of her son, by all who bore his name, as an object of scandal and of shame.

"But you all encouraged the intimacy at first?" was objected by certain simple-minded people. "Intimacy!" was the invariable retort; "yes, but we supposed it was of quite another sort! We could never have supposed one of our blood would commit the crime of marrying a plebeian! (and for love!)"

"Then why do you marry your sons to girls out of the gutter?" was sometimes rejoined.

"That is altogether different—we enoble the individual woman. Her family disappears; *she dies to them*."

And there we come to the greatest political as well as social transformation that has occurred in France since '89, and in which the clergy is the prominent factor. But of this anon. Reverting to our former theme: if love were to be acknowledged as a constituent element of society, as it is in England, an enduring force, what would become of the present system of education? and what of that tremendous power, the mothers? It is the mothers in France who are responsible for the men, and they refuse to admit of any rival, and what is termed the "world" sides with them.

One of the brightest and most illustrious of all France's sons, Alexis de Tocqueville, could tell a curious tale of this divided allegiance between the fam-

ily and the wife. He knew what it cost him, spite of all his superiority, to be allowed to fill high places. Without the February Revolution of '48 he never could have done so. And, worst of all, the cause of the crime was a foreigner, an English woman. But Tocqueville's was a highly chivalrous nature, and the partner of his fault never felt the price paid. He loved on to the end, but was *she* forgiven? Never! Tocqueville's career was soon cut short; he died relatively young, and is now mostly spoken of by his own connections as "ce pauvre Alexis."

Now, about the education and the main educator, the mother. We have said she tolerates no rival. She is jealous of everything, to begin with, of whatsoever expands or elevates the mind, for this leads away from the spirit of dependence. She takes no interest in classical studies, but rather votes Greeks and Romans subversive. "What's Hecuba to her?" is more than true, for she dislikes Hecuba "consumedly," and will none of her.

But, then, where are the dangers and where the safeguards of her supremacy? They are two: love and marriage. If these could join together she would be lost; therefore, while recognizing both, but keeping them well asunder, she obliges each to destroy the integrity of the other. She is unconsciously the accomplice of all her son's shortcomings, for she calls all this by other names, and raves of "maternal affection" and "indulgence," for which reason let unconsciousness be pleaded.

What is the average "bringing-up" of the vast majority of Frenchmen? During the first seven or eight years of childhood wholly and solely the government of the mother, with all the fatal "spoiling" that an uneducated woman finds conducive to her own ease and comfort; with absence of all proper examples, "duty" being a word the boy never hears; with irregularity and disorder of more than one description pervading the household, and perpetual disputes between husband and wife, and conversations at meals that no decent person (let alone a child) should have his ears polluted by. From this home nurture he migrates to *le Collège* (whether lay or clerical). There begins

his "battle," not of "life," unfortunately, but of all his worst instincts against the silliest, pettiest of compressions, which makes learning hateful. Memory is the one faculty cultivated; cramming is resorted to unlimitedly, and here again "duty" is a word the sound whereof is unheard. Discipline, healthy discipline, which teaches sacrifice, consideration for others, and, above all, the respect of self, this discipline is unknown. The proud self-respect which through life guides a gentleman as to the things that he may do, fails the "bringing-up" of Frenchmen in both the systems—Catholic or lay—to which they are subjected. The lay teacher inculcates it not, because he ignores it, and the Catholic tramples it under foot because it is contrary to that so-called "humility" whence springs self-abasement, and whereon is founded (let this never be forgotten) the moral rule of the clergy in France.

Well, at from fifteen to eighteen this ill-trained youth escapes from the schools which, under every imaginable circumstance, he hates, and reverts to the domestic centre, where years have usually been far from bettering matters. He brings the semi-maturity of earliest manhood to bear upon what, in childhood, was a mere image to his sense, and he is at the outset deprived of any wish to discriminate or judge, because he is without all motive to admire or esteem. His mind has been left fallow, and his heart (if he happen to have one) beats for false and sickly sentiment only. All human nature being, as he conceives, weak and unworthy, there can be but one virtue—indulgence, commiseration for inevitable wrong.

Here, again, he finds his mother, who seizes upon him, body and soul, and with far worse effect than during the earlier period of her sway.

The real aim of life is supposed by all to be enjoyment. The largest and surest source of enjoyment is money; so money must be got. This means marriage with a rich wife.

Yes! Marriage is the one goal which a French mother foresees while her first-born is lying in his cradle. But as she (the mother) is to be protected before all else, and to retain possession of "her boy" as long as possible, marriage

is to be to the utmost extent shorn of its dangers, rendered as little mischievous as may be. If the man be possessed for his wife of that pure, holy, ennobling, satisfying love which in Christian lands is, at all events theoretically, admitted as the basis of the conjugal union, he will be absorbed, carried away into other regions, and become half of a dual whole. He might, for his mother, as well be dead. Yet he must marry, and be wealthy, so that he may enjoy life. But marriage is the end; in order that it may be a "haven of rest and comfort," there must, in the beginning, have been something else! And here you obtain a clear vision of those two fatal halves of a Frenchman's life. Half a century ago, the process entailed far less misery, less wickedness, and less mental deterioration than it does in the present, because the immorality of France was, if more licentious perhaps, far less vicious; it was, so to say, a manner of innocent immorality and did far less harm. But, since then, what is dignified by the name of *la passion* has "come, seen, and conquered," and we have made acquaintance with the "Antonys," and, worst of all, with the "Dames aux Camellias."

Nor, as will be easy to see, has this militated in any way against the proper division of existence into two separate halves, but just the reverse: the wife, if in any degree a charming or superior woman, has more than a fair chance with a husband whose only distractions have been those of a lower species; but if you come to Traviatas of an interesting kind, to Marguerite Gauthiers who may have surrounded themselves with imitation respectability to any amount, and in truth want nothing except the right to their neighbors' respect—if you waylay the heart, and subjugate whatever there may be of it, once, it has later in life but a remnant to dispose of, and the "other one," the legitimate companion, comes in for the small portion only of what in former times was reputed to constitute the whole happiness and dignity of life. The "dignity" remains, and the wife lays claim to it entire, and that far, she gets the mother as a firm ally; but as the affections of a Frenchman rarely yield a second crop, she must content herself with

the lesser harvest: the spring, with its exuberance, its freshness, its blooms, is not for her—it is over, and was another's; and when life wanes, there is nothing to recall between these two "partners." She is an object of the highest consideration as *la mère de mes enfants*, if there are any; but there is no blessed past they have gone through together, and that, with reflective radiance, rises like a rainbow and bridges over any transient storm. On the contrary there is mostly an unhallowed memory somewhere, that may assume a sudden form, and, in a crowded theatre or a railway station, confront the former lover, whose lawful owner will feel a tremor of the arm she leans on, nor guess at what has caused the electric shock, so little of magnetism is there between him and her. On such occasions, he recurs to his mother, if she still live, for in former days she was the consoler. And in the hours of agony, and what the sufferer—if he be worth anything—likes to think despair, she was ever ready to pity and sympathize with what she knew could not endure. For there lies the mortal ill.

"But don't Frenchmen fall in love like other people?" is a natural question to ask. Assuredly they do "fall in love" after a fashion, but not quite "like other people." Our assertion is not that they do not "fall" (namely, tumble or drift) into love, but that they do not *believe* in love. They do "fall in love," but *avec des réserves*! and that calm reserve of themselves for future contingencies, there (where enthusiasm, wrapt self-oblivion, are the power and virtue of the circumstance) will be found at the root of all the weakness, the indifference, the emptiness of mind and soul that are now culminating in the contemptible pessimism that is the *soi-disant* inspirer of modern society in France. In whatever he attempts the Frenchman is half-hearted: he is supposed to love, he is "reserving" himself for marriage; he marries, and brings to his wife *ses restes*. He is always drinking from a riven cup. He knows the rift is there, and that one day it must break and lie shattered in his hands; and yet he would fain dream of pouring into that damaged vessel the pure nectar of the gods.

And so in all he does through life there is no integrity, he is never whole. Generally a part, only, of him acts, while the other parts look on. He is largely possessed by that peculiar dishonesty of our age, which aims at achieving pleasure without payment. Now, of all things in the world, pleasure will be paid for, as will success; perfect enjoyment being a work which, to produce, exacts a portion of your own very self, given in return as its fair price.

When Frenchmen go to the "Derby" the more philosophical of them shake their heads, and ask why it is so different from *Le Grand Prix*? And what is still more puzzling to them is the University Boat Race; for here life itself, health, the chances of a future career are at stake—staked against the triumph of an hour. A phrase from a provincial English newspaper was much quoted in Paris *à propos* to the last Oxford and Cambridge Race, much pondered over, perhaps not thoroughly understood. It was as follows:—

... it is impossible to doubt that strong qualities are fostered by boat-racing over long-distance courses. Men who can row a stern chase over a long reach of river, and win, may be trusted to go anywhere and do anything. They will not fail for want of pluck and that utter incapacity to take a beating which the enemies of England call our intolerable obstinacy.

Among the comments made on this passage (and they were numerous), the fact mostly dwelt on was that, in after life, so many promising young men were reputed to have failed in attaining eminence on account of this very athletic and exhausting triumph of an hour. True! but they had the "hour" in its perfect plenitude, and the Arabs have a saying that "he who commands the hour mostly commands the time."

It is not difficult to see how the man, whose life is thus prudently guarded, and whose spiritual and moral thrift is thus severe, how, as a matter of course, his capacity for dependence must have grown. The first proof given of this is the ready submission to whatsoever form of Government proclaims that it means to govern by the "strong hand" and uphold "authority." The Government that, on the contrary, invites the nation to partake its responsibilities, and share in the "task of Rule," as Mr.

Froude terms it, finds little favor in France, as her entire history will show; for responsibility is a "task" which requires self-reliance in the extreme, and the race—"thought" of the French is not "lodged" in that direction.

While a genuine Briton would scarcely like the best and most model Government if he felt himself "governed," the Frenchman would tolerate the worst if he were quite sure of being "taken care of."

And this leads direct to the power of the clergy, and, above all, to their power at the present moment.

It will be perceived that in these pages we are studying what constitutes "Society," or those groups of the community who arrogate to themselves that name. This takes in a far greater mass of human beings, even in France, than is commonly supposed, and in fact only excludes the man who lives by the work of his hands, and him immediately above him who sells such handiwork over the counter. Christian belief—be it Catholic or Protestant, the faith held by Coligny or St. Vincent de Paul—is extinct in Frenchmen, though they have come to such a depth of ignorance that they are themselves not altogether aware of it; only, the less they believe, the more they lean upon the clergy; and given the system of matrimony now accepted as law, the priest has gradually become the almost universal arbitrator. It is this dominion of the Church (quite apart from any faith of whatsoever description) that not only the existing Government in France has completely failed to observe, but that has been transforming—radically transforming—French society for the last quarter of a century without any one taking the trouble to note what was going on.

We must cast a glance at pre-revolutionary times. Birth alone was the recognized source of superiority; recognized so commonly by all, even by those who worst hated it, that they acknowledged it as the "real thing," and resolved to destroy it. They cut off heads wholesale, because they could not admit of themselves obtaining that one unattainable object; everything else was attainable, but they refused to believe in an imitation: in *une noblesse passée*.

Hence the fact that merit can, in France, realize no supreme distinction. Desert is only relatively rewarded. Glory, even, could not entirely succeed; for after Napoleon had frightened the world, and played battledore-and-shuttlecock with King's crowns, he gained his topmost steps toward Olympus by mating with a real (!) Emperor's daughter, and familiarly alluding to the lamentable victim of '93, discrowned, outraged, done to death by popular fury, as "*Mon Oncle*, Louis XVI." All his own fabulous triumphs had never stifled the secret longings of his innermost spirit!

Besides the want of all real reverence for desert, there has never been any consecrating medium in France since 1789. No one believed more in any, and the cry for equality rose higher and higher, because it cannot be *octroyé*, hanging as it does more upon men's consciences than upon decrees. But, as M. de Tocqueville remarks in his *Ancien Régime et Révolution*, when the power was gone, the vanities lived on; and now came once more the turn of the high-born, and after a most unexpected fashion. It has been noted that when the traffic between illustrious names and heavy purses first began, the principle acted upon universally was the total suppression of the bride's family. She, herself, was chosen and lifted up to the place of honor, and henceforth would divide a rank and title to which, until then, she could only look up with awful idolatry. But her belongings were reputed base as before, and remained base.

The proof of how radical was the feeling which prompted this, how ingrained in the popular mind, comes forth in the fact that no sooner had the revolutionary storm swept by than the old system cropped up afresh, and the former mode of contracting marriage reasserted itself quite naturally. Beheadings and drownings, and prison massacres, had altered nothing. They were, after all, isolated facts; a few thousand aristocrats had been murdered, but the principle was not touched; and the principle was that rich plebeian wives should purchase high-born husbands. And from 1804 up to the last years of the Second Empire (toward 1866-7-8) the practice endured in full

force. Girls were taken out of the surroundings of their homes, taught to look down upon them, and the children of the persecuted had it now all their own way, and made the executioners pay for violence by humiliation. But the point to note is, that they, the humiliated, did not think the price too high, but paid it submissively. That the aristocrats of France (though with blood already sadly mixed) should have despised the plebeians, is explicable enough; but the important fact is that, after all that had past, the plebeians still believed in them! From this has proceeded most of what is to be noted now in social France, and it is just the one fact least chronicled, and that for obvious reasons. The Restoration is, relatively, the period during which the fewest of these degrading bargains were struck. On the one side there was a foolish conviction of "finality," and a desire, from sheer exhaustion, for repose. On the other, there was a double current—military and civilian—of opposition so bitter that the passions of thirty years past were seething once more beneath the surface; and hatred (however disguised) was beginning to rage at the bottom of men's hearts.

This was the time when France had her one great chance of a Constitutional Monarchy with Parliamentary institutions. She possessed a solid middle-class, wealthy, well-educated, with fairly classical instruction, a good deal of moral sense (though based on the narrowest notions), a *bourgeoisie*, in short, out of which, with time and tranquillity, such a class of public men might have been made as would have saved the nation from the fatal follies and crimes that followed after the Revolution of 1830.

Till the Spanish marriages—which, like the battle of Leipsic for Napoleon I., were the *premier coup de cloche* of the July monarchy—France had, politically speaking, as many and as good elements of respectable Government as most countries; and, socially speaking, she disposed largely of all the elements of intellectual civilization.

Out of what was the now growing antagonism between the old Court groups and the rising *bourgeoisie* there were two manifest advantages made evident: the

bourgeois strove to distinguish themselves, and become as nearly like English gentlemen as possible; and the purely patrician class (the people of fashion, who had not yet entitled themselves *le Monde*) felt they could not, in the face of their adversaries, afford to be wholly useless, famous only for their frivolity (which invariably leads to worse!).

With all their political insanities and suicidal mistakes, the years between 1825 and 1848 were an epoch of splendid culture and brain development in France. From Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Thiers, down to Tocqueville and Montalembert; from Chateaubriand and Joseph de Maistre down to Lamennais and Lacordaire, and Augustin Thierry and Michelet; from Balzac and Dumas *père* down to Mérimée and St. Beuve; from Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Vigny down to Alfred de Musset; every separate stream of intellect, science, religion, philosophy, history, fiction, poetry, æsthetics, or the arts, poured forth exuberantly from an overflowing source, and did not sink in the ground, losing itself in a barren waste, but fecundated every rood of the land it passed through. Society was cultivated, society was polite; society was healthy, preferring good to evil, and capable of enthusiasm. In a word, society was; for without all these things society is not.

But be it duly registered, the natural basis of this social edifice was conflict; the conflict between two rival powers neither of which could allow the other to prevail. If the vanities and love of show of the mere *noblesse de Cour*, and the restless ambition of their women led them to regard themselves as Jove's first-born sons, they still dared not refuse competition, and still less affect to disdain Power as the reward of merit. On the other hand, Power was in truth the exclusive privilege of the *bourgeoisie*, and in their ranks alone resided the modern reverence for merit, the recognition of the public worth of true citizens, and a certain capacity of independence handed down from the dignified traditions of *les familles Parlementaires*. In the rank and file of this *haute bourgeoisie* the arrogance of the patrician class went a great way toward their better qualities, and in

the conviction that no real amalgamation could ever exist between the two will be found the chief *raison d'être* of the high character with which some of the men of the *Tiers État* were (justly enough) credited—till now. France did owe in our age an enormous debt to her *bourgeoisie*. Money and clericalism have changed all this, and the transformation is the most radical that has occurred since 1789.

In the face of the ignoble servility with which every form of rule is submitted to, be it military despotism, the vulgarlest plutocracy, or the brutal tyranny of the lowest and most ignorant mob, one question rises up: What has become of *la haute bourgeoisie*? Where are the men who, from the L'Hôpitals and Harlays of past times down to the Royer Collards and Foys and others of yesterday, were the barriers against all arbitrary encroachments, and who invariably and sternly resisted Injustice and scorned Superstition? Where are they? They are still represented, but they have gone over to the other side. That fusion considered impossible has been made. It is complete. But how? There is no consecrating power, no equalizing medium in France; less, indeed, than ever. What sovereign influence, therefore, has reconciled these foes? There lies the mistake: Money has grown into the "equalizing medium," and the Church is the "sovereign influence." This is so tremendous a revolution that it is well worth looking into its details. That wealth should act as a counterpoise to a too narrow worship of mere birth ought not to be complained of; it is unavoidable, and generally promotes more elegant enjoyments, a higher level of female education, and by degrees superior culture and public activity in the descendants of rich men. But for this there must be free institutions, the capacity of independence and self-assertion in the race itself, and, above all, absence of superstition, and of those peculiar prejudices that unconsciously dwarf the national mind from the very cradle.

It is all this that is non-existent in France, where a throne is burnt as firewood in half an hour and a Dynasty swept away, but no really strong popular prejudice ever overthrown (and in France a prejudice is always popular).

In the days when girls were taken from their families and taught to regard them as "inconveniences" to be got rid of, the clergy were wholly on the side of the titled husband, and preached to their *pénitentes* what a glorious thing it was to be so lifted up to exalted spheres and privileged to bear sons who should perpetuate illustrious names! Nor was this one of the lesser causes of the hatred of the *Tiers État* for the Church.

But in the same proportion in which grew the enormous influx of wealth (legitimate and illegitimate) during the Second Empire, and its unholy power of submerging every worth, every honesty, every virtue—in the same measure grew the keen appreciation by the clergy of its applicability to their own interests. The Empire deliberately ostracised the Gallican clergy, who had been the honor of Christian France, and called back, illegally, the disciples of Loyola, thus casting the nation spiritually under the direct sway of the Pope in Rome. It soon became "fashionable" to adopt all the outward forms of ultramontane countries. Forms alone were needed. Faith was left in the keeping of the Father Confessor, who affirmed that that was his affair. What he aimed at was obedience, and he got it. Doctrine was set aside, but the strictest *pratiques* were enjoined. M. Cousin was wont to say laughingly, "Oh! la Trinité incréée leur est bien égale! If only I would go to confess, and fast on Fridays, I might believe what I choose." And he, for example, lived pleasantly enough with the congregations. So did M. Thiers. "Les Jésuites ne me gênent pas!" he would constantly repeat; to which, on one occasion, M. de Rémusat replied, "Non! ni le bon Dieu non plus!"

But, with all this, "society" in France had at last found its master. The priesthood reigned. They had found out where the gold-mines were situated, and also that to dispose of wealth unlimited for the clergy the industrial classes only were to be propitiated. They turned, therefore, to the *bourgeoisie en masse*; enrolled the children, boys and girls, in no end of picturesque "associations," became the general matrimonial agents, showed themselves lenient to every sin, and won over all the *bourgeoisie* mothers by procuring for

them that madly-coveted and despaired-of end, the positive and firmly-established equality with *les grandes dames*! Of course, the husbands were finally brought over too, for in their soul they believed any price worth paying for admission on absolutely equal terms into what they call *le vrai monde*. Money adroitly used did a great deal; but money did not do all, or the result would have been achieved sooner. No! the priest, when he once decided on subjugating the so-called "high classes," conjured with a yet more potent spell than coin. While directing monstrous sums from the pockets of the low-born into the hands of illustrious *quêteuses*, he set upon the said *quêteuse's* head an iron heel, and crushed her to the dust in the name of religion. He told her that there existed but one superiority, the pious submission to the Church; that the Church considered equal all those who strictly obeyed their pastors; and that when a duke's son took to wife the daughter of a stone-mason's pious helpmate (who was, of course, of exceeding wealth!) the plebeian took rank immensely above the merely high-born lady, who was infinitely less generous than the other in her donations to the Church! And thus the fusion is accomplished, and is solid, and the once independent French *bourgeoisie* is extinct.

The priest is now virtually the ruler of French society; it is he who, in reality, directs the movements of what St. Simon, in his telling language, called the "*Mécanique de la cour*," and what is now the *mécanique* of the *corps social*.

One of the inevitable effects of this has been to displace what was, till now, termed the "middle class." This has naturally descended to a very much lower level. But there is still a middle class in France, which, if democracy progresses, may be called upon to play a not unimportant part.

It is beyond our limits of space to enter fully upon this branch of our subject, for it leads too necessarily into the domain of politics, but it would be well worth the trouble of the English observer to examine narrowly the sources whence the genuine "middle class" in France is already beginning to issue. The "lower middle class" is the last hope of France; there are, in one sense,

great elements among these people. In the petty tradesman (above all, the provincial one), the inferior schoolmaster, the humble village curé (but, at the head of everything, the hard-working shopkeeper), much is to be discovered that is absent from every other class. There is honesty, modesty, a desire for knowledge, a relative esteem for truth, a feeling of duty, and the respect for what is, in itself, respectable. But the very merits of this part of the nation (and they are indisputable) point to the establishment of pure democracy; it is here and nowhere else that exists the "Americanizing" process that is so much talked of—this points to a *régime* based upon toil, and which, possibly, may end by creating a Commonwealth distinguished by its moral excellence, and in which the municipal and communal institutions must expand with every succeeding year; but idealism will be weakened, and generations come and go before the science of Government makes any advance. This species of democracy creates no political traditions. However, there lies the future of France.

For the moment, mere wealth and sham piety hold despotic power. The very Jews are Catholics! And this is one of the most curious features of the whole. When Baron H. (who has had a severely hard pull to creep up into the "world") sends £3,000 (75,000 francs) to Mdme. la Duchesse de B. for a *quête*, the object whereof is the conversion of Israelite children to ultramontaniam, he contributes to the prosperity of establishments which his creed would oblige him to persecute; but he himself says to you: "Que voulez vous? je suis clérical, moi!" and he and his are seen at the balls of Mdme. de B., and her relatives (who are by no means unmindful of the good things that may accrue to themselves from infidel tributaries) murmur soft words about "tolerance," and "Providence knowing its own ways."

Besides, there is, as has been remarked, no question of religion in it all; it has been a question solely of authority which has been gained, and of a social fusion which has been made.

After religion, politics, and marriage, the three most serious fields of national

development, it is by no means indifferent to mark how a nation amuses itself. Well, as a rule, the French do not amuse themselves. Horace Walpole had already found this out when, in the latest series published of his *Letters*, he says the French are not a gay or light-hearted people, and that a "hearty, ringing laugh is never heard among them."

"Society" having been, as has been stated, welded together by pressure from without, the situation has become, officially, what it was Mr. Gladstone's iniquitous purpose (in his Manifesto of last May) to represent as the social condition of England. All the "classes," namely, are on one side, and three quarters of the country on the other, these three quarters being composed of a mere tangled mass of "items" whose principle was that none should be "distinguished" above another. The consequence has been that in the so-called "world" there exists also a remarkable jumble, and, while the infinitesimal subdivisions into particular cliques separate society at every turn, when society comes together for its diversion, it does so in the form of a more or less anonymous and wholly uninteresting crowd. This has fostered the inclination for public amusements which were formerly not well affected by the then *élite* as the term was understood.

Charity is the usual pretext; for charity has many uses, and one is that it is supposed to prove to the masses the tender interest felt by the "Upper Ten" for their misfortunes. (In which it entirely fails.)

Exhibitions of paintings, bazaars, subscription balls, dramatic representations, all are now the rendezvous of "everybody," as are to a certain extent the coteries of the Princess de S—, and the fairs and *kermesses* where the chieftainesses of the various political sets join together to lure the *pièces de cent sous* from the pockets of the public. But the great feature in all these "amusements" is the unmistakable ennui of all who partake in them. The fact of there being a special motive for all these shows, or of their being the mere result of imitation, drives pleasure away, flying; and after a half day spent at the *Grand Prix*, the answer is easy

to the question already quoted: "Why is it so different from the Derby?"

It is different because there, as elsewhere, French society is doing what it does not care for, and what does not suit its tastes. Here, again, is the half-heartedness we have alluded to. At Epsom, or on the racecourse of Pesth (the very next best thing to it), the vast multitude is, as it were, in a monster caldron boiling over with national fun, they are "in it" with all their hearts, have plunged into it "neck and crop."

The French man (or woman) has been told to imitate what is done somewhere else, and they do so (awkwardly on the whole), but they do not relish it, and the outcome is boredom—a boredom that so permeates all the *couches sociales*, that while in salon life it has generated pessimism, it superinduces contempt and disgust among the so-called "people," for whom the Government or the municipalities get up what they are pleased to entitle popular "fêtes." At these rejoicings nothing can exceed the weary aspect of the lounging, lazy "masses," unless, indeed, it be that of the showily bedizened, dust-beladen, yawning groups of a *retour des courses* down the avenue of the Champs Elysées.

All sovereigns are hard to please. "Mme. de Maintenon" declared Louis XIV. "*pas amusable*." Perhaps since Le Peuple has been crowned King, all capacity of hearty, healthy enjoyment has ceased. What every individual in the whole nation is wildly seeking for is "distraction," forgetfulness of self, and this eludes them. It is this restless chase after an emotion, or an interest of any description, which lies at the root of the abominations that have been, and still are (though perhaps in a less degree), disfiguring French art in every shape.

Whether on the walls of the Salon, on the boards of the various theatres, or in the pages of the last novel, or (worse) in the latest collection of poems, the two distinguishing traits are invariably violence and vice. The universal impression among the 2,000 and more paintings at the Palais de l'Industrie is of nudity and bloodshed, as in every printed narrative in the world of fiction the honor of decent people is at once provoked by the details of useless in-

decency and of crimes committed à froid.

In a little work published only two years back, a French artist of high repute, Amaury Duval (M. Ingres' favorite pupil), while chronicling the events and the men of his own youthful days, and the coarseness and absence of idealism visible in all the French art of our time, draws the following parallel.

A propos to his raptured surprise over the monuments of Grecian architecture and sculpture, he writes:—"When I look back to the sensations produced in me on my first visit to Greece, to the awe-struck admiration so much grandeur and perfection inspired, and happen then to look downward at what is now around me, I ask myself to what a degree of baseness have we sunk, that men, who are seemingly in the enjoyment of their reason, can be thus led away, perverted, by what is termed *La Mode*. Alas! yes, there is the one word which is to excuse all! 'Fashion,' it is proclaimed, has inflicted a blindness so total, that absolute insanities, utterly monstrous productions, are taken into serious account, and an entire generation in France positively lays down as a law that the hideous alone is true to nature."

It may be said that Amaury Duval, who died a few weeks ago, was an old man when he published the above, but Eugène de Vogüé is a young one, a leader of the so-called "Jeunes." Let any one ponder over the bitter record he draws up in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, against the school of Disease to which belongs French art in the present time.* No foreign critic has hit *les jeunes* harder, though he evidently did not intend or wish to do so. Speaking of the "Realism" of modern French literature, this latest of young authors says: "In thus depicting human nature, they limit their field of observation to what in man is coarse, fatal, putrid (*pourri*), but the human animal is not all this alone. . . . We are a duality . . . there is the breath of life, the soul; and life begins where we cease to comprehend." And further on: "Other literatures" (he is

* *De la Littérature Réaliste*, by Eugène Metchior de Vogüé. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st June, 1886.

alluding to the English and Russian) "probe to their depths the lasting wants of humanity . . . the enduring longings of our race . . . this escapes us," (the French) "entirely now. . . . It will be said that the works of fiction of our tongue flood the book-markets of the world. True! They are purchased from habit, and they amuse for a passing hour, perhaps; but, unless in cases exceptionally rare, the book that brings life and nourishes, that is seriously studied, read in the home centre, and helps to mould the mind of the readers—that book comes no longer from Paris. . . . The ideas that fecundate men's minds, the high universal thoughts that penetrate and transform European communities, no longer emanate from the soul of France. As miserable as our policy, excluded from material influence over mankind, our literature has ceased, by its own unworthiness, to hold any portion of that intellectual empire which formed in other ages our chief patrimony."

No one abroad has passed a severer judgment upon the literature of modern France than that. But, let it apply in its complete severity to the passing hour alone; there is perturbation in the French mind just now; there is disease. But, as the young writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* himself remarks at the close of his article, there is better stuff for the future to be found in the hidden reserves of the French nature. It must be hoped, for the sake of human culture, that the good taste of France will awaken ere long and turn in disgust from the loathsome aspects of the existing school; that her artistic sense will be shocked by the deformity and ugliness of the manifestations of today; for she must again acknowledge the superiority of beauty as a matter of fact, before she can revert to what was once her supremacy in the domains of thought. France has passed through trials that may well overthrow the balance of any nation's mind, but it must not be believed that the land of Pascal and Descartes, Molière, Corneille, and Lamartine, can be destined to permanently descend to forms and expressions of imagination that would make Falstaff and Dame Quickly blush.

It is probable that science will be the

saving of the French. The "little science," which, Bacon says, "leads to doubt," will expand into that higher, grander science which "leads to faith," or, at all events, to wondering, loving awe, and the irrepressible longing for the Infinite.

The generation of this age—the men and women of from eighteen to forty or fifty, are more or less unconscious, at any rate irresponsible. They are the outcome of pain and wrong, and the appreciation of the right—of the fair, of the just, of the fitting—has come to fail them utterly. But those who know them thoroughly have hopes of the children who are growing up out of all this confusion, and seem already in the unblurred mirror of their souls to prefer the reflection of what is plain and simple to what is complicated or distorted.

It is in them that will have to be discovered where "the thought" of the race "is lodged"; not in the broken fragments of a society that is crumbling away; but our purpose has been with that society and its "actualities," and, we repeat it, its worst aspects—however contradictory they may appear—hang directly to its original characteristics of dependence and doubt.

It is a very uneasy task to paint truly the society of any country; for those who are of it, living with it, and in it, will not, and those who are out of it, cannot portray it with precision. A couple of months ago there was published in Berlin a short pamphlet, vigorously characterizing the vulgar frivolous calumnies of the *Nouvelle Revue*, and the ante-room and servants' hall pictures by which it is sought to satisfy the cravings of a democratic public. Whoever the author may be, he speaks with the authority of one who knows from the inside what he is speaking of, and does not rely for facts either on key-hole listeners or discontented ladies' maids. But recent publications in London merit exactly the same reproaches, by their abortive attempts at painting the contemporary society (or societies) of France. Mr. Child has fallen into the same mistakes as the proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue*, though with less evident desire to abuse and vilify *colite que coûte*, but in each there is the same evidence of ignorance, and, in the wild

inaccuracy of all smaller details, the same proof of second-hand information and of the certainty of the "chiel" who is taking "the notes" being a hopeless outsider.

No ! the living cannot delineate their kind with living truth. You must be dead to do that, and you must have been, while you lived, "one" of those whom you describe. In the *Greville Memoirs* and in the Duc de Broglie's *Souvenirs*, you see revived what was the society of their time, much even of what is still—that of our own. But because they possessed the real materials for reconstructing the true-truth, their lips were sealed until they themselves had forever quitted the scenes they photographed.

Out of all the various testimonies to French social life that are deluging the habitable globe, some are irrefutable (because issuing from repetition by the public press of judicial scandals, and officially authorized facts); but out of all these there emerges one circumstance of paramount interest for the English student, which is, the radical difference in the juxtaposition of Government and Society in the two centuries. In England, Government is in so far swayed, whether supported or obstructed, by the vast majority of a constituted community, in France the very smallest minority shackles, confronts, or browbeats it at every turn if hostile, or drives it, if friendly, into its worst and most fatal excesses and mistakes.

It should be distinctly noted that with us what is termed "society" never bears upon Government as an extraneous force. The meaning of the word itself is not the same. Society with us is, in fact, one with what governs it; it is from its ranks that those who rule are chosen, and all join in furthering a common aim. Government and society are absolutely fellow-workers in England, and it is hard work, the work of the country, that unites them. Society in England reveres political power, exercises or strives to exercise it, and, whether in support or in opposition, equally regards power as the supreme goal to be attained. In France it is the contrary; society is a body setting itself aloof, and scorning the task of mere government. In England, the pressure

of the social forces becomes really and truly public opinion; in France, unfortunately, it makes itself felt through the noisy, vain, frivolous, but most mischievous, dangerous, and, alas! still potent medium of *la mode*. With us, it is the mysterious emanation of the vast national aggregate that compels a Government with Brobdingnagian weight; with the French it is the flea-bites of the Lilliputians that sting and prick their rulers beyond endurance, goading them almost unto death; and the worst feature of the whole lies in the consent of the overweening majority to the assumption by so small a minority of the sovereign title of *La Société*—nay, far more even, of "The World"!

Most pyramids in France stand now upon their apex, with their base uplifted to the sky; and accordingly Fashion has decreed in this one country, of all others, that her High Priests shall in no way help their fellow-countrymen; they shall toil not, neither shall they spin; but, unlike the lilies of the field, they have lost claim to any superiority resting on the beauty of aspect. Beheld in no matter which of their avocations, they are decidedly unattractive, having lost the grace, the delicacy of taste, the respect for the fitness of things, the sense of "decent splendor" for which they were once so renowned. Fashion has decreed that in their utter and total uselessness shall lie exclusively their title to supremacy.

There is no more curious proof of the antagonism between the social code of the two countries than the significance in each of the term "man of the world." In reality, no word can, in the English language, convey a more complete notion of superiority; for to be truly a man of the world a man must be everything else besides. He must be a politician, a diplomatist, a philosopher; well travelled and well read; a sportsman, a good talker; at home with all sorts and conditions of men, equal to every emergency; of temper not to be ruffled, and of health that never fails; a man of business, and a man of pleasure; a sound scholar and a thorough gentleman. Failing in any of these attributes, he is imperfect as a man of the world; and we instinctively recognize what Greville meant when,

speaking of Sir Robert Peel and Gladstone, he deplored in different terms that neither could ever be a "man of the world;" whereas in the case of Lord Palmerston, his security of success was derived exclusively from his knowledge of men and the capabilities of power that are the prerogative of a genuine man of the world. The dictum of Prince Talleyrand holds good: "Pour être un homme d'État il est peut-être bon de savoir mourir, mais il est indispensable de savoir vivre."

Now to this representative of large-mindedness and many-sidedness, what is set forth by the French word, "*homme du monde*"? The utter contrary. To be to-day in France an *homme du monde* is to be the reverse of our "man of the world." The typical *homme du monde* must know nothing, do nothing, be nothing. At most it may be permitted him to be musician or a painter, but only within the limits of amateur art, and of the proficiency reached by the women of his sphere. Any excellence beyond that disturbs the completeness of the type, blemishes the effacedness required, and threatens the perfection of the nullity which constitutes the sign of the divine right to reign.

All this would be of less importance were there any violent, any convinced hostility to be found to the pretensions of "society" in France; any resolute contempt—*contempt du fond du cœur*—for such a futile enemy, but there is

none. The green dragon on Chinese banners strikes no terror into the hearts of Europeans; but these "outer barbarians" believe in the green dragon! Hence the weakness. If the French governing classes (those, namely, from which are at present chosen the men who legislate and wield official authority)—if they would, or could, believe in themselves, they would at once decide to compete, instead of apparently shrinking from meeting, their adversaries "on their own ground." But they prefer to exclude the "world," as they allow it to style itself, from all possible contest with themselves, thus showing their own doubt of any merit of their own, and implying their faith *au fond* in the superiority of the foe. The fatal mistake of the governing body in France is the firm belief that there are games at which two cannot play.

If it were not for this curious self-abandonment, things would wear a very different aspect in France; and were the educated people (and they are to be found) to come into closer contact, a larger measure of Conservatism, under no matter what particular form, would speedily show itself to be the desire of the overwhelming majority of all Frenchmen. For the moment, and in the transitional condition of public affairs in France, it is not without interest to mark where a certain national "*thought is lodged*" in its author.—*National Review*.

DREAMS.

NAV! Let them dream their dream of perfect love;
It is the sweetest feeling, the most fair,
This flower-like joy that blooms in the soft air
Of Youth's bright heart, with Hope's blue heaven above.

Breathe naught of disenchantment; do not bring
Misgiving to the bliss of blended souls,
The while Life's brimming river golden rolls
Through primrose-lighted uplands of the Spring.

The blossoms of Eternity lie furled
In the dim kindling buds of dreams that keep
A fluttering pulse within Time's broken sleep;
Dreams are not idle; dreams have saved the world.

And therefore to the many heights afar
Our lowland eyes that yearn and dream we lift,
And to the isle-like mists that round them drift,
And to the moon and to the morning-star.

—Macmillan.

ANIMAL LORE.

BY J. A. FARRER.

THE growth of science and civilization undoubtedly widens the barrier between man and the rest of the animal creation. St. Francis, preaching to little birds and calling the swallows his sisters, belongs to a past state of thought when something like equality subsisted among all the species of creation. And in an earlier stage still it was actual superiority to himself that man recognized and worshipped in the animal, whom he often felt no difficulty in regarding as his progenitor. So little was any distinctive or essential difference recognized, that it was thought possible for a man's soul or spirit to depart from his body during sleep in the form of an animal; German mothers and nurses even to this day closing the mouths of sleeping children lest the soul should issue forth in mouse-like form, and the real dangers incurred by the mouse be incurred by the infant; and Bohemians, fearing to go to bed thirsty, lest the soul wandering forth as a mouse from the open mouth should perchance fail to find its way back again! That the spirits of the dead should in the same way go to animate other living organisms would be a further obvious inference; and thus the scruples of a Californian tribe against eating deer, lest in so doing they should eat their ancestors, may possibly explain the similar scruples of the Jews to the flesh of pigs or of the early Britons to hares.

The fundamental idea of primitive thought is the close intercommunion between all things in nature. There is no bird, beast, or fish into which gods and men may not instantaneously transform themselves at pleasure. Manabozho, the great spirit of the Red Indians, with all the attributes and desires of a man and all the powers of a sorcerer, could not only readily converse with, but readily convert himself into, any living thing he pleased. And the metamorphoses of Odin or Indra or Zeus were of a similar striking character. Their interchangeability with the animal creation is a point that connects them closely with the characteristics of

sorcerers and magicians, and which only by a very forced construction can be interpreted, as some interpret them, as allegories of the various phases of the skies.

With the Greek or Hindu conceptions of animal forms as sometimes the embodiment of divine or human personages some of the legends of the Zulus and Andamanese afford an instructive comparison. As the Germans thought that storks were born in other parts of the world and came to Germany in the form of birds, the Zulus regard baboons as in reality transformed men. They call them Tusi's men, referring to a tribe so habitually idle that they preferred eating at other people's houses to digging for themselves. Tusi, their chief, one day led them into the wilderness, where the handles of their digging implements gradually turned into tails, their foreheads became overhanging, and their bodies assumed a covering of hair, and from that day they betook themselves to the precipices, and have had their dwelling among the rocks.

Among the Andaman islanders, till lately regarded as among the lowest savages existent, and supposed to be entirely destitute of traditions or religious ideas, the rat, the pigeon, the parrot, the crow, the fish eagle, the heron, the jungle fowl, the shark, the porpoise, and various other fish are all transformed ancestors, with a definite legend to account for the transformation in each case. A certain fish, armed with a row of poisonous barbs on its back, is a man who committed murder in a fit of jealousy; while a tree lizard retains the very name by which the victim was known as a man. The first human being of all fell into a creek and was drowned, being at once transformed into a whale, and becoming the father of all cetaceans of that class; he capsized and drowned his wife and grandchildren when they went in a boat to look for him, she being transformed into a crab and his grandchildren into iguanas. It is with this sort of mythology that Greek or Hindu mythology must be compared, if we de-

sire to explain its absurdities or to understand its origin aright.

It is curious to find among the Andamanese a legend closely resembling the European story of the wren, said to have once flown to heaven to bring down fire for mortals, and to have had its tail-feathers singed in consequence. A flood once put out all the fires of the people, and destroyed most of the human race. To the four sole survivors of mankind, at a loss what to do, one of their deceased friends appeared in the form of a kingfisher. He flew up to the sky where the god Puluga was seated by his fire, seized and endeavored to carry off on his back a burning log, but it fell on Puluga, who, hurling it in anger at the bold intruder, missed the kingfisher, so that the log fell on the very spot where the four fireless ones were deploring their fate.

The similarity between stories in different parts of the earth points to the narrow limits within which human imagination moves when applied to the peculiarities or habits of the animal world. It is in fact almost difficult to believe that the following Odjibwa version of the fable of the hare and the tortoise was of native growth, and not due to contact with Europeans. The fable is taken from a collection of tales purporting to be of Odjibwa origin; and the reader must form his own conclusions. The pigeon-hawk once challenged the tortoise to a race, which the tortoise would only consent to on the condition that the race should extend over several days. The bird accepted the condition gladly enough, but the tortoise, knowing that his chances of victory depended on his diligence, "went down into the earth, and, taking a straight line, stopped for nothing. The hawk, on the contrary, knowing that he could easily beat his competitor, kept carelessly flying this way and that way in the air, stopping now to visit one and then another, till so much time had been lost that when he came in sight of the winning point the tortoise had just come up out of the earth and gained the prize."

Compare, again, the following North American traditions with the French legend of the woodpecker. A deluge having resulted from an attempt on the part of the fish to drown the god Wa-

sackootacht, with whom they had quarrelled, that hero ordered several kinds of aquatic creatures to dive to the bottom to bring back some earth. All were drowned except the musk-rat, who succeeded in returning with a mouthful of mud, with which Wasackootacht made a new earth, by imitating the manner in which rats built their houses. So the Minnetaree Indians believed that all was water, till the first man sent down a great red-eyed bird to bring up the earth. In France it is the woodpecker that plays a leading part in popular cosmogony. When the seas and rivers and lakes were being made, all the birds were charged with the task of making the channels and reservoirs that were to receive the water; but the woodpecker disobeyed, and, for refusing to dig the earth with his beak, was condemned to dig with it for ever the wood of trees; and for refusing to help to construct the receptacles of terrestrial water, he was confined thenceforth to drink only of the water of heaven, that being the reason why his head is so constantly turned skyward, and why with his cry "plui-plui," he still invokes the clouds to send him rain.

The striking peculiarities of natural history give rise to explanatory myths, instances of which from the folk-lore of modern Europe, like this one of the woodpecker, are precisely similar in construction and kind to the traditions found among savages. The infinite possibilities of transformation constitute the leading feature alike in the primitive or the more advanced mythology. The cuckoo, for instance, is a decidedly remarkable bird, and glories, consequently, in some decidedly remarkable myths. The Albanians say that there were once two brothers and a sister, and that the latter, rising suddenly from her needlework, accidentally pierced one of her brothers with her scissors, so that he died. She and her surviving brother mourned so much that they were turned into birds, he calling out by night to his lost brother, *Gjon, Gjon*, and she by day, *ku ku, ku ku*, which is to say, "Where are you?"

The Servians also regard the cuckoo as a girl, by name *kukavitsa*, who lamented her brother's death till she turned into a bird, that ever uttered the same

plaintive cry. But in Bohemia the cuckoo is a disguised miller or baker, who refused to give the Disciples some new bread when they were sent to ask for it. His wife and six daughters, who were more compassionate and secretly gave some bread, were, for reward, placed among the stars, where they shine as the Pleiades; but the baker was transformed into a cuckoo, whose cries are heard as long as those seven stars are visible in the sky. They also have another tradition: that the cuckoo once had a crown on her head, but that she has never been able to recover it from the hoopoe, to whom she once lent it at a wedding at which he was the bridegroom. She is always crying out, *kluku*, "Rascal," to which he always replies, *jdu, jdu*, "I come, I come," although he never does so.

In the old Sclavonic mythology, Zywiec, the ruler of the universe was wont to change himself into a cuckoo (just as Indra did, and Zeus, too, on the occasion of his first visit to Here, the hill on which they met being known in historical times as "Cuckoo Mountain") in order to announce to mortals the number of years remaining to them to live. Crowds used to flock every May to his temple to pray for long and prosperous health. And to this day it is a common article of popular belief that a man's remaining years to live may be measured by the number of times he hears the cuckoo's voice for the first time in spring. Illustrative of which a good story has been handed down of a worldly-minded monk, who, feeling the monotony of convent life, resolved to inquire of the cuckoo how long he had yet to live. The bird said twenty-two, so the monk thought he might safely devote himself for a season to the pleasures of this world, and yet have time enough to prepare for the next. Unfortunately, however, the bird was a heathenish and false oracle, and death surprised the recreant monk in the twentieth year of his pursuit of pleasure. That in Poland it once ranked as a capital crime to kill a cuckoo may doubtless be attributed to the identity or close connection between Zywiec and the bird.

The Westphalians have a curious explanatory myth regarding the nightin-

gale. They imagine that the bird's song may be rendered in these syllables of human speech: *Is tlt, is tlt, is tlt, to wlt, to wlt—Trisy, Trisy, Trisy, to bucht, to bucht, to bucht*. But the last syllables are the usual shepherd's cry to his dog when he wishes the sheep collected. Therefore *Trisy* must be the name of the dog to whom the cry *to bucht* is addressed. Therefore the nightingale must have been a shepherdess, whom a shepherd cursed because she always postponed the marriage she had promised. He uttered the wish that she might not sleep till the day of judgment. Nor does she, for may not her voice still be heard at night as she cries *to bucht, to bucht, to bucht*, to her good dog *Trisy*?

The same people give a strange explanation of the face of the shard or flounder, which is all awry, with its eyes on one side of its face, instead of being straight, like the eyes of most other fish. Originally its face was a straight and sensible fish-face, but one day it insulted a passing herring, and made a mocking face at it, for which, as a punishment, it was never able to draw its face back to its natural position.

The natural history of savage races corresponds exactly with this natural history of European folk-lore. The Zulu will tell you that the reason the hyrax has no tail wherewith to drive away the flies is, that on the day when tails were distributed, the hyrax, fearing it was going to rain, begged the other animals to bring him his tail, to save himself the trouble of going. So that the proverb to this day addressed to a Zulu who from laziness asks another to do or fetch something for him is: "The hyrax went without a tail because he sent for it." The Bushman will tell you that the jackal's back is black, because he once carried the sun on his back when he found that great luminary, then a mortal on earth, sitting weary by the wayside. And the Aht will tell you, in explanation of the melancholy note of the loon, of a fisherman robbed by a companion of his fish and at the same time of his tongue, unable to respond to questions about his sport, save by a noise like the loon's, whose plaintive cry is still the voice of that hapless fisherman, trying in vain to make

himself understood. And just so the Greek would have told you that the nightingale was in reality Philomela, the unhappy sister of Procne, bewailing in the form of a bird the wrong done to her by Tereus, her brother-in-law, who, in order to prevent her from informing her sister, deprived her of her tongue.

The mythology of the Red Indians abounded in similar strange explanations of natural peculiarities, in all of which Manabozho, the Indian Zeus or Odin, played a leading part. Why was the bear so fat, and the hare so thin, and why had the duck so few tail-feathers? Manabozho once killed so gigantic a fish that its oil and fat formed a small lake, whither he invited all the birds and beasts to come to be fed, decreeing that the fatness of each should depend on the order in which they arrived. The bear came first, and therefore became the fattest of animals. The bison and the moose were slower in coming; the partridge looked on till the reservoir was nearly exhausted; while the hare and the marten, arriving last, came in for no fat at all. The feast over, Manabozho made them all dance round him with their eyes shut, and wrung the necks of the fatter ones as they passed him, but a small duck, suspicious enough to open her eyes, saw her danger and made for the water, which, however, she only just reached as Manabozho gave her a kick that flattened her back, and caused the ducks of all future time to be marked as a race with a deficiency of tail-feathers.

So again, why had the woodpecker red feathers on its head? Because the bird told Manabozho, when engaged in mortal combat with a great Manito or spirit, the spot where the latter was vulnerable, and for reward had his head rubbed with the blood of the slain Manito. Or why had the kingfisher a white mark on its breast, and the feathers on its head tufted? Because Manabozho once presented it with a white sort of medal for useful information, and because the bird barely escaped with the ruffling of its feathers Manabozho's deliberate attempt to wring its neck while so rewarding it. And why did the *adjidamo* or squirrel make a barking or coughing noise when any one approached its nest? Because

Manabozho once invited the moose and the woodpecker to a feast of bear's flesh, which, as soon as they tasted it, turned into a dry powder that made them cough. Their sense of decorum and of respect for their host prompted them to continue to eat and to cough, till Manabozho at last changed both of them into the coughing *adjidamo*.

Mythology of this sort continued to be formed in Europe long after Christianity was introduced; and the new religion afforded fresh nutriment to the myth-maker's fancy. The magpie in England is an inauspicious bird, and in Scotland it used to be called the devil bird, because credited with carrying a drop of his blood in its tongue. Perhaps the following French legend supplies the clew: The magpie and the robin were both present at the Crucifixion; but while the latter extracted the thorns, the other was heartless and insolent. Therefore the robin, which up to that time had been a poor little insignificant gray bird, was rewarded with the permanent affection of mankind; while the magpie, thitherto the most beautiful of all birds, with a lovely voice and a tail like a peacock's, was deprived for ever after both of its voice and its beauty.

Another French legend says that one day when Christ, pursued by the Jews, was resting in a wood, the magpies came and covered Him all over with thorns, which the swallows from pity came and removed. Therefore it was said to the swallow: "Thou shalt make thy nest in shelter from all danger, and shall be universally beloved;" but to the magpie: "Thou shalt make thy nest on the topmost branches of the trees, and be universally detested." Another story associates the swallow with the removal of the crown of thorns at the crucifixion. Consequently all good French people (except at Arles) hold it sacrilege to kill a swallow, which is often called *la poule de Dieu*, and in Germany the Madonna's bird. If a swallow's nest is disturbed or its life taken, severe penalties must be looked for in the quality of the milk of the cows.

In all cases of sacred birds there was, perhaps, some older and more pagan reason for their sanctity than that which

Christian mythology has caused to prevail. Perhaps there was an older superstitious reason for never doing an injury to a robin than the Christian story that his breast was red by reason of the thorn he extracted from the crown of thorns, or of the drop of water which he daily threw upon the flames of hell. So of the crossbill, which in Bohemia is sacred, because at the Crucifixion it tried to extract the nails; or of the bee, whose name in the same country is actually derived from the humane part it played on the same occasion.*

In Iceland the cat represents the result of the devil's attempt to make a man, an attempt in which he so signally failed that St. Peter in pity had to add to it a skin. So far off as Albania there is a very similar story, though there the attempt resulted in a wolf. It is also a curious fancy on the part of the Icelanders to recognize in seals the drowned host of Pharaoh, who are believed to come to land on St. John's Eve, and to resume for a brief period the shape of mortals. The old pagan ideas die hard, and in many cases do not die at all. The sanctity which in some places still protects the lives of cats, dates, no doubt, from a time when cats were thought worthy to draw the chariot of Freja. All over Europe reverence is still paid to a certain kind of house-snake which is regarded partly as the bearer of good fortune to mankind, and partly as a guardian angel. Perhaps our ancestors once thought that they embodied the dead, which is the reason for precisely the same reverence still paid to them by the Zulus. These harmless snakes are looked upon as most desirable guests in Germany and Switzerland, their presence being a sure indication of approaching blessing, they must on no account be killed, but be fed with milk and honored in every way. A number of them in a house are taken to represent each member of the family, the death of a particular reptile causing a fearful foreboding regarding the individual whose representative it is. Harmful snakes are otherwise regarded. The general German theory

sees in them the old goddess Hertha and her train, who were so transformed at the time of the conversion of Germany from paganism. In the Tyrol they are thought to be under a curse for having escaped without a blessing at the time of the creation. There they also say that the blind adder once enjoyed sight like other snakes, but that it was punished with total blindness for having one day frightened the Madonna as she sat with her child in the grass.

Why should cocks figure on the tops of steeples? Christians connect the custom with the reproach the cock once conveyed to St. Peter. But the cock used to be placed on the tops of sacred trees long before it was transferred to church steeples, and in North Germany it still stands upon the may-poles. It was partly a watchman, and partly a weather prophet, and by its crowing it could disperse evil spirits and all approaching calamities. Its life was sacred in India and Persia, and Cicero speaks of the ancients regarding the killing of a cock as a crime equal in blackness to the suffocation of a father. Our weather-cocks are doubtless the survivals of these old ideas; though the solar mythologists trace all these things to the use of the domestic fowls as obvious personifications of the sun, so that "the pearl which the fowl searches for in the dunghill is naught else but its own egg, and the egg of the hen in the sky is the sun itself," and "the hen of the fable and fairy tales which lays golden eggs is the mythical hen (the earth or the sky) which gives birth every day to the sun." One can scarcely conceive anything more absurd, and it would be interesting to know how on solar principles would be explained the Tyrolese custom of not letting a black hen live for seven years, lest she should then lay an egg, out of which might issue a dragon destined to live a hundred years. Popular mythology, as it associates sanctity with some creatures, so it associates piety with others of the same. In Germany the swallow, the lark, and the stork all rank as "pious" birds. The pious swallow twitters a song at dawn to the Mother of God; the pious lark is sacred to her, and rises skyward in prayer, setting such an example of grace-giving before and after food that

* Die Biene (*vecla*) hat ihren Namen davon, dass sie sich tief auf die Stirne (*na celo*) des gekreuzigten Heilandes setzte und den Schweiß von ihm sog.

a child is likely to grow up pious whose first meat is lark's flesh ; the pious stork is an ensample of dutiful affection to parents as well as of matrimonial constancy and fidelity. The pious stag, too, kneels down and weeps when it is wounded or dying ; or perhaps its piety is derived from its fabulous hostility to snakes, or from the story of its having met St. Humbert in the chase, and by the cross carried on its head converted him to Christianity. There is also the story of the hind which piously fed the hermit Ægidius in the forest ; and the early Christians had a custom of disguising themselves as hinds, or old women, at the beginning of January. Whereof there has been offered the following lunar explanation : "The old woman and the hind here evidently represent the witch or ugly woman of winter ; and inasmuch as the winter is, like the night, under the moon's influence, the disguise of a hind was another way of representing the moon" (!)

But if one creature could be pious, another could be the contrary, and the unhappy bat was looked on as distinctly irreligious, its shrill notes being taken for blasphemies. Consequently the French and Sicilians would manifest their piety by catching bats, and torturing them, burning them, or nailing them to small crosses ; a custom which naturally made it blasphemy all the more, and fully corroborated the charge which supported it.

From similar motives of piety it was once the custom in France every St. John's Day, with anthems and hymns and priestly processions, to throw twenty-four live black cats into a large fire, kindled in the public square by the bishops and clergy. No worse, after all, than burning heretics—and in fact heretics or Protestants they were thought to be, just as witches and black cats were thought to be instantaneously convertible into one another. A peculiar dread still attaches in the Monferato to black cats, from the belief that the animals are in reality not cats but witches. And in German at least the connection between cat and heretic is tolerably clear. The origin of the word *katze*, a cat, has baffled Grimm himself, but the word *katzer*, *ketzer*, a heretic, is an admitted derivative from the humbler word. What was the connection ?

Simply that wrong-minded people, like the Albigenses, Waldenses, and even the Templar knights, were popularly credited with worshipping a black cat, and for that reason were denominated *ketzer*.

For the ultimate meaning of our common names of the animal world philologists search for the most part in vain. We can carry words like the French *loup*, a wolf, back to the Latin *lupus*, but there we are stopped. The French *sanglier*, a boar, is derived from the Latin *singularis*, because of the supposed solitude-loving habits of the animal. The French *ours*, a bear, is obviously from the Latin *ursus* ; though as a sample of the myth-making tendency as applied to verbal derivation the following French explanation is worth giving : "Du temps que Dieu vivait sur la terre, un homme caché dans un bois voulut lui faire peur, et écria brusquement Oche. Dieu lui dit : 'Tu seras comme tu as dit.'" (Oche ours !)

Closely connected as mythology and folk-lore are thus shown to have been, it is difficult or impossible to say in any given case whether the superstition is derived from the myth or the myth from the superstition. The usual method of interpretation deduces superstition from mythology, making the latter the primary starting-point. But it is often quite as likely that the custom was there first, and that the myth made use of already existing customs ; for instance, that the horse figured conspicuously in legend, from the horses that drew Indra or Phœbus to Pegasus ; the winged steed of Bellerophon, because it had long been an object of worship or superstition, is at least as likely as that it became an object of worship or superstition because it figured so conspicuously in legend. The horse is thickly set in folk-lore. In parts of Germany a horse's head may still be seen over the doors of cattle stalls or about the houses, a custom which survives among ourselves in the luck attaching to a horse's hoof. This, perhaps, dates from the custom of our ancestors, mentioned by Tacitus, of keeping white horses in sacred groves at the public expense and exempt from toil, and forecasting the future from their neighings. A horse's neighing always presaged victory to a warrior, as his silence presaged defeat,

and the French anticipated disaster at Agincourt from the fact of their horses not neighing on the eve of the battle. A horse's hoof under a child's pillow is a preservative from convulsions; a horse's teeth are a safeguard against toothache; and houses at which they shy are threatened with calamity.

So with regard to the animals, birds, fishes, and insects which play such leading parts in so many of the tales of the gods and heroes, there is no reason to look for any more abstruse explanation than the fact that they were already fully accredited by popular superstition with the powers in those stories displayed by them. If Phœbus trying to win Daphne, Psyche to recover Eros, and Boots to find the enchanted princess, are assisted by bears, wolves, ducks, swans, eagles, or ants, why should we suppose, with Sir G. Cox, that "all these are names under which the old mythical language spoke of the clouds, or the winds, or of the light which conquers darkness," rather than that such assistance on the part of the animal world entered as a natural ingredient into stories of the gods, like the service done by the jackal to the sun in South Africa, or the aid given by the woodpecker to Manabozho? Beautiful princesses, guarded by dragons in enchanted castles, whence they are rescued by wandering heroes, may of course refer, as we are told, to the rescue of Aurora from the night by the sun; but if in former times it was customary for the Scandinavians to secure their women from the assaults of their enemies in rude castellated forts on the tops of high rocks, surrounded by a wall often called by a word denoting a serpent or a dragon, is it not more likely that this accounted for the stories than dreamy allusions to the night as a dragon?

When we recognize the fact that our own European peasantry still construct mythology in the old-fashioned way, and cling, in spite of science, to the older views of things, we shall have less difficulty in believing that Greeks and Hindus originally constructed their mythology in very much the same way without that constant reference to the struggle between light and darkness which we have been taught to associate with their memory. We may wonder

how it could have come about that native Americans should have regarded the robin as a boy, changed into that form from over fasting; that the Germans should look on storks as transformed men, or on squirrels as disguised girls; that the Norsemen should have thought Odin, their supreme deity, capable of transformation into an eagle or a snake when he wished to fly away or creep through a hole; that the Greeks should have seen nothing absurd in the changes of Zeus into a bull or a swan, nor in deities like Apollo and Athene watching the combat between the Greeks and Trojans from the tops of beech trees in the form of vultures. It is only possible to account for such insipidities by assuming that ideas of the sort enter naturally into men's minds at a certain early period in their development. An old Somersetshire mole-catcher once gave the following account of the mole in perfect good faith: "It was a proud woman, sir, too proud to live on the face of the earth, and so God turned her into a mole and made her live under the earth; and that was the first mole." And he appealed, in support of his theory, to the hands and feet of a mole as plainly those of an original Christian.

Ideas of this sort, involving the belief in the quasi-humanity of the animal world, have not yet passed away from us. Scarcely a village in Switzerland is without its belief in some mythical beast, horse, or cow, of ghostly and unearthly character, which is the form assumed by some wicked celebrity of former days at the close of his or her mortal career. For instance, a certain *Ammann* of Brugg once cheated the commune out of 500 guldens, and was condemned to wander in animal shape for as many years; therefore, let all beware of meeting him in the form of cat, dog, ox, or calf, which he assumes at Christmas time. French peasants exorcise rats by writings on bits of paper suspended on trees, just as if they could read and understand. "Rats, male and female, I conjure you in the name of St. Gertrude to depart to the plain of Rocroi;" or else the rats are bidden to leave the peasants' corn and to seek drink and food in the cellars of the *curé*. Not yet quite extinct are the old worshipful feelings with regard to animals which

led a bishop of Prague to say in the eleventh century, *Nequaquam bestiam aliquam pro deo colere debemus* ("we should on no account worship an animal as a god"), a remonstrance which clearly shows that a great many worthy Christians then did so.

These feelings of actual community between man and the rest of the animate world could scarcely at any time be otherwise than fertile in the production of legends and myths. If our own time, with all its education, still abounds with or produces them, how much more productive of them must the world have been thousands of years ago! From

the conception of ghostly animals of human origin, or of real animals which, in spite of appearances, might be either men or gods, what limit could there have been to the possible absurdities of mythology? Or must we, instead of resorting to so simple an hypothesis, still continue to deduce every myth and custom of olden times from the poetical imagery in which our contemplative ancestors are supposed to have been habitually representing to themselves the conflict of the sun with the clouds, or its course from rising to setting?—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AN UNDERGROUND TRAGEDY.

BY C. HADDON CHAMBERS.

I.

A CHILLY gusty night in the autumn of the year 188—. Short, sharp showers of rain occurred at intervals, when the fitful wind lulled for a space, and allowed the heavy clouds to collect in a dark mass overhead. The streets of London were slushy, and the pavements cold and slippery with their coating of soft mud. The foot-passengers jostled each other and were rude in their struggle for the inside walking, where they might be less exposed to the unceasing sprays of slush from the remorseless wheel traffic. London, in fact, was dirty and exceedingly disagreeable.

At 7.30 P.M. the diurnal rush from city to suburb had died its usual natural death. The bearish scramble for the omnibus was over for the day; so also the flood tide of human traffic on the Underground Railway. Of brain toilers in the city only those who had been detained by unusual causes or by stress of work were still abroad.

Among the stragglers who hurried into the Farringdon Street Station about the hour mentioned, a tall man with somewhat bowed shoulders might have been remarked. There was nothing particularly striking about his appearance save his beard, which was unusually thick and unkempt for these prim times. His

clothes were of a cut and preservation such as to suggest the possession by their wearer of average means. He wore an ordinary felt hat, rather wide in the brim, and an overcoat of dark material the collar of which was turned up; and in his gloveless hand (gloves are out of place in such weather) he carried an umbrella dry and furled.

"Gower Street," said the person I have briefly described, on stooping to present his face at the window of the ticket office.

"What class?"

"First."

Then, while the clerk was stamping the ticket, the bearded man, with some deliberation, laid his umbrella on the ledge of the window and proceeded to draw some money from his pocket. Having paid for and received his ticket, he hurried away.

"Hi!" shouted the clerk, "you're leaving your umbrella."

The man came back, took his umbrella, muttered "Thank you" in his beard, and again hurried away.

"Funny customer that!" soliloquized the clerk. "Doesn't use his umbrella, and doesn't remember it. A good gamp wasted on an idiot—and in such weather as this too!"

Meanwhile the absent-minded stranger had had his ticket clipped, passed

through the gates, and reached the platform. Here he stood motionless under the board "Wait here for first class." He had not long to wait. In a few moments a train drew up at the platform. It was fairly peopled in the third class, and sparsely in the second, while the first-class compartments in the centre of the train were all unoccupied with the exception of one. That one contained a solitary man, and into that compartment the bearded traveller, after a hurried glance at the other carriages, entered. First-class passengers were not much abroad that night. No one else entered the carriage after the man whose movements we are following.

A few moments and the train moved on to King's Cross—a very short run from Farringdon; one of the shortest, in fact, on the line. The bearded man had taken the corner next the door he had entered, and fronting the engine. His face was turned toward his fellow-passenger; but its expression could not have been seen through his beard, and even his eyes were concealed by his hat, which he had pulled forward. The other occupant of the compartment sat at the far end, with his back toward the engine. He was middle-aged, very slight in figure, and well dressed. His face was thin, delicate, and extremely agreeable; the hair both of head and face was somewhat gray, short, and carefully trimmed. Altogether this passenger had an air of neatness and refinement about him. You would have said at once that he was a gentleman.

The train stopped at King's Cross, and then started on its longer run to Gower Street, and still these two men were alone. Perhaps the foul sulphurous atmosphere peculiar to the Underground Railway was more pronounced here, for as the train moved from the station the bearded man ejaculated "Bah!" and shifted from the window half-way along the seat. His fellow-passenger, who, with his hat pushed back from his high white forehead, was smiling over one of the comic papers, looked up for a moment, and returned to his diversion. A moment! An innocent, half-surprised glance at the man who sat with down-turned face almost exactly opposite him. That was all!

No instinct of peril. No prompting to vigilance and defence!

For the bearded man's hand had crept to his pocket, and his eyes, blazing with greed for crime, had risen from the floor and fastened upon his neighbor's breast, from which the overcoat had been drawn aside. And still there was no instinct of danger, no thought of ill, as the small man read his last witticism and smiled his last smile, and so smiling received to its hilt in his breast the sharp, fierce-driven knife.

A short, strange, horrible gasp, the victim's last effort at respiration, and a moving of startled, death-filled eyes, which, staring for a moment with no recognition, but wondering horror at the murderer, asked, "What have I done to thee?" and then the stricken man's head fell upon his breast and his life went out.

One minute only had passed since the train left King's Cross, and time was still with the murderer. Many moments would pass before Gower Street was reached, precious moments! He had done the murder; he had still to save himself. He had stood while his victim died, bent forward and motionless—eyes hidden by the muscular contraction of forehead and cheeks, and glittering white teeth showing through the thick beard and mustache. He recovered himself by a spasmodic movement. His first care was to throw the comic paper out of the window. Then he seized the warm dead body, which had slipped down along the seat, and propped it sitting and upright in the corner, while the still limp fingers of the right hand he arranged round the handle of the knife. "Suicide!" he muttered, glancing quickly at the effect. "A clear case! Temporary insanity! Murder impossible on the Underground Railway!"

Then he stood at the door. As the train emerged from the darkness into the light of the Gower Street Station he noticed blood on his right hand. But he put the hand to his mouth, and when he withdrew it the stain was gone. Before the train stopped the murderer looked back once, without a shudder, at the still body of the murdered man, and then he jumped on to the platform, shutting the carriage-door upon his

work, and the next moment was lost in the crowd.

And the people who elbowed their way to the gates were shoulder to shoulder with a worse than Cain, hot from his crime!

II.

THE train, with its unconscious living freight and its heavy burden of ghastly tragic dead, sped on through the strong stifling atmosphere of its dark, subterranean way. Fit scene for what had been done, if scene could be fit for such a deed! Portland Road and Baker Street were passed, and still no one broke or looked in upon the solitude of the dead man. At Edgware Road, however, a lady entered the compartment. The next moment there was a scream, and a rush of officials to the spot. The lady, half-fainting, was helped on to the platform; station-master, inspectors, and police were called, and messages were despatched along the line to temporarily suspend the traffic. It was all done in a very few minutes. The body, after a rapid but keen survey of its position and surroundings, was carefully removed, and the news flew like wild-fire that what was evidently a ghastly suicide had been discovered on the Underground Railway. Then the carriage-door was locked, and the passengers were briefly interrogated, without, however, any light being thrown on the case. Their names and addresses were taken as a precautionary measure. Among them there was but one first-class traveller, a tall man, who, directly the excitement arose, emerged from a compartment three removes from that in which the tragedy had been enacted. Probably it was the fact of his being a passenger in the same class as the deceased that brought upon him a closer examination at the hands of a police-sergeant than the others had been subjected to.

Where had he entered the train?

At Baker Street; there was his ticket from that station to Notting Hill Gate clipped in the usual way.

Had he seen or heard anything unusual?

Nothing whatever.

Would he oblige with his name and address?

Certainly. There was his card: Mr. Jules Merlin, Chepstow Villas, W.

This on the sergeant's part was all for the sake of doing something. He was perfectly satisfied in his mind that the case in hand was one of determined suicide; still caution and diligence, even if aimless, looked well, and were regarded as praiseworthy even if profitless at headquarters. It was to the persistent application of very commonplace abilities that he owed his promotion from the ranks. On this occasion he even went so far as to take down a description of Mr. Merlin; thus—face narrow, good-looking, clean-shaven, and dark. Hair also dark. Age about forty. Figure, tall, thin, straight, and strong-looking. Clothes, check trousers, dark overcoat with velvet collar, brown kid gloves, silk neckerchief, low hard felt black hat, and umbrella very wet.

Mr. Merlin, having borne the sergeant's inquisition with patient amiability, looked again at the body and said, "Poor devil! he must have been out of his mind." Then he re-entered the train as it started again on its way.

The dead man's identity was very quickly established. Letters were found upon him addressed to David Cowen, Esq., with the names of a house and street at Kensington, and his card bore the same name and address. The discovery upon him of valuable jewelry and a fairly large sum of money went toward confirming the police in their theory of suicide. The body was conveyed to the morgue, where, within two hours, it was visited by a woman, tall and beautiful, but with wild terror-filled eyes, and face pale as the quiet dead.

Yes, it was her husband, the body they showed her. She had been waiting dinner for him, he being later than she expected; but she had felt no fear until the messenger came, and now she knew that he had been murdered.

So she said; and the men were silent before the terrible calmness of her grief and despair.

* * * * *

"Suicide. A clear case. Temporary insanity. Murder impossible on the Underground Railway."

So the murderer had said; so the police said, and so also said the public. This general verdict was gratifying to

all three. But it was doomed to be disturbed, if not utterly shaken. At the coroners' inquest a clerk of the Farringdon Street Station came forward and spoke of the bearded man who, on the night in question, as nearly as possible at half-past seven, had taken a first-class ticket for Gower Street. He remembered the circumstance perfectly, because the gentleman had forgotten his umbrella, which was dry and furled, and which he, the witness, had called him back to receive. The ticket collector at Gower Street did not remember a person of that description (how could he remember every one that passed through the gates?), but a first-class ticket from Farringdon had been collected at that time.

The evidence of the doctor who examined the body was still more disturbing to the popular theory. Dr. Ford was a man in the prime of life, and a widower. He possessed a considerable practice, was practical, hard-headed, and, like all practical men, somewhat obstinate, and he had the reputation of being keen and clever. When, therefore, he stood up in the witness-box and gave it as his positive conviction that the fatal wound in the dead man's breast could not possibly be self-inflicted, he inspired some belief, at least in the minds of people who knew him well.

The coroner, sceptical but courteous, asked what grounds the witness had for his opinion.

"I compared the deceased's arm with the depth of the wound," replied the doctor, "and found that his strength could not have been sufficient to drive the knife so far."

It should be mentioned that the weapon was a common dagger such as may be seen in the window of any cutler's shop.

It was here suggested that the knife was not driven in by one blow, but *pressed* in; but Dr. Ford very readily confuted that theory. He began by pointing out the depth of the wound; much deeper than was necessary to kill—the steel had cleft the heart in twain. Then as to character; it was perfectly even and direct; self-inflicted, it would in the highest probability have been irregular. But that was not all. The suspicions excited by the circumstances

already stated had urged Dr. Ford to a closer examination than he might otherwise have made, with the result that he discovered on the skin around the incision—a bruise, slight, but sufficiently palpable, which clearly demonstrated the force with which the heft of the knife had come in contact with the surface of the body. To have occasioned even a slight bruise through thick clothing that force must have been very considerable, far too great, the doctor argued, to admit of the blow having been self-inflicted.

"A man, although weak, might be capable of inflicting such a blow upon another," added the witness. "In that case he would have the advantage of distance, in which to give impetus to the thrust which would be denied him in an attempt against himself."

These interesting arguments, although listened to with patience and courtesy, failed to shake the opinion of the authorities. The inquest, however, was adjourned for a few days so that inquiries might be made concerning the bearded man described by the railway clerk.

When the proceedings were resumed nothing had been heard of the mysterious stranger. There was nothing unusual about that, said the police. A man of an extremely nervous and retiring disposition would instinctively avoid being mixed up in an affair of the kind, and, having no important testimony to offer, would probably keep out of the way.

As it was considered that further inquiry was unnecessary, the facts at the disposal of the police being sufficient, the inquest was brought to a conclusion. In summing up for the jury the coroner weighed the evidence for the theory of suicide against the medical opinion, very much in favor of the former. The strong points in that evidence were three—viz. (1) the attitude of the dead man; (2) the absence of any signs of a struggle; and (3) the fact that Mr. Cowen had recently suffered severe financial losses through speculation in stocks. On this last point several of the deceased's City friends gave testimony. Mr. Cowen, it appeared, was a gentleman of considerable private fortune, who had been induced several months

before his death to try his luck on the Stock Exchange. The results were unfortunate, and it was asserted that when he met his fate he was returning home after a very "bad day."

This evidence, which though plausible was circumstantial, was permitted to outweigh that of Dr. Ford, which was scientific and positive. Assuming the latter to be correct, it was argued, Mr. Cowen was murdered. Was such a thing conceivable, possible? Could a man be stabbed to death in that big artery of human motion, the Underground Railway, and the murderer, red-handed, walk off undetected? Certainly not! The idea was too absurd to admit of argument!

So thought the police, so thought the coroner, so thought the majority of the public, and so thought the jury, who returned a verdict of *felo-de-se*.

But Dr. Ford was unshaken, and he had at least one sincere adherent—the murdered man's widow. Mrs. Cowen understood nothing of medical science; but she knew her husband, and her sublime faith in him was unshaken by his death. Her evidence would have touched any thirteen men less wooden than the coroner and his jury, and, supporting as it did the medical testimony, have convinced any less self-opinionated persons than the police authorities. She stated, with an air of simple conviction that should have been irresistible, that her husband was the last man in the world to have attempted his own life. His disposition was too hopeful, too buoyant and sanguine, to admit of such an idea. His pecuniary losses did not appear to vex him in the slightest degree. They were heavy, but to a man of his fortune not absolutely serious. He was sunshine itself, she declared, and during the twelve years of their married life she had never known him to experience an hour's gloom. Finally, he was too fond of his home, of his friends, of his two children, of his wife, of all that made life beautiful for him, to have taken that life himself.

Yet they called him a suicide!

Mr. Jules Merlin attended the inquest as a witness. His evidence was of a slight and negative character. He had heard no cry or noise of any unusual kind, and had seen no bearded man.

The tragedy, however, had doubtless taken place before he entered the train. Mr. Merlin followed the proceedings with considerable interest, and after the verdict he sought an interview with Dr. Ford.

"Your arguments interested me profoundly, doctor," he said, "and under the circumstances I scarcely think the verdict was a proper one."

"It was a d—d improper one," declared the doctor bluntly. "As surely as the coroner is an ass and the jury idiots, Mr. Cowen was murdered."

"But the motive?" asked the other.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the doctor, "but that question is more like that of an imbecile police inspector than of a man of sense. How am I to tell you the motive? I'm not the murderer. I don't know him, and I can't get inside his mind. There was no evidence of motive."

"That was the strong point against you," said Mr. Merlin with a smile.

"It was not robbery, for the man's jewelry and money were untouched. It was not revenge, for the man apparently had no enemies. It had nothing to do with secret societies, for he belonged to none."

"All very true, Mr. Merlin, and yet the man was murdered."

"You think so?"

"I'll swear it."

Mr. Merlin started.

"You scientists are very positive," he said.

"We are able to be, sir. Now evidence of motive is a very good thing for the police to work upon if they can get it. When they have it, I believe they invariably hunt down their man. A murder, however, does not necessarily bear the motive upon its face. Yet, judging by this case, 'no apparent motive, no murder,' seems to be a police axiom."

"But the knife was found in the dead man's hand," urged Mr. Merlin.

"A hand powerless to inflict that death-blow. The murderer put it there."

"And there was no appearance of a struggle," added Mr. Merlin after a thoughtful pause.

"You would not be able to struggle if a knife were suddenly plunged in your heart," was the reply.

"True; true; but I'm still a doubter. I cannot conceive of such a thing being done under the circumstances and the murderer getting off unperceived."

"Nor can the police," replied the doctor. "Nor could I but that I examined the murdered man. Two things the murderer must have had—fearful, devilish craft, and wonderful luck."

"True again; wonderful luck!" assented Mr. Merlin. "And assuming your theory to be correct, the murderer has at any rate succeeded in proving the possibility of a thing which everybody doubted, and still doubts. As to motive," he added slowly, "I believe—yes, I really believe that I could assign a motive."

"You could? What is it?" asked the doctor quickly.

But Mr. Merlin said "Good-day," and, politely raising his hat, disappeared.

III.

It was the third anniversary of David Cowen's murder, and just such another evening—chill, wet, gusty, and gloomy. Doctor Ford sat alone over the bright fire in his study. A book lay on his lap, but he was not reading. He was gazing intently into the glowing fire—that unfailing inspirer of dreamy reflection—and thinking of a woman.

Dr. Ford had married early in life, and had soon become a widower. Solitary he had remained ever since—long lonely years he had gone through until middle-age came and found him still lonely. He told people he was wedded to his profession, but some time before this night he had awakened to the fact of how cold and cheerless a wife she was. For a living, vital, absorbing love grew into his life.

The seeds were sown when he first met Mrs. Cowen. Her beauty, her tragic sorrow, and her touching faith in the dead, all impressed him profoundly. A friendship grew up between them, which on his part developed into love. He asked Mrs. Cowen to be his wife, and her answer threw him into despair. It was not that she was unable to return his feelings; but the mystery of her husband's death stood between them. She declared that while that mystery remained unsolved her mind could

know no peace, her thoughts must dwell ever in the past. That being so, to marry the doctor would have been to him a grievous wrong.

Sharing, as he did, her conviction that David Cowen had been murdered, Dr. Ford had no arguments with which to shake this decision, the justice of which he could not but acknowledge. Feeling, too, the hopelessness of the mystery being cleared up, he despaired.

He was thinking mournfully of these things, when a servant entered and presented a card. It bore the name *Mr. Jules Merlin*.

"Merlin, Merlin," muttered the doctor. "The name seems familiar enough. Show the gentleman up, please."

When Dr. Ford saw Mr. Merlin he remembered him, for he was not a man to forget a face he had once seen, and Mr. Merlin's face was one not readily forgotten. Three years had wrought a change in it, however. It had grown thinner and more sallow. The features were startling in their distinctness; the eyes hollow and roving, and the lips painfully restless. Mr. Merlin looked ill, not passingly so, but organically. He looked as though some internal disease was slowly but surely consuming him. So the doctor thought after a quick but comprehensive glance at his visitor.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Merlin?" he asked, after they had shaken hands.

"Nothing, thank you, doctor. My visit is not a professional one."

"No! Pardon me, but as you are looking out of sorts, I thought—"

Mr. Merlin laughed strangely.

"You thought I had come for advice," he interrupted. "No. My visit is simply a friendly one. To tell you the truth, I was never better in my life."

"Then I pity you," thought the doctor.

"We Merlins are queer folk," continued the visitor, drawing his chair to the fire as if cold. "Our looks always pity us. We are thin to emaciation, and sallow to yellowness. But the thinner and yellower we are the better we feel. The worse we look the better we are. Strange, isn't it?"

Mr. Merlin was evidently jesting, but the effect was not pleasant. His voice

was high-pitched and somewhat grating, and there was no humor in the hard smile on his lips.

The doctor, having placed wine and cigars on the table, made a few remarks on topics of general interest. But his visitor made no reply; he had sunk into a restless silence. Presently he moved his chair from the fire, and, sitting against the table, drank a glass of wine.

"Try a cigar," said the doctor. "These were sent me by a friend in Havana."

"And you never proved the truth of your theory!" remarked Mr. Merlin suddenly, and taking no notice of his host's invitation.

"What theory?"

"Concerning the death of that man in the Underground Railway."

Dr. Ford was startled at this sudden broaching of a subject that lay so near his heart.

"I required no proof," he replied slowly. "A murder was undoubtedly done. I would willingly give some years of my life to be able to lay my hand on the guilty man," he added, half to himself.

Mr. Merlin rose and walked the room. "It was an interesting case," he said. "It fastened upon me. It has never left me night or day. So profoundly mysterious; so extraordinary in every way! If Cowen did not strike the blow, who did? I have asked myself ten thousand times. And, more interesting question still, how did the man escape? I have pictured the scene. I have been in the carriage with the two men. I have seen the blow struck. I have heard the dying gasp of the victim, and watched him as the death-look flooded his eyes. I hear the gasp now, and see the eyes!"

Merlin paused with hands outstretched, and breathed heavily. His excitement was remarkable, and he had spoken as though he had no auditor. The doctor watched him with intense interest, and not without some uneasiness. He thought that the man's mind had been unhinged by dwelling upon that one terrible subject.

"You should not permit yourself to get so excited," he said gently.

"Then I have followed the murderer in his escape," pursued Merlin. "Not

a detail has been overlooked. I have forged and connected every link in the chain. It is complete. I know every point in the strange history. I am the only man living who does. It is all here in my brain—burning like molten iron. I must tell it, or it will kill me."

"Tell me—quietly," said the doctor. He himself, although outwardly calm, was now greatly excited. Mad though he appeared, there was a ring of terrible truth in Merlin's sharp voice. Despite the wildness of his words and manner, he impressed his listener with the conviction that he was about to hear truth, that light was about to be thrown on the dark mystery out of which had grown his despair. He trembled with the hope that that despair would be removed.

Mr. Merlin again sat against the table on which he leaned heavily.

"Yes, I'll tell you," he said in a lower voice. "You deserve to be told. You recognized murder when the police babbled suicide. You and I shall share and keep the secret. Listen! closer! It was the bearded man."

"Well?"

"His beard was false. Oh! he laid his plans well and warily. Don't you remember saying that he must have had devilish craft and wonderful luck? Ha ha! So he had! What is the good of the best-laid plans in the world without a little luck to back them? Our friend reckoned on his luck, and it stood by him well."

"Who is the man?" demanded the doctor eagerly.

"I don't know him," replied the other, drawing back and passing his hand across his eyes. "At least not—not in tangible form. I have him in my mind though, and there he is distinct. Shall I go on?"

"If you please," said the doctor with decreased interest. He was practical. He wanted to be told of a real murderer, not to be introduced to a creation of a disordered intelligence.

"We will go back," resumed Mr. Merlin, folding his arms and staring at vacancy; "back in the history of the bearded man, say an hour before he was alone in the train with—the man he killed. He is at Baker Street. He buys a first-class ticket to Notting Hill Gate. He is not bearded then, mind

you. He puts that ticket in his pocket, crosses the road and takes a ticket to Aldersgate Street, which he uses. Alone in the train, he places the clipped over the unclipped ticket, and with his pen-knife makes them correspond in that respect. You see he has now his ticket from Baker Street to Notting Hill Gate duly clipped as though he passed through the gates of the former station. He alights at Aldersgate and makes his way, above ground, to Farringdon Street. On the way he assumes the beard and widens out the brim of his hat—in fine, the clerk described him correctly—beard, coat-collar turned up, dry umbrella. So he entered the train—the carriage—the place where it was done."

Here Mr. Merlin came to a full stop. "Go on," said the doctor, in a low voice. His interest, reawakened, was now doubly intense.

"He left the carriage at Gower Street," continued the narrator after a long pause, "and mingling with the crowd that hurried to the gates slipped off his beard. He dropped his ticket from Farringdon Street almost at the feet of the ticket-collector, who, he was sure, would afterward pick it up under the impression that he had dropped it himself. Then he stole out of the crowd and re-entered the train three compartments away from the one he had left. In a few moments he was a different man. He had burnt the hair of the beard, twisted up the wire and thrown it out of the window, turned up the brim of his hat, turned down the collar of his coat, and put on a silk muffler. Moreover, he had taken a bottle of water from his pocket with which, leaning out of the window, he had saturated his umbrella. Oh! he was another man altogether, *and a passenger from Baker Street to Notting Hill Gate*. And three compartments from him was discovered a self-slain man, knife still in hand."

Dr. Ford stared at his visitor in amazement. He could not see his face, however, for the lamp was shaded and his hand was against his cheek. Was he mad? And a murderer, too? Or a victim to terrible but absurd fancies?

"And why did he do it?" asked the doctor, throwing a soothing scepticism into his voice.

Merlin's right hand slowly sank from his cheek to the table, and rested on an ivory paper-knife. At that moment his dark face became illumined by the glare from a fresh coal on the fire, which suddenly caught ablaze. Seeing that face, the doctor shuddered. Its sharp lines were drawn and twisted into hideous shape by the demons within the man. Terror, hatred, and craft were all written there in intertwisted contorted characters, and the hot, sullen eyes, shifting and reasonless, glowed like fire from within dark caverns.

"The motive?" said the madman, jerking the words out, and fidgeting in his chair, while the doctor watched him, calmly but vigilantly. "A new motive! *Conceit*—sublime or damnable, which you will—but *conceit*. The papers, the public, and the police had said often that it could not be done, at least not without detection. I—the bearded man, I mean—he proved that it could, and proved a great truth. Well!" he continued, after a moment's pause, his voice rising sharply and harshly, "is that not sufficient? Had you been in the carriage instead of Cowen, you would have died as he did. Why do you look at me like that? Isn't it enough that dead eyes follow me? *He* tries to speak—you don't. His lips move, but the blood floods his throat, and he can only gasp. Hark! can you hear it? Curses on you, sir! . Speak, I say!"

Merlin rose to his feet. His thin sinewy right hand grasped the paper-knife. His eyes burned with revengeful murderous fury like those of a wild-cat. The scalp and ears seemed to retreat, as might an infuriated monkey's, leaving the face more sharply prominent than before. It was almost incredible, and it struck Dr. Ford—despite the critical character of the situation—that even the hell of madness could transform so handsome a man into such incarnate ugliness.

The doctor rose also, gazing firmly upon the face of his dangerous visitor.

"You have no occasion to be either annoyed or alarmed, Mr. Merlin," he said quietly.

"The story's not quite finished," yelled the madman, whose eyes were fixed upon the other's breast. "You

will have the rest! You shall! I struck Cowen thus!"

There was a blow struck like lightning; but the thin brittle ivory broke harmlessly against Dr. Ford's broad chest. The doctor's strength was proverbial among his male friends. He was set up and framed like a gladiator, and gifted with extraordinary muscular development. Merlin, on the contrary, was thin and wasted; but the imps which feed on his reason combine to strengthen the madman's sinews. The struggle, then, might have been long and severe, but that assistance quickly came and Merlin was secured.

Then, shrieking and foaming, he was carried away.

* * * * *

However strange it may appear, it

is nevertheless a fact that the police stoutly refused to accept as truth the confession made by Merlin to Dr. Ford. They maintained that it was purely a lively invention of the madman's, and, as no positive proof could be adduced to support the story, their sceptical position was really unassailable. Mrs. Cowen believed it, however, for some months later she became Mrs. Ford.

It is said that the doctor's reply to the unbelieving police was this: "*The motive for the murder, and your motive for refusing to accept the confession, are identical.*"

* * * * *

Of the truth of the whole story I can vouch. I had it from the maniac himself.—*Belgravia.*

THE RAILWAY BUBBLE.

FORTY years ago the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was visited by a madness for gambling and speculation which has never been surpassed by anything of the same kind within the memory of men now living, and probably was never equalled during any period of our history, except in the days of the South Sea Bubble in 1720. Turning over some old newspapers of George I.'s time, I came across a column of advertisements of companies in 1720. They were mostly styled "subscriptions to adventurers," and the capital in each class ranged from two to fifteen millions; the speculations in one paper only were for "interchanging wool for wool" (query, going for wool and getting shorn), trading in purchase and sale of "human hair," "hops," "white lead," "starch," "madder," and (rather a bad speculation now) "buying up doubtful titles to land in Ireland," with an eye to successful litigation.

At that time newspapers, which usually were about the size of half a sheet of demy paper, were enlarged for awhile into four pages. The "London Gazette" was a sheet of two pages only, just as it was in the time of the Stuarts; and previously to 1845 it was by no

means of a bulky size, but in October and November of that year the files of the "Gazette," in which all the newly proposed Parliamentary schemes were published, extended over 4,031 pages of double columns, measured 11 inches "closely bound" in depth, and at the lowest computation contained advertisements for Parliamentary schemes which must have cost the adventurers from thirty-five to forty thousand pounds to insert—at one shilling a line. This is not intended to be a statistical article, but that will give an idea of what the cost of advertising alone was. The reader must bear in mind that railway companies, or projected companies, had in those days to publish their notices, which sometimes occupied two, and even three columns of a newspaper, in every county in which any land was proposed to be taken, or to which the Bill related; and, the last requirement as to publication being vague and undefined, if a new company took powers to run over a small portion of one of the few established railways, and to make working and traffic arrangements, they were advised to, and did, *ex abundanti cautela*, publish these long notices in many counties in or through which the whole of that railway extended.

It is just under half a century ago

when, in 1836, the London and Greenwich Railway was the only railway running out of London, that country people were admitted to the London terminus at the charge of a penny each to see the train start. On my way to school, when a boy thirteen years old, I was taken to see this grand sight, and in the evening to see one which pleased me much more, which was the starting of the night mail coaches to all parts of England from the General Post Office.

The London and Birmingham Railway, opened in 1838, was the wonder of the London world, but the system gradually spread without much tuck of drum or blast of trumpet, and at the time of the railway mania of 1845 the railway service in England and Scotland was pretty much as follows—namely, with the exception of about thirty miles of railway connecting Dundee, Arbroath, and Forfar, the only railways in Scotland were connecting lines of railway from Berwick-on-Tweed, skirting, or rather in the same direction as, the shores of the Firth of Forth to Edinburgh, thence to Glasgow, Greenock, Saltcoats, Troon, and Ayr, opening the North Sea to the Irish Channel. Durham was the farthest point of the North country which boasted a network of railways. The Maryport and Carlisle Railway connected the Irish seaboard and that of the North Sea between Solway Firth and Sunderland. From Sunderland there was a connecting chain of railway communication by a somewhat devious route, and, with several changes of railway, westward as far as Exeter, the extreme point in the West of England where a railway existed. And on the seaboard of England the principal, if not all the places of importance to which the railway system was extended, working round the coast from northwest to northeast, were Liverpool, Bristol, Portsmouth, Southampton, Brighton, Dover, London, Great Yarmouth (to Norwich only), Hull, Whitby, Stockton, Hartlepool, Sunderland, and Shields.

The probable cause of the mania for railway speculation was occasioned by the successful application for a direct railway from London to York in 1845. Though the final Act was not passed until 1846, the ultimate fate of the un-

dertaking as regards success was almost certain. The contest excited as much or more attention as the Thirlmere Lake Waterworks scheme of the Corporation of Manchester in 1878-79, or that of the Manchester Ship Canal during the past two years.

The London and York Railway, now the Great Northern Railway (as another rival undertaking occupying the same country was merged in the same scheme), was one of the most *bond-fide* schemes ever put before Parliament, as well as the most carefully prepared and matured, and the best engineers, lawyers, and surveyors were retained all through the work. It was stated at the time, and has since been found to be true, that the preliminary cost of obtaining the Act amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The money would soon melt away. The surveying and levelling 186 miles of country, with every obstacle thrown in the promoters' way by rival companies, landowners, inhabitants, and others, who could not see that the iron horse was an inevitable necessity, must have put the Company to an enormous expense, to say nothing of the requirements by Parliament in those times (until the year 1846), that notice should be served personally, *not* by post, on every owner, lessee, and occupier whose land or property might be taken; so that if any one of the above class of proprietor was in the United Kingdom, and if the owner or lessee of a house situated in London, for instance, no matter how humble, had his usual place of abode at John o' Groat's House or the Land's End, the notice would have had to be personally served on him, wherever he was, or left at his usual place of abode.

The London and York Railway was the excitement in the Parliamentary world; the Committee of the House of Commons which sat through a great part of the Session of 1845 passed the Bill, and its importance was so great that the Bill was read a third time in the Commons in 1845, and by some arrangement it went *pro forma* only through the Commons in 1846, and was sent up for consideration by the Lords.

The speculation on the Stock Exchange about this celebrated railway was very great. The principal feature was

in one of the earlier stages, on the inquiry by the House of Commons, in 1845, into the correctness of the preliminary proceedings with reference to compliance with the Standing Orders of Parliament. The opposition was very severe and the inquiry lasted many days, and when at last the decision was to be given, the excitement was tremendous ; —as, if the decision was adverse, the Bill was dead ; if favorable, there was a fair prospect of its being eventually passed.

On the important day when its fate was to be decided by the Standing Orders Committee the lobbies of the House were crammed, and crowds of people were outside waiting for the verdict, including express boys on horseback, and messengers with carrier pigeons ; in fact, every device, in the absence of a telegraph, was resorted to for getting the news earliest to the City. Some knowing speculator hit upon a scheme, possibly derived from one adopted in the time of James II., for announcing the verdict after the trial of the seven bishops, which, as Macaulay tells us, was done by gunpowder. There was a man posted on each of Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and Southwark bridges, with an old-fashioned blunderbuss, well charged with powder, under his coat, and on London Bridge a man on horseback was waiting for the signal from Southwark. Directly the office was given to the fugleman at Westminster, bang went the old weapon, which was answered by the man on Waterloo, and so on to Southwark, and the news arrived first by that means at the Stock Exchange.

Country towns whose inhabitants had either felt the ruinous depression occasioned by the abandonment of the road, or had heard of it, began to think that the time was come when the iron horse must win, and from north to south, and from east to west, the cry arose for railway communication. Hopes were entertained that the Government would take the subject up, but Sir Robert Peel, who was then Prime Minister, was strongly of opinion that the matter should be left to private enterprise entirely in the United Kingdom ; and that State assistance, if any, should be reserved for our colonies. In 1847, when out of office,

Sir Robert Peel accepted the chairmanship of the Committee on Indian Railways, and devoted his undivided attention to the subject, to the great advantage of the commercial world.

Reverting to the immense cost of the preliminary steps for floating the London and York Railway, which was done with money honestly subscribed, the madness of incurring similar great costs on mere speculation ought to have been apparent to the world at the time ; but, as experience shows us every day, there are no bounds to popular mania. The new movement naturally found favor with speculators on the Stock Exchange, and there arose a new class of people, "Promoters of Railways," whose occupation seemed to be that and nothing else. They sprang up, as it were, out of the earth. All England, Scotland, and Ireland were mapped out early in the autumn of 1845, and there was not a country town where the seeds of speculation did not take root. Meetings were held, provisional directors appointed ; prospectus writing became a regular trade, as did traffic-taking ; and, as the traffic was taken by cunning agents on market days, noblemen and country gentlemen and tradespeople persuaded themselves that a railway must be self-supporting. Probably not one in a hundred had the remotest idea of the cost of a line when they gave in their names as provisional directors, nor dreamt of any personal liability. They put the case to themselves in a twofold manner, and fancied if the railway was sanctioned their fortunes would be made, and, *vice versa*, if the railway failed, the risk would be at an end, and the expenses would be a flea-bite divided among the numberless subscribers. "O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas !" The "promoters of railways" who visited the provinces baited the trap well ; always travelling with four horses, liberal in their payment of hotel-keepers' post-boys, waiters, etc., and ready to stand a champagne lunch on the slightest provocation.

All classes applied readily for shares ; if a hundred thousand pounds was required, ten times the amount would be applied for ; the whole talk was of stock or scrip, which was dealt in as freely as bank-notes. Applicants gave undertak-

ings to pay the deposit and sign subscription contracts and subscribers' agreements previously to receiving their shares, and signed away as cheerfully as a young cornet in a cavalry regiment would write his name across a bill for half its value in ready money, after deducting six months' interest.

These subscribers' agreements, which few people read, were practically power of attorneys to the provisional directors to do what they pleased in prosecuting a Bill in the present or *any future* session of Parliament.

London solicitors who had old-fashioned businesses looked askance at undertaking railway enterprises, but plenty of others arose who did not do so; and many a quiet office would be removed to a large house and an increased staff be retained for the new mania. Engineers, and those who called themselves so, surveyors' clerks, and the commonest tracers of plans, found employment at absurd salaries. Quiet rural districts were invaded by a regular army of surveyors and levellers; keepers and paid watchers were planted to keep them off the ground, and many a free-fight occurred, as some of the invaders took a small detachment of roughs under the guise of chaining or carrying theodolites and levels, to divert the enemy while they prosecuted the work. Those who turn to the pages of "Punch," especially the numbers for the years 1845 and 1846, will find the history of railways most amusingly recorded, for even Thackeray's "Jeames of Buckley Square" was founded on fact.

At last the day for depositing the plans at the Board of Trade, and the Parliamentary offices, with Clerks of the Peace, parish clerks and others in other places, arrived, and it happened to be on a Sunday. Railway companies would not grant special trains for any promoters of rival lines; post-horses were forestalled in many districts, and in some places large sums were paid for retaining them in the stables until wanted. Such prices as were paid in olden times by runaway couples for "horses on" to Gretna Green were nothing compared with those which were paid on this special emergency. It was frequently stated, and generally

believed at the time, that some promoters who found their path blocked put their plans and documents in a coffin and "ran it" as a funeral, and the documents were brought up in ignorance by a rival company. For weeks in Parliament Street and Great George Street, at private houses which had been engaged at enormous sums as offices, the gas never was put out, and one or two taverns in the neighborhood realized enormous sums by having a double set of servants and keeping open night and day, and furnishing or sending out meals at all hours of the night. "Do let that poor fellow go to bed," a solicitor remarked to an engineer whose assistant was sleeping in an arm-chair, with his head on his chest, utterly worn out, at four o'clock in the morning. "Go to bed, my dear fellow," was the reply; "if I let him go between the sheets he would not wake for a week."

On Sunday, November 30, 1845, the whole neighborhood of Westminster was like a fair; cabs, carriages-and-four, with horses in a lather, kept on arriving with documents for inspection and deposit, and from eight o'clock till midnight the Board of Trade was besieged; and when the clock struck twelve the exasperated crowd of depositors threw the plans through the windows, through which they were as quickly returned.

Mr. George Hudson, M.P. for Sunderland, was then the railway king. If a whisper was raised that he was about to take up a line the shares went up to a premium. To show what the wild spirit of speculation actually was, an offer of twenty pounds down was made, in the writer's hearing, in two places at once, to a gentleman at a dinner party, for his *chance* of getting an allotment of shares in a railway company with which King Hudson was connected, and for which shares he had written.

Some of the papers warned the speculators of the risks they were running, but in vain. The offices looked so imposing, and the staff of clerks so business-like, that the vulgarity of some of the new directors who arrived in broughams, with dispatch boxes, was overlooked, and they were set down as good business men, whose gaudy watch-chains and diamond rings were regarded as the natural outcome of sudden pros-

perity. Champagne luncheons and directors' dinners were every-day things, and the whole affair was only a repetition of Mr. Montague Tigg and the Anglo-Bengalee Assurance Company in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Nasty whispers occasionally arose about the liabilities of provisional directors and shareholders who had bound themselves and their heirs by subscription contracts and subscribers' agreements, and in business matters old-fashioned solicitors, almost under their voice, asked—and meant to have an answer too—whether A, or B, or C was a provisional railway director. A little sensation was created by a prosecution of two men at the Old Bailey for fictitiously signing two deeds of subscription, but the speculators insisted on its being an exceptional case occurring through gross negligence.

The fears were not unfounded, as history proved afterward, as the fact came out that behind the scenes a new race called "stags" had sprung up who would sign any deed for half-a-crown, or even a shilling, per signature. The object of gamblers was to get an allotment letter, which was salable, and was often obtained in a fictitious name to a fictitious and grand address. A was afraid to sign, B bought the allotment of him for a trifle and paid deposit if scrip was at a premium, and paid C, the "stag," to sign. Cautious men began to get out as opportunities occurred, but the liability attached to the deeds which they had signed remained.

Parliament met at the usual time—it was the year of the Corn Bill, and in the political world excitement was quite as rife as in the railway world. Members of all politics and of both Houses set loyally to work to meet the pressure, but never was such a chaos. Parliament was sitting in temporary houses; some of the public offices were outside the building; the Private Bill Office was at the top of Parliament Street; temporary committee-rooms were run up with skirting boards in the lobbies; it was impossible almost to find anything or anybody. Witnesses, to prove compliance with the orders of Parliament, were brought up from all parts of the United Kingdom, no affidavits being then allowed; many of them were of the agri-

cultural class—shepherds to prove parish boundaries; occupiers of cottages to prove that they had not received notice, and the like. Some were enticed away by the opponents, some who had been hounded came into the room stupidly confused with beer. There was little order known in those days, as no such rush was ever anticipated. To make confusion worse confounded, all witnesses in the Lords had to be sworn at the Bar of the House, and the lobbies were fairly mobbed. The leading Parliamentary counsel, whose profits were enormous, hardly ever went to bed; they were consulting till midnight, and at it again at five or six o'clock next morning. Lawyers, engineers, Parliamentary agents, and their confidential assistants scarcely remembered what a real night's sleep was; they might get a few hurried hours between the sheets, starting up three or four times, fancying they were at chambers or in a committee-room, and turning round again, only to find that it was time to get up, just as tired as they went to bed.

The lobby of the House of Commons at four o'clock was like a fair, every one hunting for some particular member who never seemed to come. Telegraph communication, compared with that of the present day, was almost nil, and toward the end of the day the correspondence, in the absence of shorthand writers, who were few, was a tremendous labor. Speaking in the first person as a witness who saw, and took a laboring oar in that busy session as a managing man in one of the mammoth firms, three things kept me alive and from going out of my mind through worry and anxiety, and they were as follows: first, a trip by steamer every evening to Greenwich or Chelsea at seven o'clock, and dining at some place where a decent chop or steak could be obtained before returning for a long night's work at nine o'clock; secondly, absolutely striking against any more work at six P.M. on Saturday, and going to the opera as regularly as Saturday came round; and, thirdly, a long walk on Sunday in any reasonable weather. I was utterly debarred from any other amusement or pleasure, which was hard on a very young man.

The scenes in the committee-rooms were sometimes amusing. I saw old

O'Connell sitting on an East Grinstead Railway Bill in a temporary committee-room in the Cloisters on St. Patrick's Day, with a mass of shamrock the size of a cheese-plate at the side of his broad-brimmed hat, apparently asleep, and, suddenly opening his eyes, remarking to a counsel who was speaking somewhat at random, "Mr. Blank, I always sleep with my ears open." I saw the late Mr. Beckett Denison sitting as chairman of a committee, in a room reeking with heat and steam, in his shirt sleeves. I saw old Lord Shaftesbury, the Chairman of Committees (and father of that Earl whose death men of all creeds and politics have regretted from the bottom of their hearts), told to "go to the Devil for an old fool," for simply saying "I am Lord Shaftesbury" to a young clerk who was inquiring for the Chairman of the House, and who insisted that the real Earl was only a messenger, and not the "Lord Chairman." I have seen old Colonel Sibthorpe standing on the steps of the House haranguing the little crowd of business men in the lobby on the rascality of railways and all connected with them; and I saw daily King Hudson bustling in and out with both arms full of petitions and papers, joking and laughing with every one, slapping noble lords on the back, and hail-fellow-well-met with all. A few years later I saw his dethronement by those who truckled and pandered to him in his prosperity; and only some dozen years ago I read of his old friends making an annuity for him in his old age, and of the Carlton Club receiving him back and reinstating him in his old post as chairman of the smoking-room, thinking that his punishment had exceeded his peccadilloes as a speculator. I saw frequently Tommy Duncombe, the handsomest and best-dressed man in the House, pretending to be a Chartist, and the then Mr. Disraeli, afterward an Earl and Prime Minister, leading the Young England party. I have seen Lord George Bentinck, surrounded by Lincolnshire farmers, discussing one of the great drainage schemes in one of the lobbies of the House one day with as much enthusiasm as he would watch a horse at Ascot or Newmarket on the next day; arriving in a carriage and four from Epsom or Ascot in time to

speak on some question, the appearance of the horses and postboys giving pretty good evidence of what the pace must have been. I have seen Richard Cobden eating a bun at the refreshment bar, in the height of the Corn Bill mania, and a good-natured old Tory asking him if he did not feel the "tyranny of taxation" as he ate it. Politics were hot enough then, but members did behave like gentlemen as a rule, and there was room for a joke; and in the House the moment the Speaker rose to order men of all creeds and politics respected "the Chair."

The great commercial event of that memorable year was the final passing of the London and York Railway, the heaviest enterprise of that era. It was a feather in the cap of all concerned, as it was breaking down the monopoly of the then Northern traffic. One of the mainstays of the few remaining band by whose exertions that victory was obtained after two years' fighting—Mr. Thomas Coates, the Parliamentary agent, who had the charge of it from start to finish, and who only died a year or two since, much respected, in a good old age—said, within a year of his death, in a facetious, semi-grave way, to the writer, "My sand is very nearly out; of course the world has forgotten it, but will you do me the favor—as you were almost a boy at the time, and are likely to outlive me—to remember that I passed the London and York Railway Bill through all stages in Parliament in 1845 and 1846; if one only who survives me remembers it I shall be lucky?"

As Bills were withdrawn or rejected, creditors became clamorous. Those who had taken an active part began to look up the subscribers, and found that many of them had either disappeared or were men of straw, and when some creditor sued provisional directors of a company and got a verdict against him for personal liability, there was an exodus of all the heroes of the railway mania of 1845-46. The bubble had burst and chaos had arrived, and the "welshers," as they are called on the turf, put the sea between themselves and their dupes. Numbers of men of honor had to go abroad on being wholly deserted by their colleagues, and made the best arrangements they could without

sacrificing their personal liberty ; the grand offices of flash firms were shut up ; hundreds of professional men of all classes were left with next to no remedy for payment even of their disbursements, and the only good which came out of it all was that the practice of Parliament was remodelled and simplified. Large fortunes were made by men who had solid businesses and substantial clients, especially by the Bar, the solicitors, and engineers ; the system of railway extensions, although not without many hard contests, was fairly fought out, and has ended, at the end of forty years, in a kind of armed truce, which no party feels inclined to break, and outside speculators who start short branches in the hope of being taken up by one of two rival companies find their undertaking valueless. The "confidence trick" is played out ; shabby fellows, who employ professional men, and turn quietly round and say that they have no client, are as well known now as "legs" on a racecourse ; and railway property, instead of the most precarious, has become one of the safest investments of the day. There is one solitary member of the Parliamentary Bar of 1846 practising there now ; there are very few Parliamentary agents of that year left, and the solicitors who were conducting Bills in the railway mania, and now practising in Parliament, can be counted on the fingers of both hands.

Speaking once again personally from

actual experience of the extreme labor of the Session of 1845-46, I may say that from the beginning of the sitting of Parliament in February, 1846, until the middle of September, when all the arrears of work and accounts were made up after the House rose in August, I do not believe that, excepting on Saturday evenings and Sundays, I had a single hour to myself, except for meals, morning or night ; and when I went off for a month's rest in September, and found myself on the sea-shore at Ryde—which was then little more than a large village, with one street only, Union Street, which extended to the top of the hill by the theatre—and tried to persuade myself that the full enjoyment of land and sea and the glorious sky and air were my own, I felt that the previous eight months had been cut right out of what a young man of three-and-twenty had a right to suppose to be some of the best of his life. I felt that I had been a puppet which had been wound up and oiled and put on the wires and worked and overstrained : I had never *lived*. I began to think of the vulgar scoundrels who were kings of men then, with their dirty hands and diamond rings, and who were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and to wonder that some of them had not stolen my watch ; and I realized the truth of the old adage, "All is not gold that glistens."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "FAUST."

BY WALTER H. POLLOCK.

JUST now, when Mr. Irving's admirably staged production at the Lyceum has set numbers of people reading translations of "Faust," it may not be without interest to say something about certain illustrations of Goethe's play. Retsch's famous outline illustrations are so well known—Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles is more like Retsch's than that of any other illustrator—that there is no need to dwell on them at detailed length. Retsch's illustrations are, it will be remembered, executed in outline only, and, so far as I know, it was his

merit, if merit it is, to apply this method for the first time to a whole connected series of designs. It is a method which has the advantage of saving the artist a good deal of trouble, and also, no doubt, of giving to the work a *cachet* of its own. Retsch's "Faust" is far and away the best thing which he did in this kind—is indeed immeasurably superior to the "Fridolin," the "Othello," and the "Hamlet" which he did in the same fashion ; and it is only fair to add that the work shows a very decided perception and intention, and that the inten-

tion is invariably rendered with clear-cut accuracy. The intention is by no means always up to the draughtsman's own best level, and the drawing is conventional—the various figures' feet, for instance, are constantly too small, and the same action is repeated over and over again—but both, so far as they go, attain their purpose. The types of face are those familiar on the German stage in the play of "Faust," and the costumes and grouping will be recognized by many who have not seen the play, but who have seen M. Gounod's opera. The artist's best achievement in expression is undoubtedly the Mephistopheles. In this we have the type which Mr. Irving has taken and improved on by touches of his own genius—for genius can show itself in such a matter as "make-up," although that matter is not, as some young actors seem to think, the head and front of the art of acting. The type referred to may be traced back by the curious through the conventional mediæval demon to the Pagan Pan, from whom it differs in the matter of beard, resembling him closely, however, in the half-flat, half-aquiline front, the overshadowing brows, and the look of malicious humor mixed with conscious power. Retsch's Spirit that Denies is good throughout—best perhaps when he cowers terrified at the vision of Gretchen on the Brocken, when he laughs at Faust's reproaches in the forest, and when he is seen descending a long street, watching with seeming carelessness the meeting of Faust and Gretchen. Here indeed Retsch's Mephistopheles comes nearest to Mr. Irving's in its diabolical and humorous nonchalance, as it does in the hill and wood scene to the actor's withering scorn of the selfish complaining mortal. For catching and rendering the spirit of sheer devilish pranking, Retsch is at his best in the Witch's Kitchen, and in the Sabbath, in which last he has introduced various infernal cantrips which could not be exhibited on the stage, but in which he has not attempted the pomp and splendor of the hellish storm upon which the curtain falls at the Lyceum. In this regard, as in some others, one may find a freer spirit and touch in Retsch's illustrations to the second part of "Faust," but with that we are not now concerned.

Less well known to the world at large, though the work of a more famous artist, are Delacroix's illustrations, executed when he was quite young, and inspired by the artist's seeing a representation of "Faust" in German. Before considering these it may be worth while to say a word or two of other illustrations less popular than Retsch's, and less remarkable than Delacroix's.

Herr von Kreling's academic, very pretty, and slightly flabby illustrations suggest nothing so much as that Nature when her hand was in to model M. Bouguereau thought to make all slab by giving him a German counterpart. One only of these by no means unattractive designs shows real originality and strength, and that is the one in which Mephistopheles as the travelling student stands with a quiet infernal smile behind Faust's chair. At the same time one may in justice add what is naturally suggested by the comparison to M. Bouguereau—that the illustrations are throughout graceful, and show a strong sense of beauty on the part of the artist, who has attained in all of them a lively picturesqueness which might be thought adequate, and more than adequate, were the subject one which did not exact the highest flights of imagination and art. The beauty and the limits of the painter's method are well shown in the voluptuous vision thrown before the perceptions of the sleeping Doctor by Mephistopheles.

Another noteworthy set of illustrations is that made by Peter von Cornelius, a well-known exponent of the modern mediæval German school, wonderfully accurate in a hard conventional draughtsmanship, wonderfully humorous without intending to be so, and when not unconsciously humorous wonderfully dull. The title-page represents a sort of medley of the chief points in the play, and is arranged after the fashion of the stage in a miracle play, with a conventional heaven at the top, and a huge demon's head vomiting imps at the bottom. The prologue in the theatre is treated quaintly but not interestingly, the Easter Monday is merely mediæval, and the Auerbach's Cellar is feeble, with a Mephistopheles entirely lacking character. The "Coming out of the Church" is very curious. Gretchen is

an awkward leering quean, Faust a thick-witted peasant, and Mephistopheles a dwarf idiot. In the garden scene, on the other hand, the figure of Gretchen is graceful and tender. There are here two odd resemblances, as will presently be seen, between Cornelius's and Delacroix's treatment. Faust in this design is obviously a Jew, and Mephistopheles has his head screwed on the wrong way. In the scene outside the Cathedral, with Gretchen praying at a shrine, the principal figure, that of a stork resting one claw on a shallow basin of water out of which it is drinking, is rendered with rare skill and character. Of the remaining illustrations little need be said; they have the merits and the defects of Cornelius's school, but the merits are not of a kind which tell happily in the treatment of such a subject as "Faust," and the defects for the same reason become glaring, as in the instance of the Evil Spirit in the Cathedral, who looks like an eminent lawyer suggesting a line of defence to the kneeling Gretchen.

Herr Liezen Mayer's cartoons, which were exhibited in London some eight years ago, have a decided touch of poetry and passion, but the types are not kept up throughout, and there is a failure in the Mephistopheles; except, oddly enough, in situations where Mephistopheles's back is turned to the spectator. It is to be noted throughout the series that Herr Mayer has a remarkable faculty for putting expression into backs. Also he clearly spared no pains in searching for and finding fit materials for his accessories. Witness various windows copied from Albert Dürer's "S. Jerome," and among other things a horned candelabrum taken from Züßinger's print of "The Lovers." Among the earliest cartoons the second, the prologue in the theatre, is the best; but it is in numbers six and seven, "Wagner going to Faust," and "Faust in Prayer," that we begin to see Herr Mayer's best work. The figure of the pedantic pupil holding a dim lamp and peering painfully up the stairs is highly characteristic, and that of the praying Faust is instinct with poetic feeling. In "Mephistopheles and the Scholar" (14) we get a brilliant contrast to the comparative feebleness of the Mephistopheles in others of the

cartoons. Herr Mayer has chosen the moment when to the student's request Mephistopheles, disguised as the Doctor, answers "Sehr wohl," and writes in the proffered book "Eritis sicut Deus scientes bonum et malum." Visitors to the Lyceum will recall the mysterious chilling smile with which Mr. Irving delivers the words. Herr Mayer has given, and successfully, the same kind of expression to his Mephistopheles. Among the later cartoons "The Agony before the Mater Dolorosa" (39) and "Margaret in the Dungeon" (50) show unusual power and pathos, while the two Walpurgis Night scenes, 43 and 44, are full of a grim and grotesque humor.

We now come to Delacroix's designs.

One peculiarity of these is, that in several of them it is but too easy to point to drawing which is certainly nothing short of ludicrous, and that in some few cases the young artist's conception even has failed to rise beyond a clever childishness. On the other hand, almost all through the series the genius of the great colorist comes out in the treatment of light and shade and of textures, and many of the designs are instinct with the fervor and grandeur of imagination. In the first one we have Faust sitting in his study, which is lighted only by a hanging lamp, gazing at a skull; here the shadows on the tapestries and the textures themselves are handled in a masterly way; but the central figure is unreal and phantom-like, and the face is that of a Jew with a sneering smile. In the second illustration we find Faust, still an evident Jew with a black beard, sitting and looking bored in company with Wagner, a humped and hideous dwarf, in the open country. Faust employs one hand in putting his finger in his eye, and the other in scratching his knee. The landscape, with a rapid flight of birds, is excellent, and the groups of people in the middle distance and background are as well placed as they are indifferently drawn. It is not until we come to the third scene, in which the poodle first appears, that we understand the enthusiasm with which some well-qualified judges regard these early performances of Delacroix's. The poodle is, like Philip II. in Victor Hugo's poem, a thing of dread. It has in attitude and expression the full measure of diabolical

quality which the artist misses sometimes when he represents Mephistopheles in his human shape. It is that monster of nature, a dog which is all evil. It has besides an indefinable touch of horror to indicate that its wickedness is not of this world. It would in any case be the dominating figure of the scene, in which, however, Faust, again with a coal-black beard, and Wagner are but dull and ill-drawn shapes. The following illustration, representing the transformation of Mephistopheles into the Travelling Student, is extremely odd. The accessories are as usual admirably drawn, one might almost add "and colored," so strongly does the painter's instinct assert itself in the textures and light and shade. But the two figures are extravagant. Mephistopheles (as a travelling student) wears the usual dress and "make-up" of the bearded soldier Valentine. He stands on one side of a table, leaning on a long two-handed sword, and leering vacuously at Faust. Faust on the other side leans over the table with a stupefied look, and brandishes two fingers frantically in the air at nothing. Not less singular is the next illustration, where Mephistopheles instructs the Scholar. Both are impossible figures, and at the back Faust, equally impossible, is clearly saying to himself: "Shall I fetch this fellow a blow on the mazzard?"

For the seventh of the series, the scene in Auerbach's Cellar, one can find nothing but praise. It is as impressive in execution as original and true in conception. The brilliant flames springing from the spilt wine give an added weirdness to the fantastic group. The wild movement animating the whole, the free action of each figure, the varying characters of the assembled sots—all these are of the first rank. One drunken fellow leaning over to look with stupid curiosity at the purgatorial fire affords a most marked contrast to the calm, contemptuous impassiveness of Faust, and to the different coolness of Mephistopheles, whose low devilish chuckle you seem to hear as you look at his face. This fine piece of work is followed by Faust's first meeting with Gretchen, which is among the least meritorious of the set. Each one of the three figures, Faust, Mephistopheles, and Gretchen,

has its head set on its shoulders so that the face looks out over the spinal cord; in other respects Gretchen resembles a rudely-carved doll, Faust a low-lived imbecile, and Mephistopheles an infirm and debauched harlequin. Nor is there much to be said for the next two illustrations—Mephistopheles entering Martha's house, and Gretchen at her spinning-wheel—except that the first-named has a sense of movement and a certain weirdness. The following scene of the duel is admirable. The street and sky, as in other of the drawings, foretell the master of color and atmosphere, and the figures have a striking air of motion and life. It is only unlucky that a fold of Mephistopheles's cloak held in the left hand is so arranged as to look exactly like an umbrella. In the subsequent scene of the flight after Valentine has fallen mortally wounded Mephistopheles again appears like a harlequin with a revolving head, and Faust, borrowing a hint from the stage direction for Mephistopheles during the Witches' Sabbath, has suddenly grown very old. Gretchen and the Evil Spirit in the Cathedral occupy the next illustration. Gretchen is a sleepy doll, the Evil Spirit a mad Salvationist bawling in its ear. The design of Faust and Mephistopheles in the Hartz Mountains on their way to the Sabbath is much of a muchness with the one last named. The figures are poor and carelessly drawn, and the foliage is feebly and faintly indicated by a profusion of scratches; but the shortcomings of this illustration are more than made up for by the power and poetry of the next one, that of the Sabbath itself. In this the painter has filled the foreground with five figures only, Gretchen and four demons. In the right-hand corner is a hideous group of snakes and toads, and perhaps the most appalling of the four fiends squats in the very middle. Behind is indicated a vast expanse of landscape overhung by a dark storm, and illuminated beneath the darkness with a wild and eerie light. Delacroix's extraordinary force of imagination is shown in his having contrived to suggest in the stretch of landscape at the back an unseen tumult of horrors. Not inferior to this is the ride past the gibbet, a piece of magnificent devilry which is in draw-

ing what Berlioz's *Ride to the Abyss* is in music. And here perhaps it is best—saying nothing of the last illustration, except that it is not happy—to take our leave of a work which with all its faults of youth, imperfect understanding here

and there of what it illustrates, ignorance and carelessness of drawing, has yet qualities of poetry and grandeur which dwarf other illustrations of Goethe's great play.—*Temple Bar*.

MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY JOSEPH THOMSON.

FOR some time past the subject of the civilization of Africa has been a favorite one with all classes. Each European country has vied with the others in attempting ostensibly to open it up for the special benefit of the inhabitants. The methods adopted sometimes appear strange, and we are apt to become suspicious when we find beneath a veneer of cotton a large amount of rum and gin, and civilization forced on the notice of the negro with sword and gun. It may perhaps not be without a certain amount of interest to inquire if there are any other agencies—apart from the European—at work pursuing the noble aim of elevating the negro to a higher level of humanity. It will, I suppose, seem passing strange to many when I point to Mohammedanism as one of these agencies engaged in this great task.

Since the appearance of Mohammed the religion which he founded has been a favorite subject of attack and misrepresentation. First looked upon as a form of idolatry, it was, later on, described as a mass of blasphemous imposture, and only within the last few years have a few sympathetic and impartial students of the Koran dared to point out the genuine veins of gold which ramify through the system, and, risking the *odium theologicum*, to hold up its author as a hero. Even yet, to the great mass of the people, Mohammedanism is merely thought of in a vague sort of way as something connected with polygamy, as the inspiring source of the slave trade, as the cause of all the evils which prevail in North Africa, Asia Minor, and Turkey, and as in some way or other a curse and a blight to whatever country falls under its influence.

It is not my business to point out here how Mohammedanism, in being

thus depicted, is treated with injustice; but I may be permitted to remind the reader that the man who said that "the worst of men is the seller of men," and who declared that nothing was more pleasing to God than the emancipation of slaves, could never have in any way encouraged or sanctioned the slave trade. To argue that a religion is responsible for all the vile acts of its professors is monstrous in the extreme. Yet that is exactly what we are continually doing with regard to Mohammedanism. We forget that the Mohammedan might turn the tables on us with a vengeance, and lay our brutal slave trade of the past at the door of Christianity, as well as our incessant wars and all the crying evils of the gin trade in the present. And has he not as good a right to say that these are the necessary outcome of Christianity as we have to say that the slave trade and other evils are produced and encouraged by Islam?

We are not, however, called upon to discuss these questions, nor am I the man fitted to do it. I propose to direct attention to the civilizing and elevating influence which this so much vilified religion is exercising in the heart of Africa, and to the transformation it is effecting in the whole political and social condition of inner Africa north of the equator.

During the three expeditions which I conducted in East Central Africa I saw nothing to suggest Mohammedanism as a civilizing power. Whatever living force might be in the religion remained latent. The Arabs, or their descendants, in those parts were not propagandists. There were no missionaries to preach Islam, and the natives of Muscat were content that their slaves should conform to a certain extent to the forms of the religion. They left the East

African tribes, who indeed, in their gross darkness, were evidently content to remain in happy ignorance. Their inaptitude for civilization was strikingly shown in the strange fact that five hundred years of contact with semi-civilized people had left them without the faintest reflection of the higher traits which characterized their neighbors—not a single good seed during all these years had struck root and flourished. This seemed to me a very remarkable fact, and the only conclusion I could then come to was, that the negro was so hopelessly ossified in his degraded state as to be next to unimprovable, by moral suasion at least—a view somewhat strengthened on seeing the martyred lives of missionaries and the great treasure thrown away in endeavors to reach them through the divine teaching of Christ. That these latter practically failed to attain their noble ends I did not wonder at when I saw how the missionaries attempted the impracticable—expecting to do in a generation the work of centuries, and to instil the most beautiful, sublime, and delicate conceptions of religion into undeveloped brains. The more I saw of East Central Africa the more I tended to take a despondent view of the future improbability of the negro, simply because I could not see how he was to be got at in such a way as to touch the depths of his soul, and light some spark which would give him new life. So far as I could judge, I had not as yet seen more than a semblance of something better—a sort of veneer of Christianity, which made a good show and looked satisfactory only when described in a missionary magazine.

It was not till last year that I was destined to be converted from this scepticism about the negro, and to begin to see infinite possibilities lying latent, encased in his low thick cranium. My conversion took place in West Central Africa. It was not, however, brought about by the sight of the thriving community of Sierra Leone or that of Lagos, though both were encouraging. Neither was it brought about by seeing the civilizing influence of European trade, of which we sometimes hear so much; for, as I have stated elsewhere, "for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity a thousand are

driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade." Four hundred years of contact with Europeans have only succeeded, along the greater part of the coast, in raising a taste for gin, rum, gunpowder and guns. The extent of the intercourse between a village and the European merchant is only too often gauged by the size of its pyramid of gin bottles. It is a painful fact to admit, but there is no shirking the naked reality, that in West Africa our influence for evil enormously counterbalances any little good we have produced by our contact with the African. The sight of the small headway Christianity was making, and the aptitude in the negro to adopt all that was evil in the white man, only deepened the impression I had acquired in East Africa.

My conversion from this pessimistic view took place when passing up the Niger, through the degraded cannibals who inhabit its lower reaches. I reached the Central Sudan, and the sights and scenes I there witnessed burst upon me like a revelation. I found myself in the heart of Africa, among undoubted negroes; but how different from the unwashed, unclad barbarians it had hitherto been my lot to meet in my travels in Africa! I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked around me and found large well-built cities, many of them containing 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. The people themselves, picturesquely and voluminously dressed, moved about with that self-possessed sober dignity which bespeaks the man who has a proper respect for himself. I saw on all sides the signs of an industrious community, differentiated into numerous crafts, evidence sufficient to show how far advanced they were on the road to civilization. I heard the rattle, the tinkle, and the musical clang of workers in iron, in brass, and in copper. I could see cloth being made in one place, and dyed, or sewn into gowns or other articles of dress, in other places. In the markets, crowded with eager thousands, I could see how varied were the wants of these negro people, how manifold the productions of their industry, and how keen their business instincts. Almost more remarkable than anything else, no native beer or spirits, nor European gin and rum, found place

in their markets. Clearly there were no buyers, and therefore no sellers. Outside the towns, again, no forest covered the land; the density of the population and its numerous requirements had made the virgin forest a thing of the past, and its place was taken by various cereals, by cotton and indigo, and other vegetable productions which minister to the inner and outer man.

What could have produced this great change?—for that a change had occurred could not be doubted. Certainly, contact with Europeans had had nothing to do with it. The character of the industries, the style of art, indicated a certain amount of Moorish influence, giving them the direction which they had assumed. How had the first great steps been taken? No Moors or Arabs were to be seen among the people. No such races held the reins of government, and by their powerful influence caused the introduction of new arts and industries. Evidently, whatever had been done had been done through the free aspirations of the negroes toward higher things.

I was not left long in ignorance of the agency which had thus transformed numerous tribes of savages into semi-civilized nations, ruled by powerful sultans who administered justice of a high order (for Africa), and rendered life and property safe. That agency was almost exclusively Mohammedanism. I say *almost*, because there were in reality a few secondary causes at work, which tended to elevate the negro, apart from the religious. One of these causes—the one of chief importance—was the physical conditions which prevailed over a great part of the Central Sudan.

Mohammedanism it was, without a doubt, which had breathed this fresh vigorous life into these negroes. It was Mohammedanism which supplied the living tie which bound a hundred alien tribes together—tribes which without it were deadly foes. The Koran supplied the new code of laws. Islam had swept away fetishism, with all its degrading rites, and replaced it with a new watchword—a watchword of a truly spiritual sort. No longer did the naked savage throw himself before stocks and stones, or lay offerings before serpents or lizards; but as a well-clothed and rever-

ent worshipper he bent before that "One God" whose greatness and compassionateness he continually acknowledged. How impressive it was to me, when I wandered in these lands, to hear the negro population called to the duties of the day by the summons to prayer at the first streak of dawn; sung out in the musical stentorian notes of the negro muezzin, it echoed and re-echoed throughout the sleeping city. "God is most great! Come to prayers! Prayer is better than sleep!" was the burden of the call; and even as the thrilling notes still lingered in dying cadence, and the gray dawn but faintly illumined the houses of the town, doors were heard to open, and devout Muslims—such as submit themselves to have faith in God—appeared. Some would go through their morning duties in the courtyards of their compounds, and others, more devout, would wend their way to the mosque, where, looking in the direction of Mecca, and with faces humbled to the dust, they would acknowledge their utter dependence on God. At other times I could see these negroes, during the thirsty march, in the dusty field, or while engaged in ordinary industrial occupations, stop for a moment in their several employments, and seeking out one of the numerous places marked off by stones which did duty as mosques wean for a time their thoughts from the sordid cares of this world, and fix them on the things which are above mere sense.

In these Sudanese towns not only did I find mosques, but the importance of studying religion at the fountain-head had made education necessary, and hence in every quarter of the town were to be found schools of the usual Eastern type, where the rising generation learned at one and the same time the articles of their faith and the Arabic language. The desire for education was very general, and a village without several men who could read or write Arabic was a rarity. In the larger towns, such as Sokoto, Wurnu, and Gandu, there were to be found men who, not content with the education they could get at home, had found their way through manifold dangers and toils to the great Mohammedan university, El-Azhar, in Cairo, to complete their studies.

A volume might be written in describ-

ing the various modes in which Mohammedanism has affected the negro and civilized him; but I have said enough to draw attention to the incontestable fact that Islam is a powerful agency for good in Central Africa. It may be remarked that in the Central Sudan the Muslim is not fanatical. The negro has not the intense nature of the Arabs and kindred people, and is consequently inclined to live and let live on easier terms than his co-religionist in the Egyptian Sudan.

Like all Eastern and African races, the Sudanese is a polygamist, but his free and sociable nature has not permitted the seclusion of his wives in harems, nor does he consider it necessary that they should be veiled. They occupy probably a better position in the Central Sudan than in any other country where polygamy is the rule.

The extent of country over which Islam holds sway is coterminous with that great continental zone called the Sudan, which extends from the Nile to the Atlantic, and from the Sahara to within between four degrees and six degrees of the equator. Along the Atlantic seaboard there are still some pagan spots, but Mohammedanism is slowly but surely bearing down on them—establishing itself by moral suasion if it can; but if not, then, in the name of God, with fire and sword and all the dread accompaniments of war. But not only is it proselytizing among the heathen; it has its missionaries in Sierra Leone and Lagos. It has there thrown down its gage to Christianity for the possession of the natives, and reports speak of it spreading rapidly, and recruiting its ranks from the Christian community to no small extent. If that is so—and I have no reason to doubt it—there must be something terribly wrong in the *method* of teaching Christianity. To me, as one having the interests of Christianity deeply at heart, it has always appeared as if the system adopted was radically unsuited to the people. Meanwhile I cannot help saying, better a good Muslim than a skin-deep Christian—a mere jackdaw tricked out in peacock's feathers. In reaching the sphere of European influence, Mohammedanism not only throws down its gage to Christianity, it also declares war upon our

chief contribution to West Africa—the gin trade. While we support anti-slavery societies, and spend great sums in sending missionaries to the heathen, it is very strange that we are absolutely indifferent to the shameful character of this traffic. We are ever ready to raise shouts of horror if a case of maltreatment of slaves occurs, and we will not see that we at this moment are conducting a trade which is in many respects a greater evil than the slave trade. That word, "European trade," as spoken of on our platforms, is complacently regarded as synonymous with civilization; it is supposed to imply well-dressed negroes as its necessary outcome, and the introduction of all the enlightened amenities of European life. It *ought* to mean that to some extent; but, as I have seen it in many parts of West Africa, it has largely meant the driving down of the negro into a tenfold deeper slough of moral depravity. And we—*we* Christians—leave it to the despised Mohammedans, those professors of a "false religion," to attack this traffic and attempt to stem the tide of degradation, to sweep it away utterly if possible, as they have already done fetishism and cannibalism over enormous areas. If this is its mission, then, in default of something better, let Islam continue its progress through Africa! It will be the vanguard of civilization. Whatever may be said about many aspects of Mohammedanism, it at least contains as much of good as the undeveloped brains of the negro can well assimilate; and so long as good is being done in genuine reality, why should we not heartily welcome it, even though it is accomplished through a religion we ourselves do not accept.

I had proposed to myself to enter into the questions, why Mohammedanism has been so successful in Africa? and why Christianity, in comparison with it, has done so little? I had further proposed to ask whether our missionaries could not derive some hints and lessons from the Mohammedans, and so be better able to enter into the field against heathendom?

These three questions cannot be adequately answered here. I may, however, be permitted to express my opinion in the briefest manner. The suc-

cess of Mohammedanism has been largely due to the fact that it has asked of the negro apparently so little, and yet that little is so much, for in it lie the germs of a great revolution. The message is brought by men like themselves; its acceptance does not necessarily change any of their habits. Everything is within the range of the negro's comprehension—a very terrible One God, who sits in judgment, and a very real heaven and hell. Belief in these and in God's messenger, and attention to a few practical duties—prayer, almsgiving, &c.—are all the requirements. To state the matter in another way, it is because of its very harshness, of its great inferiority, as compared with Christianity, that it has succeeded.

On the other hand, Christianity has done so little because it has tried to do too much. Missionaries have proceeded almost invariably on the assumption that it is necessary to present the doctrinal system of the Christian Church in its entirety. They have forgotten that minds can only assimilate subtle or beautiful truths in proportion to their development. The ideas of the Christian world at large are in many respects not the same to-day as they were six centuries ago, or even one century ago. We have taken eighteen centuries to become the Christians we are, although through the ages the Bible remained the same; and now we think that in a generation we can graft our conceptions of Christianity on the low brains of the negro. The idea is not in accord with common sense. We present to him intangible and transcendental aspects of religion. We stupefy him with unthinkable dogmas about the Trinity and kindred topics. With all this we think there ought to be a Pentecostal awakening—that the inherent virtue of the Word should produce a miracle, and when the miracle does not appear, we groan over the hardness of heart and the ascendancy of the devil in the negro, when in reality the fault is in ourselves and in our methods of procedure. We must be simple in our creed, or rather in our presentation of the gospel. We must find out what aspects of Christianity the negro can comprehend and can assimilate, as well as what will at-

tract and impress him. From the Mohammedan missionary we might get hints as to the line this simplification should take. Better sow one good seed which will grow and fructify and permeate the life of the negro, than a thousand which will fail to strike root, but remain sterile on the surface.

In thus recognizing a good element in the spread of Mohammedanism, and in venturing to hint at desirable improvements in the methods of our own missionary propaganda, very probably I shall lay myself open to various forms of misconception on the part of those who recognize but the agency of the Evil One in good works which are not done in the orthodox manner. In any case, I shall be satisfied if, by indicating that some good can come out of Islam, I have shown that some Christians may take hints from our vastly more successful rival in the work of civilizing Africa, and thus be able to present a purer, a nobler, a more inspiring religion to the negro, which will satisfy his inner cravings for some light in his dark surroundings. For the negro, with all his intellectual deficiencies, is naturally a very religious individual. In a hundred ways he shows how much he feels the necessity of depending on something else than himself. In his helplessness he gropes aimlessly about after an explanation of his surroundings, and finds but slight consolation in fetishism and spirit worship. The rapid spread of Islam proves beyond a doubt that there is nothing to hinder the Christian faith from making far more extensive conquests, if we would only meet the negro with weapons properly selected from the Christian armory. We must also be content to let generations of wise education develop the capacities which as yet are in the most rudimentary condition, and not expect to work miracles. And, most important of all, let us get up a missionary agency for Christian Europe which shall preach the doctrine of no more gin trade, no more gunpowder and guns, for the African. Then, when we have set our own house in order, we shall be able to go with clearer conscience to the heathen, and with brighter prospects of success.—*Contemporary Review*.

FINANCIAL FRAUDS.

BY MALCOLM LAING MEASON.

HALF a century hence, when any writer wants to give a true account of the times in which we live, he will experience no small amount of difficulty in making his readers believe the number and the extent of the social contradictions and anomalies which now exist, and are accepted as a matter of course among us. Of these, the rules and laws, written and unwritten, that have reference to all kinds of gambling, as well as to the crime of obtaining, or endeavoring to obtain, money on false pretences, will certainly be considered as by far the most extraordinary. Persons who have lived in London during the last twenty or thirty years have by degrees become so accustomed to things as they are that, save in very exceptional instances, unless their attention is specially drawn to passing events, they fail to observe how utterly impossible it is, in numerous instances, not to condemn many things which, under a different name, are regarded as perfectly allowable. To foreigners who study our English habits and customs, nothing is more utterly incomprehensible than the contradictory laws as to what may and what may not be done among us in financial and speculative matters. "There is no nation nor people in the world that I respect more than I do your country and your countrymen," said the late M. Thiers to the present writer, "but," he continued, "truth compels me to say that you are the most contradictory people (*le peuple le plus contradictoire*) in the world. In many instances you condemn and punish very severely that which, under another name, you allow and seemingly approve of. It is true that such events as are now passing in France* could never happen in England, and it is certain that your Government will not permit gambling to be carried on under legal sanction. But have you not, for many

years, allowed persons to be ruined by swindlers (*par des escrocs*) who delude the unsuspecting into taking shares in so-called companies, of which the different prospectuses and the promises held out are nothing more nor less than unmitigated falsehoods" (*des mensonges purs et simples*).

That the eminent French statesman was right in what he said few, if any, observant readers of London newspapers will deny. It is at present, as it has been for the last twenty years or more, almost impossible to look over the advertising columns of our leading journals without noticing the extraordinary number of new financial schemes which are inserted every week, nay, it might almost be said every day, with the almost avowed intention of informing all those who have any funds at command how they may increase their present income to almost any amount by investing in these schemes. But it is only those who take an interest in the subject that do, or can, know the immense number of these proposed short cuts to fortune which are put before our credulous and confiding public. Thus, during the month of October in the present year, from the 4th to the 30th of that month, there were registered in London no fewer than one hundred and thirteen perfectly new concerns of the kind, the total capital of which, submitted for subscription to a credulous public, amounted to no less than close upon *sixteen million pounds sterling*.* Of these, as of all other speculations in joint-stock shares, it need hardly be said that there are companies and companies. No doubt but what some few, such as Guinness's brewery—it is to be feared that they are exceedingly few in number—of the undertakings put before the public are perfectly legitimate, and have a fair chance of success in the future. But of these hundred and thirteen undertakings—put forth, be it remembered, at a season

* This conversation took place at Versailles in 1871, when Paris was in the hands of the Commune, and a strong party in France was in favor of raising money by means of State lotteries.

* See *Investor's Guardian* of October 16, 23, and 30, 1886.

when there is little or no real business doing in the City—how many are there in which a regular man of business, who is possessed of the ordinary amount of practical common sense, would invest a five-pound note of his own, his children's, or his friends' money? Or how many men are there who would invest, even by way of a personal speculation, a shilling of funds they could call their own, or for which they are the trustees? It is true that, of the joint-stock companies registered in London, a few are what may be, and often are, called working concerns. Thus when two, three, or more partners who own a business which can be shown by their books to be prosperous, want to increase their capital and means of pushing the affair, they not unfrequently convert what has hitherto been a private firm into a joint-stock company. If the antecedents of the concern are fairly good such a speculation has rarely any difficulty in obtaining the increased capital required. The reasons are obvious. The profits and losses of the firm can be seen in a moment by any one, and with very little trouble any man of business can realize how the firm stands as regards its financial affairs. Another reason why such speculations when once fairly floated generally succeed is that those who take shares in them are chiefly persons who understand the peculiar line of business for which any company of the kind is got together. Thus, if a publishing firm is turned into a joint-stock company, there will not, in all probability, be found a builder or a coachmaker who has a seat on the Board. Nor do those who promote such concerns care to have men with titles but no other qualifications as directors. These speculations, however, are not of the kind that gladden the hearts of Company Promoters, or, as they are now called, Financial Agents; it is not by means of such companies that the City swindler and his followers make their fortunes.

It may be thought that although the number, as given above, of the joint-stock companies floated during the month of October in the present year is very large, it is for some reason or other exceptionally so. This is not by any means the case. The total capital of

new joint-stock companies brought out in the year 1882 amounted to no less than two hundred and fifty millions sterling. In the following year, 1883, it amounted to one hundred and fifty-seven millions; and in 1884, to one hundred and thirty-eight millions sterling.* Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that of these concerns not more than one in every three or four is what may be in plain English called a deliberate swindle; and that not more than a like proportion of the asked-for capital can be placed in the same category. Yet even with these proportions—which, as every City man knows, are far below the true average—it will not require any very great amount of calculation to show what sums of money must be every year taken out of the pockets of honest fools by clever scoundrels. How this is done, those who have investigated the subject know only too well. Would be—or what may be termed amateur—men of business take it into their heads that they cannot do better than increase their (perhaps comparatively slender) means by investing in some new concern of which they have read the prospectus, and which promises them, say from fifteen or sixteen to any fabulous sum that may be mentioned per cent on their money, for which they are now getting four or five. They see—and with genuine middle-class Englishmen this goes a long way—the names on the Board of Directors of a lord or a baronet, an M.P. and a couple of generals, and this is for them more than sufficient guarantee for the affair. They know little, and perhaps care less, how these names have been obtained, or what are the pecuniary means or the knowledge of business to which their owners can lay claim.

Persons who are behind the scenes could vouch for the fact that from January to December there rarely passes a week in which one or more cases of financial swindling do not take place under the name of joint-stock company investments or speculations, by which individuals are ruined. And it must be remembered that it is not as a rule the wealthy who are most to be pitied, when

* See the *Investor's Guardian* and the *Financial News* of these years.

cajoled by financial schemers to take shares in these concerns. The heaviest sufferers are generally men who have pensions which they have earned in India or in some other public employment; and who after years of careful labor and saving are led to think they have discovered what will, in a very short time, make them wealthy, and increase tenfold their means and the incomes they have at command.

To revert for a moment to this inconsistency of our social laws, what would be said—or rather, what would not be said—of an avowed gambling establishment which advertised in every possible manner the advantages to be gained by those who would frequent the tables, and who would play at certain games where great gain was almost certain and losses of any magnitude almost if not utterly impossible? The question may be called useless, for no such establishment would be permitted to exist for a single week. And yet, as every one who has inquired into the matter knows perfectly well, how much more general is the ruin which has of late years spread and still is daily spreading among well-to-do middle-class people through these financial swindles than ever was the case forty or fifty years ago, when gambling establishments were regarded as forming a part of the necessary, the inevitable, evils of life! In ninety-nine out of every hundred cases, where a man makes up his mind to gamble, he either belongs to what may be called the reckless portion of society, or he has at his command more money than he knows what to do with; and having tried and exhausted every other source of amusement or dissipation, he takes to play as a means of providing himself with a new excitement, which has the recommendation of being an occupation that will always give him enough to think about.

The following account of how a certain joint-stock company was floated not very long ago the present writer can vouch for as being strictly true. For various and obvious reasons, the names of individuals concerned are not given.

A certain promoter of companies, or financial agent, determined to bring out what he was pleased to term "a really good thing," and in due time this prospectus of the affair appeared in all the

leading newspapers in London. The speculation was a gold mine, situated in a far-off district of a foreign land in another continent. The capital, where-with the concern was to be purchased and worked, amounted to a quarter of a million sterling, in shares of £1 each, of which only five shillings were to be paid when the shares were applied for, a like amount when they were allotted, and the balance of ten shillings in two instalments of five shillings each, at intervals of six months between each payment. The purchase-money of these mines was put down at £50,000, of which half was to be paid in cash, and half in fully paid-up shares. The Board of Directors was seemingly most respectable. The chairman was a noble lord, against whom there had never been even a whisper of anything wrong, and who was only known to certain of his friends to suffer from a chronic state of impecuniosity. Following his lordship's name were those of a baronet, and then came an M.P., two retired Anglo-Indian officers—a colonel and a major-general,—a retired Indian civil servant, and a gentleman who some twenty-five years ago had been a partner of a mercantile firm in Calcutta. In a word, although some persons of this class who are always finding fault might have asked what knowledge of gold mines in the Far West any member of the Board could boast of, still the list as it appeared in print was respectable, and carried no small weight with it in the eyes of that portion of the general public which is given to invest money in such undertakings. The shares were applied for nearly twice over in a very few days. The five shillings for each share applied for was duly paid. The allotment then took place, and another five shillings per share was paid. These two payments put at once the respectable sum of £125,000 at the disposal of the Board, out of which the directors, according to the terms of the bargain with the vendor of the mines, paid the fortunate individual the sum of £25,000 in cash, and the same amount in fully paid-up shares, as stipulated in the agreement. Not that the said paid-up shares were looked upon as worth much, at any rate by the vendor of the mines; for no sooner did he pocket the £25,000 in

cash than he disappeared under pretence of going to visit the mines, and was never again heard of in England. In the mean time occasional reports, short but very much to the point, and giving great hopes that the profits from the mine would, so soon as proper machinery could be provided, amount to, if not exceed, double what had been paid for them, were current. But very shortly a reverse came, and the mines were found to be worth little or nothing. The concern was ordered to be wound up. The company being limited, the shareholders had not to pay more than the full price of the shares which were registered in their respective names. But, in many instances, even this fell hard upon those who had thus to pay for their belief in the truth of joint-stock company undertakings. Each one of them was called upon to pay up the balance owing on the shares which stood in his name, the said balance being ten shillings per share. Not a few of those who were obliged to pay this sum found it impossible; their lives were ruined in trying to do so, and they had to take refuge in the Bankruptcy Court. The only two persons who were gainers by the affair were the vendor of the mine and the financial agent who had floated the company. The former, as before stated, pocketed £25,000, the title having cost him a little over £100. It was country cousins, to say nothing of a vast number of middle-class Londoners, who were the sufferers and who were ruined.

The average, or usual, Director of such concerns is generally a very curious person; his title is worth more than he is paid in inducing people to take shares. Of real business he perhaps knows as much as he does of shipbuilding, or even less. He is not conceited; when any difficulty arises in the money or other affairs of the concern, he is quite willing to be guided by the manager or the secretary, and to follow the other directors. Compared with the risk and anxiety of the financial agent, these gentlemen have no easy time of it. The profit they can hope to make is small, but £200 or even £150 is not to be despised; and large as is the demand for names sufficiently high-sounding to look well on the prospectus of a company, the supply of the article is by no

means limited. And it does not follow that our nobleman or gentleman director must confine himself to one company. On the contrary, the fact of being on the Board of a railway or tram-car company is, in itself, a good qualification for a similar appointment with a joint-stock bank in South America, or a gold-mining company in the Himalaya Mountains; and the more Boards he is on, the greater request he is in.

The financial agent or promoter of the company has a much harder and more anxious time of it. It is true that he looks for much larger profits than the gentlemen who join the Board, but his work and care are proportionately great. He does not risk capital, for the good reason that he rarely has any to risk. By regular City business men the promoter is, to use a mild word, avoided. He is not looked upon by members of the Stock Exchange as a *persona grata*, and yet there are few people who out of so little make so much.

There are many persons who wonder how it is that the respectable portion of the City men of business do not attempt by all lawful means to put down what only brings discredit on all legitimate speculation; and is fast making English joint-stock companies a byword throughout the business world of all lands. But the fact is that those who are engaged in legitimate speculations in the City see little or nothing of what goes on in the regions of swindling. They do not belong to the sharks who prey upon the unwary, nor to the victims who are doomed. The dupes of these schemes are in almost every instance persons who have some, though generally not much, money of their own, and are naturally anxious to increase their means. Retired officials with pensions on which they could live at any rate in ease and comfort, and in some cases in comparative luxury, are very often the victims of those who make their living by fraudulent finance. Those only who have friends among retired Indian civil and military servants can form any idea of the number of this class who have learned by bitter experience to what extent and by what plausible pretences this comparatively new system of cheating is carried on.

One of the most dangerous phases of

what Frenchmen would call this "industry" is the show of respectability it assumes. There are scores of men who would feel themselves grossly insulted if it were hinted that they had resort to the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo, or would play games of chance with cards or dice for high stakes : gambling when it is, so to speak, uncovered is the reverse of respectable ; but to take shares in a company by which it is hoped and believed that every five pounds staked will bring in a return of at least so much per annum is not unworthy even of those whose aim in life is to be respectable and respected. And yet, as a well-known and most esteemed judge said on the bench about a year ago when summing up a case which had arisen out of some Stock Exchange transaction—

A great deal of condemnation is cast in England on the gambling that goes on at Monte Carlo, and had taken place at Hamburg and other towns on the Continent, but there at least the play took place on the green table and in sight of the public. In England, however, where public gaming is not allowed, gambling on the price of stocks took place out of sight of the public for much larger sums, with much more mischievous results.*

Supposing such a thing possible, what would the British public say if Government were to establish in this country legalized gaming-tables such as Monte Carlo is renowned for ?

Whatever we may think of their honesty, or of the good faith and fair open dealing with which they do not treat the public, there can be no doubt that the audacity of company promoters in transacting their business is one of the wonders of the day. Nor do they ever seem to acknowledge themselves beaten. An individual of this profession may not have money enough at command to pay for the postage-stamps he requires in his office, but this will in no way interfere with or deter him from his endeavors to float a scheme of which the mere prospectus cannot appear without the expenditure of at least two or three hundred pounds. How this is done we will endeavor to show by the following illustration, which is an accurate account of the manner in which many of these un-

dertakings spring into existence, live a short time, and, when they die, go to the grave of insolvency, dragging down with them not a few of those who have been unfortunate enough to believe in them.

A financial agent conceives the idea that a tramcar company started in Patagonia would pay. He does not mean, nor has he the remotest idea, that he or any one else will see tramcars in that land ; no, but he thinks if such a scheme is started on paper, and the wires well and cleverly pulled in this metropolis, the undertaking will pay those who have the courage and pertinacity to work it, and that, no matter who loses by it, he himself will not do so. His first care is to find one of those ready writers who are able by their pens to prove almost anything. For a five-pound note, which is to be refunded out of the first money paid on application for shares, the work is undertaken, the prospectus is drawn out, and, as a specimen of proving with pen and ink what the writer knows nothing about, it is certainly a remarkable document. The next step is to get six or seven gentlemen to act as chairman and directors of the company. These individuals, who in joint-stock company slang are designated "guinea-pigs," are not difficult to find ; but a wise promoter does not take every one who offers, for it is upon the names of these personages that the success, or otherwise, of the concern mainly depends. The longsuffering, ever-ready-to-be-taken-in public has a great respect for titles and rank ; and a real nobleman as chairman goes a long way with them. In fact, the greater number of those who apply for shares in new companies do so on the faith of the names of the chairman and directors. They do not inquire whether these gentlemen have any experience in business matters, or whether they know anything of the special work for which the company is got together.

Any one with a title or a handle to his name will inspire more confidence in the class of people who become shareholders than would the name of the Director of the Bank of England. The board having been got together, and their names in the prospectus, the next step is to publish the document in all or most of the leading London newspapers.

* These words were spoken by Baron Huddleston, in the Queen's Bench Division, on July 3, 1885. See law reports in the newspapers of the following day.

This is an expensive piece of work, and especially hard for the promoter, who rarely has a shilling of his own. But what will not the hope of profit accomplish? An advertising agent is found who will take the matter in hand, and will pay the expenses of advertising, large as they are, on condition of receiving a fifty or sixty per cent bonus out of the first money the promoter can command.

Here, then, the company is fairly launched so far as to make a show before the uninitiated public. Real *bond fide* City men know perfectly well what value to put upon the whole affair, but it is not for their acceptance that the dainty financial dish has been prepared. It is to the gullibility of the public at large that the document appeals. Let us suppose that the capital required for the concern is £150,000, in shares of £1 each. Matters are made all the more pleasant and easy for the expected victims by the announcement that not more than five shillings is required for each share on application, and a similar sum on allotment; and that the balance will not be required for six months, and even then by instalments of only five shillings each. In this arrangement the promoter shows his wisdom. The share-taking public will always prefer companies that are supposed to have a large capital; and if those who join the concern are allowed to pay their contributions by small instalments, so much the better.

Another thing likely to insure success is to give out that no applications for shares will be received after a certain date. The outside public reading this are convinced that the shares are selling rapidly, and that they had better follow the prudent example set them. In the mean time the oracle is worked in certain papers by means only known to the initiated, and the public is made to believe that shares will soon be at a premium. The Board meet every three or four days, and learn from the promoter that things are going on so well that they could hardly be better. The result of all this is that a certain number of shares are really applied for, and the deposit of five shillings paid on each, so that there are at any rate funds enough in hand for the promoter to pay whatever is owing in the shape of expenses,

and to give the chairman and directors the fees which they have earned. After a few weeks of this sailing in calm waters there comes a change. The shares are no longer in demand. A shareholder—who is in most cases a creature of the promoter, though not known to be such—petitions the courts that the company be wound up. A solicitor and a liquidator are put in to see that all goes right, or in other words to make all pleasant for themselves and the promoter. The shareholders find themselves obliged to pay up the whole £1 value on each share. The whole affair dies a natural death, and is very soon forgotten, except by the unfortunate shareholders who have been fleeced. The promoter and his friends have not lost anything, they have gained something—not much perhaps, but in any case a few hundreds, just enough to encourage them for next time. The chances are that the promoter will, within a few months, or even weeks, build and launch another financial ship, which is pretty certain to come to the same end. But what of that? If some win, others must lose; and the latter must feel thankful that they have at least learned a practical lesson which they will not quickly forget.

Some persons may believe there must be not a little exaggeration in this account, and that the demon of fraudulent finance is not so black as he is painted. Let those who think so consult any *bond fide* business man who knows the secrets of such affairs as they are carried on east of St. Paul's; or let them read the revelations of certain newspapers that have the courage of their opinions, and from time to time reveal the workings of a far greater social evil, one that has done far more destruction in society than would be possible by any number of *rouge et noir* or baccarat tables. Of late years the professional promoter has been joined by a most useful coadjutor. The new regulation which has placed so large a number of military men on half-pay has greatly swelled the ranks of those persons (called in City slang "guinea-pigs") from whom the promoter recruits for his Boards. They are honorable men who, having, as it were, lost their occupation, turn to what they believe to

be honest and profitable work ; the respectability of their characters and positions adds greatly to the confidence of the share-taking public. "Why, it must be a respectable and *bond fide* concern ; General So-and-so is on the Board," is a remark one often hears ; but what if the individual in question has been himself deceived ?

There is a certain class of men who, although they would not willingly or knowingly do, or be a party to, any dishonest or dishonorable action, are still to be blamed more or less for the manner in which the outside public is taken in by these swindling prospectuses, and induced to risk their money on what is almost certain to prove a dead loss to them. These are the gentlemen—retired civil servants, officers on half-pay, and others who are peers, or who can write themselves baronets, M.P.'s, or some other guarantee, so to speak, of a certain standing in society. Not, as we have said above, that there is with these persons the most remote idea that they are doing anything not straightforward. Their misfortune is that they are led to believe themselves men of business, and that they accept as gospel all that the promoter, who intends to make a cat-paw of them, tells them. These individuals, although they may not be aware of the fact, are the cause of ruin to hundreds of people who have taken shares in this or that company, relying in a great measure on the names of those who are on the Board of Directors. If people in general could only be induced to reason on these as on other matters in the world, they would ask themselves, What can a man who has passed twenty or thirty years of his life in India, or who has risen to the command of troops in the colonies or elsewhere, or who has vegetated in a country place in England, or who has spent the best part of his days in clubland in London—what can such a man know of the ins and outs of joint-stock company dealings, or of the artful manner in which these perfectly unscrupulous and cleverly trained professionals can make the worse appear the better reason ? These directors, as has been said before, are most of them men of honor and of unsullied name ; but they risk not a little of these attributes by

mixing themselves up in matters of which they are profoundly ignorant, and yet which involve great responsibilities ; for there can be no doubt in the minds of all reasoning persons that the directors are, in a great measure, morally responsible for the ruin that the companies for which they in a manner vouch bring upon those who trust them. The archives of the India Office could tell many a tale of how many hardly earned pensions of civil and military servants are, and will be till those who ought to be the recipients are dead, paid over to solicitors for the purpose of satisfying liabilities incurred by honorable men who, being such themselves, have been too ready to believe others must be the same.

With companies of some years' standing and in working order it is, of course, different ; a man may easily know or learn what he is about. But who can fathom the depth of ruin to which this craze for embarking in new concerns may lead ? For one that succeeds, or that is really meant to succeed, how many are got up for the sole purpose of making money for the projector, and then fail, leaving the unfortunate shareholder to pay in pocket, and the directors to pay both in pocket and in good name, for the folly of which they have been guilty ?

Of those who take shares in new companies it may be said that, if they used more care and discretion, there would not be so many cases of fraud in what Frenchmen would call "this particular industry." Hardly a day passes in which one, and often three or four, long prospectuses appear in the principal papers, in which £1 shares in the companies being advertised are said to be worth two or three times what the public are asked to buy them for. If the majority of these are not barefaced attempts to raise money on false pretences, then surely no such offence exists at all. In comparison with some of the persons who gain their living by cheating the unwary in this way, welchers on a racecourse might shine as honest men. But the ruin of those who believe in them is, although the greatest, not the only, evil of which this phase of swindling, which has so increased and does still increase, is the cause. There are

many good undertakings which men with means would assist, were it not for the dread which exists of being swallowed up by these speculators, who are on the look-out for victims of whom they can make money.

It would no doubt form the subject of a very curious but extremely useful inquiry to investigate the subject of gold and other mines, and to find out how much money has been thrown away; how many silly but honest men have been ruined by these during the last few years; and how many rogues, who rejoice in the title of company promoters, have escaped the punishment due to them.

There can be little doubt that some steps must be taken to put a stop to an evil which is greatly on the increase, and which is reducing men, and with them their wives and families, to destitution and even beggary. As a rule, an Englishman dislikes and resents the interference of authority with his private affairs; but these dishonest joint-stock companies ought to—and with sensible people they do—form an exception.

To begin with, the Act itself, by which such companies are authorized, requires immediate reform in certain particulars. No company ought to be allowed to publish its prospectus until it has been thoroughly investigated by competent persons appointed for that purpose, and a certificate given that, in the slang of the day, it is all on the square. Again, no company ought to be allowed to commence business until it is proved that a certain amount of capital is not only subscribed, but paid up. In a very practical report by the Chamber of Commerce, it is suggested that not less than two-thirds of the capital should be paid up. Every company should from time to time, more particularly at the commencement of its career, be obliged to announce the actual capital it has in hand. Such rules would put a stop to bogus companies, and greatly tend to establishing *bond fide* schemes which at present are apt to be classed with the swindles of the day.

"Give me," said a company promoter to the present writer, "a lord as chairman, a baronet, a couple of general officers, and an M.P. as directors, and a £5 note for a few luncheons at the outset, and I will float any company you

like before a fortnight is over, even if the object of it be to get gold-dust out of London paving-stones."

A new chapter must before long be opened in the book of laws regarding joint stock companies. Let us be consistent. Of two things one: either let us open the legal gates to gambling-tables, and have Monte Carlo in our midst; or let us enact laws which will protect the foolish and unwary from being swindled by financial "Free Lances." To forbid one and allow the other is an anomaly which ought to be done away with once and for ever.

The objection to Government interference, which characterizes ourselves and equally our American cousins, is in itself praiseworthy, as it is the child of the spirit of independence. But the time has come when in this matter such interference is called for, and when it becomes the positive duty of our legislators to regulate and suppress, if possible, this greatly growing evil.

Latterly a novel method of inducing the public to take shares has been set on foot. Brokers who are members of the Stock Exchange are forbidden to advertise, but there is another class of the same calling who are free from such control, and can do what they like in this way.

Here are a couple of advertisements which have lately appeared in the daily papers. The names are altered, otherwise they are copied verbatim:—

TRIXIE GOLD MINE (Limited).—Weekly returns: 275 oz. gold. Value, £1,031. Rapid developments taking place. Just cut Bentham, fourth level west, yielding 1,000 dollars per ton. Second level west, 502. Lode 4 feet wide. Great excitement at mine. Miners buying freely. Prices advancing. Particulars post free.

(Signed)

MUTE, SPEAK & Co.,
107 Strange Street,
London, E.C.

Under the above advertisement is the following:—

GREAT DISCOVERY OF GOLD.—Dansa struck in fourth level, assaying £200 per ton in BERTON GOLD MINE. Shares advancing. Purchases should be made at once, as 100 per cent rise is fully expected. To-day's price is £5 6s. 3d. per £5 fully paid shares.

(Signed)

BLANK & Co.,
6 High Street Yard,
London, E.C.

With such advertisements before them, the wonder is, not that so many persons risk their money in undertakings of this kind, but that all who can command, beg, borrow, or steal a £5 note do not invest in them. Whether the statements given above can or cannot be verified is not the question. But there are very few sober-minded people who will say that such attempts to induce people to speculate should be allowed to pass unchallenged.

There is one thing connected with joint-stock company swindles which causes no little surprise to all thinking people. How is it that, with the means of information possessed by the metropolitan press, not a single newspaper has taken up the subject in earnest, and exposed the rascality by which so many persons are being daily led on to ruin? To say nothing of other sources, where any journal may with ease find out which of the many prospectuses daily paraded before the public should and which should not be stigmatized as nothing less than so many endeavors to obtain money on false pretences, almost every London newspaper has on its staff one or more gentlemen whose special duty is to discuss all matters of finance, and who are invariably exceedingly well informed on the subject. When any attempt at swindling in other than the joint-stock company world takes place, the first to find out the offender and to denounce him to the world are the London newspapers; but one of the greatest evils of the kind now known among us seems to be exempt from their censure. Englishmen are apt, and with good reason, to regard the press as honest and honorable, ready and anxious to advise their readers for the best, and to warn them of any harm; and it will be a bad day for the country when a contrary opinion prevails. But should the present state of affairs in financial matters continue, can we wonder if a feeling of distrust takes the place of what has hitherto been felt in this respect? If newspapers continue to publish day by day prospectuses which any one who inquires into the matter finds out to be frauds, the result must sooner or later be that the confidence in the honesty of the press must cease. Can we wonder if those who have been cheated by a bogus

affair, of which they learned the existence in the advertising columns of a respectable paper, arrive at the conclusion that money can do anything, and can induce even the London press to give publicity to what is perfectly well known to be a specious, swindling, false statement?

Would any respectable paper allow a gambling establishment to be brought to the special notice of the public by means of its advertising columns? And if they would not do so, why permit in their columns that which brings about far more ruin to the unsuspecting public than any card or roulette table can do?

Fraudulent finance is a great evil; why it should be tolerated or ignored by those who have it in their power to render it harmless is surely a difficult social problem for our solution. Money works marvels, and it would almost seem as if a certain amount of profit is an excuse for turning a blind eye on what would be otherwise unhesitatingly condemned. Let us hope that all concerned, and more particularly the press, will see the mistake that has been made in affording even a tacit approval, or rather in refraining from condemning in the plainest terms, a system which, besides ruining many, is making financial transactions a byword throughout Europe.

According to a time-honored saying, "coming events cast their shadows before." If this holds good with regard to certain semi-mysterious advertisements which appeared in the papers during the months of October and November, a goodly number of wonderful gold mines will be placed before the British public between the present time and the close of the year. In the City it is currently reported that no fewer than eight of these concerns will be shortly advertised; and if we are to believe the prospectuses that will be published, a fortune can be made in any one of them in a very few months. In addition to this there are speculations of every possible kind ready to come out in the shape of joint-stock companies (limited); and the only difficulty which those who have money will experience will be in selecting the company they had better join.

There is another old proverb it might

be well to impress on the British public, that "forewarned is forearmed," the practical application of which is not very difficult.

Since the greater portion of this article was written, what our American cousins would call a "mining boom" has come upon us with a vengeance. During the week ending November 20, no fewer than six new gold-mining companies, with a total capital of more than two millions sterling, were registered in London;* and the total number of these concerns is now said to be four- or five-and-twenty. Those that have been lately floated are, as a matter of course, still living. But of those gold-mining companies that were brought out before the present mania set in there are no

fewer than four that are either in liquidation or about to be wound up.* What the end of such a state of things will be it needs no great amount of experience to foretell. The chances at present are that we shall, ere the coming year is a couple of months old, witness more misery among the upper and middle classes in England than has been heard of for a very long time.

But what about those who take shares in these speculations? Is there not yet time to rescue these people from ruin? The one only remedy for this wholesale attempt to get money out of others, is to allow no new joint-stock company to publish any prospectus unless the statements contained therein have been proved and verified by an official of the Board of Trade.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

CONFEDERATION—THE SOLVENT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

BY GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

THE abduction and abdication of Prince Alexander startled Western Europe into fresh anxiety as to the Eastern question, and led to a series of acts on the part of Russia which have had one great unintended effect. They have proved the existence of a deep-rooted and widespread desire in the States of South-Eastern Europe for such united action as shall give them strength sufficient to keep themselves independent of all foreign domination.

If the matter is thought out, there seems no valid reason that the district of Europe which comprises Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and what is left of European Turkey, with a warlike population approaching 20 million souls, must necessarily be a subject possession either of the Sultan or of the Czar. There is an obvious *petitio principii* in the argument that has lately been advanced, that "because the Turk has steadily refused, what a strong and wise Government at Constantinople would have done, to promote the formation of strong independent Balkan States, therefore these States are to be first Russianized, and eventually absorbed by Russia."

A somewhat new school has arisen this summer in England, reviving the old argument that British interests have

nothing now to fear from the presence of Russia at Constantinople. But is it a fact that the Russian is the only alternative to the Turk? Certainly among the peoples of South-Eastern Europe this opinion does not hold its ground. We see that a newspaper is started in Bucharest, under the title of the "The Confederation of the Balkan Nations," which will be edited by prominent authors from the three Danubian States, and will be printed in the Roumanian, Bulgarian, and Servian languages. There is a party in Bulgaria eager to persuade the Sobranje to elect King Milan of Roumania Prince of Bulgaria, as being a real step toward the union of these two States. And the feeling has already spread further. M. Philemon, the President of the Athens Municipal Council, was recently at Bucharest, and there addressed a letter to the "Romanul," in which he said—"The Hellenic race can have no greater guarantee than that of having her frontiers on the north defended by a brave people, by a State well organized and jealous of its independence." This is said of Roumania, that did not enjoy independence until 1878. There is much more evidence of a similar kind, all pointing to a political rapprochement of all those quondam provinces of Turkey. These

* See *Investors' Guardian*, November 20.

* See *Stock Exchange Year Book*, 1886.

various peoples are eager individually to prevent all foreign interference in their affairs; and, collectively, they are possessed of the same determination. But they see that their individual desires can only be secured by collective action or union. They are in precisely reverse case to Canada or Australia. The five million Canadians know that their union with the British empire gives them absolute immunity from invasion or interference by the 60 millions in the United States. The three million Australians know that by their union with the British empire neither 36 million French nor 40 million Germans can violate or annex any portion of the soil of Australia. But the five millions in Roumania, the two millions in Servia, and the two millions in Bulgaria, are conscious that at any moment they may individually fall a prey to any of the great Powers. On the map Roumania resembles a mere hapless portion of the fringe of Russia, while Servia seems actually to belong to the Austrian empire; and with Russia at Varna, and Austria at Salonica, the hopes of these nationalities would be inevitably crushed. Yet there are in these anomalous States of South-Eastern Europe altogether ten million inhabitants, and already, on a war footing, they are capable of putting into the field a joint army of four hundred thousand men.

Roumania knows how she lay absolutely at the mercy of Russia in the Russo-Turkish war; and Servia has felt the spur of immigrant officers and soldiers, and experienced how rapidly Russian emissaries can supplant Servians in the control of affairs. These States are well aware of what has happened all along the ever-advancing Russian frontier. First of all, some Mohammedan province has its liberty and independence guaranteed. In a year or two it finds itself a province of Russia. On the north of the Black Sea the Treaty of "Nissa" declares the two Kabarda districts liberated from the yoke of the foreigner by the magnanimous Czar. In the year 1774 these two districts are incorporated by Russia, by the Treaty of Kaimardji, which declares the Crimea to be liberated. In the year 1791 the Crimea becomes absorbed into Russia.

On the European side, however, this

"State-grabbing" destiny of Russia has received a fatal check,—due to the action partly of the inhabitants themselves, and partly of interested foreign Governments. The spirit of defiant national independence has worked with effect in Servia and in Roumania, and is now rearing its head in Bulgaria; and it is a spirit which will be fostered and supported by the neighboring German Powers and also by the other European Powers.

Of these Danubian Principalities Mr. Freeman has written—"We see in them a transitional state of things, which diplomacy fondly believes to be an eternal settlement of an eternal question, but of which reason and history can say only that we know not what a day may bring forth." Strange indeed and startling, from time to time, have been the births of a day in this Eastern corner of Europe; and even now the air is surcharged with rumors of revolts and plots and wars, paralyzing in the extreme to all industrial and commercial advance.

And yet if we look beneath the surface of passing events we cannot fail to recognize two stormy and at times violent undercurrents. The one is that of Russian ambition. Turn where we will in the Balkan Peninsula, we find this undercurrent, steady and strong, ever setting in one definite direction. The power of the Turk is undermined by giving to his provinces, one after another, Home Rule, with the unvarying result that political separation immediately follows. Mr. Gladstone, curiously enough, avoided all reference to these cases when he told the House of Commons that the "last half-century is peculiarly rich in its experience of cases to show how practicable it is to bring into existence local autonomy, and yet not sacrifice but confirm imperial unity."

This undercurrent of political activity on the part of Russia is not of very old standing; and yet in half a century its results are visible in the fact that the greater part of what was European Turkey at the beginning of this century is now in the hands of Russia, or of *quasi* independent Powers. Successive grants of self-government to Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, we used to be told, were "mere conduits for the desires and de-

signs of a foreign despotism," although Mr. Freeman defined the "administrative autonomy" that was granted with so free a hand at the Berlin Conference to be "a half-way house between bondage and freedom." But the bald results must be borne in mind.

In 1839, not fifty years ago, Greece broke free of the Turkish yoke. Meanwhile the Romance States, between Hungary, Russia, and the Danube, became so far emancipated that the Porte exercised no further right than to receive tribute and to designate and depose ruling princes. Serbia, the remnant of an ancient Slav State, all this time paid tribute, and maintained Turkish garrisons in certain of its cities. But in 1867 these garrisons were finally withdrawn.

In 1878, not ten years ago, a flood of change passed over the land. Roumania was made independent, with the addition of the district of Dobrutch, giving coastline and ports on the Black Sea. Serbia was declared independent, and her territory increased. Bulgaria was erected into a Principality, in practical independence. The country to the south, between the new Bulgaria and the Balkans, was given "administrative autonomy," and entitled Eastern Roumelia. More recently, this province has joined itself, for better for worse, to Bulgaria.

These are the bald facts on the surface. And it is well to remember that Roumania, which is the buffer State between the other Danubian Principalities and Russia, is Latin in race and language. Next to it comes Bulgaria, in blood and tongue a mixture of Slav and Turanian. Beyond this to the west is Serbia, of which Freeman writes: "The Serbian people, the unmixed Slavs—as unmixed, that is, as any nation can be, . . . made a longer resistance to the Turks than the Bulgarian people: they were the first to throw off his yoke; one part of them never submitted to his yoke at all." To the south we have "Macedonia and Thrace," where Greeks and Turks chiefly face one another; but where Home Rule has not as yet stepped in and led to separation.

It is interesting to remember that these bald results of the century have a

long run of precedents in previous centuries. The distinct races of the peninsula have been from time immemorial antagonistic in the extreme, and have been from time to time subdued by alien conquerors, chiefly because of their domestic divisions and jealousies. So long ago as the year 970 A.D., the *Russian* leader Sviatoslaf overran the Bulgarian kingdom, and actually occupied Philippopolis. In 1346 the Servians, under their Czar Stephen, established an empire that practically included all the lands from the Danube to the sea. Afterward the Turks entered into possession. And now one main political undercurrent of the peninsula is the determined and persistent endeavor of Russia to supplant and succeed to the Turk.

But on sundry occasions, and especially in this recent ebullition in Bulgaria, another and second undercurrent has given proof of great and growing power. Administrative autonomy may be the half-way house between bondage to the Turk and national freedom. But when it is extorted by the hand of Russia the fear at once grows strong that after all it may prove to be but the half-way house between bondage to the Sultan and bondage to the Czar. At all events this is the conviction which is laying firm hold of the hearts and heads of the natives of the Danubian Principalities.

These peoples number ten million souls, already independent, and there are ten million others, mostly of their kith and kin, who may in time to come find themselves separated from the Turkish dominion. Will these peoples recognize the teachings of history, and see that their only weakness lies in their dissensions; and that none can place them in bondage if they will but unite for the one great purpose of resisting all foreign interference or domination? Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece might to-morrow join hands in an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the view to resisting all outside pressure or interference. There is no reason why such an alliance should not secure the goodwill both of Austria and the Porte. It is significant to note that the Czar sends messages of a peremptory character to the Bulgarians, in the name of the "Sovereign Emperor,"

and offers to Bulgaria his "*bounteously loving protection*;" and his agent holds cautious language; — "Russia never thought of enslaving Bulgaria, she desires only to see the Principality develop, and it is only by *leaning trustingly on Russia as an elder brother* that Bulgaria can solve the question which agitates her internally, and exposes her to danger from the outside;" and then calls upon the Bulgarians to act with blind full confidence upon the advice, or rather the specific instructions, given by Russia. Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, exhibits an entirely different spirit. The Hungarian Minister Tisza used very significant and carefully weighed words: "Austria-Hungary must concentrate its whole endeavors and all its influence with a view to promote the independent development of these States, and to *prevent the establishment of a protectorate* not provided by treaties, or the permanent influence of any single foreign Power there." Such a confederation would not offend any European Power or Powers, except such as have it at heart to gain absolute dominion over these States. It is, indeed, probable that Europe would look with complacency on the meeting of these States in Constantinople itself, under the hegemony of Turkey, for the purpose of consulting in common over the mutual defence.

But even without the actual headship of Turkey, although no doubt with the warm support both of Turkey and of Austria, these abnormally independent States might at once enter upon an offensive and defensive alliance. Other interests and responsibilities and claims would no doubt arise. Conferences might follow, and even some form of common parliament for affairs common to all gradually be developed. The liberty and independence of these States

can only be secured by their union; and this would find firm foundations in a supreme parliament in which all the component States would be duly represented, and in which specific common affairs would alone be dealt with, while each State could retain full individual autonomy in all other matters. Among other points, in these new United States there must be no interference whatever with the religion and the language of each State.

The English people would certainly rejoice to see such a conscious and spontaneous and popular desire for that union which is strength, establish in these troubled regions a strong confederation. A union of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro for certain, with the possible adhesion of Greece and the contingent adhesion of the remaining European provinces of Turkey, could thus be formed for the one defined purpose of binding each and all to assist to repel any attempts at interference and invasion on the part of foreign Powers. Such a confederate union would do more than repel outside interference, and preserve to these States their civil, political, and religious liberties; for it would, if it came into existence, effectually banish those mutual jealousies and local greeds which, on occasion, have led some outsiders to the opinion that the family of States in the Balkan Peninsula most resembles a family of mutually watchful tigers. A Brotherhood in the sacred cause of self-defence and independence offers those bonds of amity and co-operation which cannot fail to achieve incalculable good for the peoples concerned, and it would give to this eternal Eastern question, at all events, a long respite from its eternal troubles.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

CHRISTIANITY AS THE ABSOLUTE RELIGION.

BY REV. CANON WESTCOTT.

CHRISTIANITY claims to be a Gospel; to offer to men that which answers to their needs; to disclose in a form available for life eternal truths which we are so constituted as to recognize, though

we could not of ourselves discover them. Its verification therefore will lie in its essential character; in its fitness to fulfil this work, which is as broad as the world. And it may be worth while, in

the presence of much apparent misunderstanding, to endeavor to indicate the points which must be noticed in any fair estimate of its relations to modern thought.

I assume that men are born religious. By this I mean that they are so constituted as to seek to place themselves in harmony with the powers without them, and to establish a harmony between the forces which are revealed in their own persons. The effort to obtain this twofold harmony will be directed by many partial interpretations of the phenomena of existence. The results of experience gained during the life of humanity and during the life of the individual present the elements with which religion has to deal in various lights. Children and childlike races have of necessity different conceptions of self and the world and God—the final elements of religion—from those which belong to a maturer age or to a later period of national growth. The religion which is able to bring peace at one stage of human development may be wholly ineffective at another.

When, therefore, we look for a religion which shall perfectly satisfy the needs of men, we look for one which is essentially fitted for the support of man as man; which is able to follow him through the changing circumstances of personal and social growth, able to bring from itself new resources for new requirements, able to reveal thoughts out of many hearts, and to meet them with answers of wider knowledge. Such a religion must have a vital energy commensurate with all conceivable human progress.

And yet again: the perfect religion must not only have the power of dealing with man and men throughout the whole course of their manifold development; it must have the power of dealing with the complete fulness of life at any moment. It must have the present power of dealing with the problems of our being and of our destiny in relation to thought and to action and to feeling. The Truth which religion embodies must take account of the conditions of existence, and define the way of conduct, and quicken the energy of enterprise. Such Truth is not for speculation only: so far it is the subject of

Philosophy. It is not for discipline only: so far it is the subject of Ethics. It is not for embodiment only: so far it is the subject of Art. Religion in its completeness is the harmony of these three, of Philosophy, Ethics, and Art, blended into one by a spiritual force, by a consecration at once personal and absolute. The direction of Philosophy, to express the thought somewhat differently, is theoretic, and its end is the true, as the word is applied to knowledge; the direction of Ethics is practical, and its end is the good; the direction of Art is representative, and its end is the beautiful. Religion includes these several ends, but adds to them that in which they find their consummation, the holy. The holy brings an infinite sanction to that which is otherwise finite and relative. It expresses not only a complete inward peace, but also an essential fellowship with God.

Every religion, even the most primitive, will exhibit these three aims, these three elements, at least in a rudimentary form: the perfect religion will exhibit them in complete adjustment and efficacy. A perfect religion—a religion which offers a complete satisfaction to the religious wants of man—must (to repeat briefly what has been said) be able to meet the religious wants of the individual, the society, the race, in the complete course of their development and in the manifold intensity of each separate human faculty.

This being so, I contend that the faith in Christ, born, crucified, risen, ascended, forms the basis of this perfect religion; that it is able, in virtue of its essential character, to bring peace in view of the problems of life under every variety of circumstance and character—to illuminate, to develop, and to inspire every human faculty. My contention rests upon the recognition of the two marks by which Christianity is distinguished from every other religion. It is absolute and it is historical.

On the one side, Christianity is not confined by any limits of place, or time, or faculty, or object. It reaches to the whole sum of being and to the whole of each separate existence. On the other side, it offers its revelation in facts which are an actual part of human experience, so that the peculiar teaching which it

brings as to the nature and relations of God and man and the world is simply the interpretation of events in the life of men and in the life of One who was truly Man. It is not a theory, a splendid guess, but a proclamation of facts.

These, I repeat, are its original, its unalterable claims. Christianity is absolute. It claims, as it was set forth by the Apostles, though the grandeur of the claim was soon obscured, to reach all men, all time, all creation; it claims to effect the perfection no less than the redemption of finite being; it claims to bring a perfect unity of humanity without destroying the personality of any one man; it claims to deal with all that is external as well as with all that is internal, with matter as well as with spirit, with the physical universe as well as with the moral universe; it claims to realize a re-creation co-extensive with creation; it claims to present Him who was the Maker of the world as the Heir of all things; it claims to complete the cycle of existence, and show how all things come from God and go to God.

Christianity is absolute: it is also historical. It is historical, not simply in the sense in which (for example) Mohammedanism is historical, because the facts connected with the origin and growth of this religion, with the personality and life of the Founder, with the experience and growth of His doctrine, can be traced in documents which are adequate to assure belief; but in a far different sense also. It is historical in its antecedents, in its realization, in itself; it is historical as crowning a long period of religious training, which was accomplished under the influence of divine facts; it is historical as brought out in all its fulness from age to age in an outward society by the action of the Spirit of God; but, above all, and most characteristically, it is historical, because the revelation which it brings is of life and in life. The history of Christ is the Gospel in its light and in its power. His teaching is Himself, and nothing apart from Himself; what He is and what He does. The earliest creed—the creed of our baptism—is the affirmation of facts which include all doctrine.

Dogmatic systems may change, and have changed so far as they reflect tran-

sitory phases of speculative thought, but the primitive Gospel is unchangeable as it is inexhaustible. There can be no addition to it. It contains in itself all that will be slowly wrought out in thought and deed until the consummation.

In this sense, Christianity is the only historical religion. The message which it proclaims is wholly unique. Christ said, *I am*—not I declare, or I lay open, or I point to, but *I am*—the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

At first sight, the two characteristics of Christianity which I have laid down, that it is absolute and that it is historical, appear to be inconsistent. It may seem that a revelation which is not only given under particular conditions of time and place, but also expressed under those conditions, must be limited; that the influence and the meaning of a life, however powerful and sympathetic, must grow fainter in the course of centuries, and cannot extend, even if it has the capacity for extending, through all being.

It is a partial and suggestive answer to such objections that, since we have to consider a final revelation given to man, to man as he is in the fulness of his being, such a revelation must come through a true human life; and further, that which is offered to us in a representative life has contact with all life, as the one life is unfolded in its manifold richness; that nothing in the whole realm of Nature can be alien from man, who gathers in himself an epitome of Nature; that nothing, therefore, is incapable of sharing in the consecration and transfigurement by which he is ennobled.

But the complete answer lies in the personality of Him who lived Man among men. *The Word, we read, became flesh.* Here lives the secret of the power of that one true life. The Son of man was also Son of God. The Incarnation and the Resurrection reconcile the two characteristics of our faith—they establish the right of Christianity to be called historical, they establish its right to be called absolute.

We are not now concerned with the "evidence" for these transcendent facts, but I may make one remark which is of considerable importance. There cannot

possibly be any antecedent objection to them. They are as unique as the universe itself. There is no standard of experience to which we can bring them, and pronounce in virtue of the comparison that they are "preternatural."

And it may be added that the antithesis of the finite and the infinite which they combine underlies all thought, all life. The antithesis exists; consciousness witnesses to it; Christianity meets it, announcing the vital union of the two terms as the fundamental Gospel, not as a speculation but as a twofold fact. By the Incarnation it gives permanent reality to human knowledge; by the Resurrection it gives permanent reality to human life.

Thus, the Incarnation and the Resurrection furnish the basis for a religion which is intensely human, and which, at every moment, introduces the infinite and the unseen into a vital connection with the things of earth—a religion which illuminates the dark clouds that lie over our work, which offers an ideal wherein we can recognize the fulfilment of the destiny of humanity, which supplies an inspiration of power flowing from a divine fellowship—a religion, in other words, which is a complete satisfaction of the religious needs of man.

Let me endeavor to make these statements a little clearer in detail. Men, as we have seen—men, as born for religion—are born for knowing, for feeling, for acting; they need light, they need an ideal, they need power. And (this is my contention) the historic Gospel brings the light, the ideal, the power which they need—the light, the ideal, the power which we ourselves need in this crisis of our trial.

1. Men need light. No one can look either within or without and fail to see clear marks, not only of imperfection, but of failure. No one can study the pictures which great writers draw of the destiny of humanity, and not feel that the features which he recognizes have been grievously marred. There is a terrible contrast between man's power and man's achievements; there is a terrible contrast between that which (as we are made) we feel must be the purpose of Creation and the facts by which we are encountered. Viewed in themselves, the phenomena which suggest a design

of love in the order of the world issue in deeper sorrow. Naturally—and the words have a manifold application—death closes all. There is not, I think, a more impressive image in literature than that in which Dr. Newman describes the first effect of the world upon the man who looks there for tokens of the presence of God. "It is," he says, "as if I looked in a mirror and saw no reflection of my own face." This is the first, the natural effect.

But the record of the life of Christ, the thought of the presence of Christ, changes all. Christ, as He lived and lives, justifies our highest hope. He opens depths of vision below the surface of things. He transforms suffering; He shows us the highest aspirations of our being satisfied through a way of sorrow. He redresses the superficial inequalities of life by revealing its eternal glory. He enables us to understand how, being what we are, every grief and every strain of sensibility can be made in Him contributory to the working out of our common destiny.

Such reflections have a social, and they have also an individual, application. It was, as we read in St. Paul, the good pleasure of God "*to sum up all things in Christ*," and "*through Him to reconcile all things to Himself*."

This purpose is, in potency, already accomplished in Him. In one sense all is done already; in another sense, all has still to be realized. The fact at least of a fellowship of earth and heaven is given us in life; and we can all strive toward the sense of the new unity. Under this broadest aspect, the fact of Redemption carries us back to the fact of Creation, and we are enabled to see how the will of God is wrought out in spite of man's self-assertion.

We may not indeed be able to penetrate very far into these great mysteries. We shrink rightly from confining, by any theory in the terms of our present thoughts, truths which pass into another order. But the vision which we can gain is sufficient to change the whole aspect of life. Let us once feel that the anguish of creation is indeed the travail-pain of a new birth, as Scripture teaches, and we shall be strengthened to bear and to wait. And, as I said, these larger sorrows—sorrows which

form a heavy burden to many of us—find a counterpart in the single soul. And here again light is thrown upon the discipline of personal suffering through the work of Christ. That reveals to us the love from which it flows, and the perfection to which it is able to minister. Again, we may not be able to see far into the application of these lessons; but it becomes intelligible that if the virtue of Christ's life and death was made available for man through suffering—if it was through suffering that He fulfilled the destiny of man fallen—the appropriation of that which He has gained may be carried into effect through the same law. The mystery of the forgiveness of sins is fulfilled, and we can bear cheerfully the temporal consequences of sin.

In both respects, in regard to personal sufferings and to social sufferings, it is enough to remember that He who was the "Man of sorrows," He who "*was a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the whole world,*" first revealed the Fatherhood of God.

2. These considerations, which I can only indicate in the faintest outline, prove our first point. We need light, as conscious of failure in ourselves, sensible of failure around us; and Christianity takes the fullest account of this great gloom and illuminates it.

But in the next place, as men—as men in our essential constitution, and not only as fallen men—we need an ideal which may move us to effort. Now here, up to a certain point, there is no difference of opinion.

It is generally agreed that the type of character presented to us in the Gospels is the highest which we can fashion. The Person of the Lord meets us at every point in our strivings, and discloses something to call out in us loftier endeavor. In Him we discover in the most complete harmony all the excellences which are divided not unequally between man and woman. In Him we can recognize the gift which has been entrusted to each one of us severally, used in its true relation to the other endowments of humanity. He enters into the fulness of life, and makes known the value of each detail of life.

And what He is for us, He is for all men, and for all time. There is noth-

ing in the ideal which He offers which belongs to any particular age, or class, or nation. He stands above all and unites all. That which was local or transitory in the circumstances under which He lived, in the controversies of rival sects, in the struggles of patriotism, in the isolation of religious pride, leave no color in His character. All that is abiding, all that is human, is there without admixture, in that eternal energy which man's heart can recognize in its time of trial.

So it is that the Person of the Lord satisfies the requirement of growth which belongs to the religious nature of man. Our sense of His perfections grows with our own moral advance. We see more of His beauty as our power of vision is disciplined and purified. The slow unfolding of life enables us to discern new meaning in His presence. In His humanity is included whatever belongs to the consummation of the individual and of the race, not only in one stage but in all stages of progress, not only in regard to some endowments but in regard to the whole inheritance of our nature enlarged by the most vigorous use while the world lasts. We, in our weakness and littleness, confine our thoughts from generation to generation, now to this fragment of His fulness and now to that; but it is, I believe, true without exception in every realm of man's activity, true in action, true in literature, true in art, that the works which receive the most lasting homage of the soul are those which are most Christian, and that it is in each the Christian element, the element which answers to the fact of the Incarnation, to the fellowship of God with man as an accomplished reality of the present order, which attracts and holds our reverence. In the essence of things it cannot be otherwise. Our infirmity alone enfeebles the effect of the truth which we have to embody.

3. "Our infirmity." Here again the historic Gospel comes to our aid. We need light, and, as we have seen, it makes a sun to rise upon our darkness. We need an ideal, and it lifts up before us a Person in whom, under every variety of circumstance, we recognize the likeness for which we were created. But we also need power. It is true that we instinctively acknowledge the ideal

in Christ as that which interprets perfectly our own aspirations. No accumulation of failures can destroy the sense of our destiny. But alone, in ourselves, as we look back sadly, we confess that we have no new resource of strength for the future, as we have no ability to undo the past. The loftiest souls apart from Christ recognize that they were made for an end which "naturally" is unattainable. They do homage (for example) to a purity which they personally dishonor. This need brings into prominence the supreme characteristic of the faith. Christ meets the acknowledgment of individual helplessness with the offer of fellowship. He reveals union with Himself, union with God, and union with man in Him, as the spring of power, and the inspiration of effort. The knowledge which flows from the vision of the world as He has disclosed it is not simply for speculation: the glory of the image of man which He shows is not for contemplative admiration. Both are intensely practical. Both tend directly to kindle and support love in and through Him; and love, which is the transfiguration of pain, is also strength for action and motive for action.

In this way believing in Christ—believing in Christ, and not merely believing Christ—brings into exercise the deepest human feelings. It has been excellently laid down by one who was not of us, that "the solution of the problem of essence, of the questions, Whence? What? and Whither? must be in a life and not in a book." For the solution which is to sway life must have been already shown in its sovereign efficacy. And more than this, it must have been shown to have potentially a universal and not only a singular application. And this is exactly what the Gospel brings home to us. He who said, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world, and go to the Father," illuminated the words by actions which made known the divine original and the divine destiny of man. The Son of man did not separate Himself from those whom He was not ashamed to call brethren. He bade, and bids, them find in His humanity—His "flesh and blood"—the support of their own humanity.

In His life, for our sakes, the heavenly interpreted the earthly. He called out, and He still calls out in us, as we dwell upon the records of the Gospel, the response of that which is indeed kindred to Himself, of that which becomes one with Himself.

The sympathy which is thus awakened by Christ makes known to the soul its latent capacities. Again and again our own experience startles us with unexpected welcomes to the highest thoughts and claims. Even in ordinary life contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power, and quickens the consciousness of responsibility. And when union with the Son of man, the Son of God, is the basis of our religion, all these natural influences produce the highest conceivable effect. We each draw from fellowship with the perfect life that which our little life requires for its sustenance and growth.

Such considerations enable us to understand a little better than we commonly do those two words of St. Paul, "*in Christ*," which form an implicit creed. We come to see that they correspond with the fact of a larger life to which our lives are contributory, a life which reaches potentially to all redeemed beings, a life which takes into itself all that is harmonious with its character, and conveys of its infinite wealth to each fragment included in its organization.

The revelation which places us in direct connection with unfailing power supplies us also with a sovereign motive. When we accept such a revelation, the same instinct which constrains us to labor for ourselves constrains us to labor for others. To labor for others is, we then see in literal truth, to labor for ourselves. The separate consciousness of the individual parts of the body of Christ does not modify their interdependence, but gives a new meaning to the social destination of work. There is, we know, no pain which the devotion of love is unable to transfigure; and it is this devotion which the Christian conception of humanity and nature is essentially fitted to stir and to deepen. Not by accident, not by a remote or precarious deduction, but directly, in its simplest announcement, the Gospel proclaims that we are members one of

another, and that all creation waits for the manifestation of the sons of God.

And it is obvious that this belief in the solidarity of life, if once we could give it vivid distinctness, is able—perhaps is alone able—to deal with the evils which spring from selfishness. It enables us to estimate rightly the burden of poverty and the heavier burden of wealth, when we take account of the conditions under which the one life is fulfilled in many parts. It quickens that keen sense of responsibility to God which best regulates the use of large means; and it quickens that conviction of Divine fellowship which brings dignity even to indigence. And meanwhile it delivers us from the bondage of material standards, when it makes known all that is of the earth as that through which the spiritual is brought within our reach.

If now I have succeeded in any degree in marking clearly the lines of thought which I have wished to trace, we shall see that the capacity of Christianity to illuminate, to guide, to inspire, belongs to its very nature; that we cannot hold our Faith without finding in it light to dispel the heaviest clouds of life, an ideal to keep before us the divine purpose of creation, power to support us in our strivings to fulfil God's will; that, when it fails us in theory or in deed, we have so far limited or misunderstood or misused it. In other words we shall see that Christianity is the perfect religion.

It gives stability and energy to thought, and feeling, and action. Nothing can be without its scope, but to all things transitory it adds the element of the infinite.

It supplies the foundation of perfect freedom in absolute self-devotion. It ennobles dependence as the correlative of social fellowship. It presents the total aspect of being not as a conflict but as a unity. Politicians aim at "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but we have a surer and wider principle for our guidance, that the happiness of the whole is the happiness of all.

But it will be said that the theoretic claims of Christianity are paralleled by the claims of other religions; that they are disproved by the crimes of Chris-

tians. I notice the objections only to point out that they do, in fact, if fairly examined, confirm my position with overwhelming force. If it could be shown that the vital force of any other great religion was alien from Christianity; if it could be shown that the crimes of Christians arose from that which is of the essence of their Faith, then the objections would be weighty; but if, on the other hand, it is obvious that the religions of the world each touched the hearts of men by a power of order or devotion, of sympathy with nature or of surrender to a supreme King, then each præ-Christian religion becomes a witness to the Faith which combines these manifold powers in a final unity; if it is obvious that the excesses of Christian men and Christian States are in defiance of the message of the Incarnation, then they only prove that the approach to the ideal is slow, and that it rises above attainment to condemn and to encourage. So it is that the gathered experience of men bears testimony to the truth of Christianity, both when it records anticipations and when it records corruptions of its teaching. In the one case it shows the Gospel as satisfying the cravings of men, and in the other as judging their self-will and selfishness.

And at the same time the wide, frank questionings of history which lead to these results, the attempt, however imperfect, to bring our Faith into actual contact with the most varied facts of life, reveals its breadth and grandeur and vitality. We are all tempted to limit our conception of its efficacy by our personal requirements. We forget that it is directed not only to the redemption of man as fallen, but to the consummation of man as created. It requires a serious effort to look beyond ourselves, our nature, our age, and recognize how it meets wants which we have not felt, how it disciplines powers with which we are not endowed, how it supplements our offerings by the fruits of other service. The effort is difficult, but it brings for its reward a calm assurance which is as firm as the far-reaching foundation of human experience on which it rests.

So it may well be that some of the lines of thought which I have endeavored to indicate—only to indicate—may

be strange ; but I know that they are worth following. I know that they are able to bring home to us with irresistible force the conviction that Christianity has a message for us ; that the Holy Spirit is speaking to us with a voice which we can interpret ; that the currents of action and thought by which we are swayed can be so guided as to generate a divine light ; that the conceptions of the dependence of man upon man, and of man upon nature, of a fundamental unity, underlying the progress of phenomena, which are taking place about us, illuminate mysteries of apostolic teaching ; that the theology which expresses the temporal apprehension of the facts of revelation advances still, as it has advanced from the first, with the accumulated movement of all ancillary sciences.

Such convictions restore to us the position and the spirit of conquerors—the only position, the only spirit which befit our Faith. We are, we must be, as believers in Christ, in the presence of a living, that is, of a speaking God. Nothing, indeed, can be added to the facts of the Gospel, but all history and all nature is the commentary upon them. And the loftiest conceptions of human destiny and human duty cannot but be quickened and raised by the message which

reaches through the finite to the infinite, through time to eternity : “ In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . And the Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us.” Our imaginations are dull and undisciplined. We can hardly for a brief moment strive to realize what this Historic Gospel means. Yet even so in the still silence it makes itself felt. Then we confess that nothing beautiful, or true, or good, which lies within the range of human powers, can be outside its hallowing influence ; that it calls for an expression in doctrine, and in conduct, and in worship which exercises the utmost gifts of reason, and will, and feeling ; that it restores to man the divine fellowship which has been interrupted by sin ; that it discloses the importance of the present through which the interpretation of the eternal comes to us ; that it confirms the value of the individual by revealing his relation to a whole of limitless majesty ; that it offers a sovereign motive for seeking the help of unfailing might ; that it asks, guides, sustains the ministry of all life, and the ministry of every life ; and, therefore, that it is a complete satisfaction of the religious needs of men.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

To those who still believe in the importance of a classical education, it is an encouraging sign that as the area of the study of Greek is lessening year by year in England, its intensity is as steadily increasing. Step by step even the most strenuous upholders of the old system are being driven back by the force of public opinion, which says (rightly or wrongly we need not here discuss) that a knowledge of Greek is not necessary ; and by the cry of parents who say that they will not have their sons taught, in these times of stress, what they consider to be at best an elegant accomplishment. At the same time we see in our universities and in our public schools a growing tendency to place classical study upon a wider and a sounder basis. It is felt that it is no

longer enough to instil into the youthful mind the mysteries of the verb in *μι*, or the subtle and manifold meanings of *μεν* and *δε* ; but that through the gate of an accurate knowledge of a perfectly constructed language, the student should be continually invited to look beyond into the country which produced and at the men who used that language ; to realize the part they played in the history of the world ; to understand the high and noble ideas which inspired not merely their literature but their art, and in a sense the homeliest details of their daily life. Twenty, nay even ten years ago, a boy might pass, and pass with credit, through Eton and Oxford, through Harrow and Cambridge, and yet be ignorant of the very elements of Greek art. The mere names of Phidias

and Praxiteles might conceivably be known to him, but he could certainly not place them in the history of their art, and would probably have seen neither cast nor photograph of their works. Still less would he hear of the art of the architect, the potter, the vase-painter, or the maker of coins. Now, happily, we have passed into a different era. The niceties of language are no less studied than of yore. Comparative philology, the study of dialects, the careful examination of the style and vocabulary of individual authors, have indeed, in this very department of Greek study, introduced a far more fruitful and scientific method. But it is recognized that there are other departments which are no less important, although they had been so long neglected. The group of subjects comprised under the general term "archæology" are now beginning to receive their due share of attention, not only at Oxford and Cambridge, but in our leading public schools.

At Cambridge there has been established a Readership, and at Oxford a Professorship of Classical Archæology. At Cambridge has been formed an admirable museum of casts of the typical monuments of ancient sculpture, together with a reference-library of works bearing upon every branch of ancient art. At Cambridge, also, the old Classical Tripos has been subdivided so as to enable students, after qualifying in the preliminaries of scholarship, to devote themselves to special branches of classical study, archæology among them. At Oxford the subject is receiving scarcely less attention, although it is not yet definitely recognized in the Schools. The leading classical teachers there are fully alive to the importance of archæology, and a collection of casts is in course of formation. In the same connection, it is only fair to mention recent publications of the two University Presses: Prof. Michaelis's invaluable account of the private collections of ancient marbles in Great Britain, Professor Gardner's "Types of Greek Coins," Dr. Waldstein's "Essays on the Art of Phidias," and Mr. Roberts's forthcoming hand-book of Greek Inscriptions, on the part of Cambridge; Mr. Hicks's "Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions," and Mr. Head's

forthcoming "Manual of Greek Numismatics," on the part of Oxford.

The idea of establishing a school for the study of Greek archæology in the very centre of Greek civilization is due to the French, whose school at Athens was founded just forty years ago. The German Institute there was established, as a branch of the much earlier Institute at Rome, in 1876. Six years later the scholars of the United States, defying the limitations of time and space, also founded a home of learning in a land whose ancient inhabitants had no conception of the New World. The vision of an English school at Athens upon the same lines, had been present to the minds and familiar in the mouths of many scholars, and others interested in Greek studies, for some years, and had found occasional expression in the magazines and elsewhere. But its fulfilment seemed far enough off, when an article published by Professor Jebb, in the "Fortnightly Review" for May, 1883, unexpectedly brought the question to the front. Mr. Escott, then editor of the Review, warmly interested himself in the matter, and found means to bring it before the Prince of Wales. A meeting was shortly afterward held at Marlborough House, and a strong committee formed to carry the scheme into execution. Considering the difficulties which attend all such undertakings, and especially when the object in view does not readily appeal to the millionaire or the man in the street, this committee made good progress in the three years they held office. They did not, as they wished, raise a capital sum of twenty thousand pounds; perhaps few of them ever thought this possible. But considerably over four thousand pounds have been raised. A valuable site upon Mount Lycabettus was generously given by the Greek government, and on this site, at a cost of rather more than three thousand pounds, a good house has been built for the Director and a library. An income of four hundred pounds a year has been promised by corporate bodies and by individuals for three years, a period which will allow of the experiment being put to a fair test. An excellent Director for the first year has been secured in Mr. F. C. Penrose, than whom no available Englishman is bet-

ter qualified to start such an enterprise upon the right lines. The provisional committee has now been dissolved, and a permanent managing committee has been appointed with full powers.

But it is time to inquire what this school is intended to do. The question will be best answered, in the first instance, by a statement of the objects of the school as defined in the regulations which have just been drawn up by the managing committee. They are these :

- I.—The first aim of the School shall be to promote the study of Greek archaeology in all its departments. Among these shall be (i.) the study of Greek art and architecture in their remains of every period ; (ii.) the study of inscriptions ; (iii.) the exploration of ancient sites ; (iv.) the tracing of ancient roads and routes of traffic.
- II.—Besides being a School of Archaeology it shall be also, in the most comprehensive sense, a School of Classical Studies. Every period of the Greek language and literature, from the earliest age to the present day, shall be considered as coming within the province of the School.
- III.—The School shall also be a centre at which information can be obtained and books consulted by British travellers in Greece.
- IV.—For these purposes a Library shall be formed and maintained of archaeological and other suitable books, including maps, plans, and photographs.

This programme will be felt to be at once explicit and comprehensive. The enthusiasts who founded the French School at Athens are said to have founded it in the first instance for the purpose of studying the Greek Classics under the beautiful sky of their own land. However this may be, it is certain that the blossom of sentiment has borne the fruit of solid work. Many an historical problem, many an obscure point in the religious and political and social development of the Greeks, many an interesting question in the history of art, of industry, or of commerce, has received illumination, if not solution, from the patient investigations of the successive directors and students of the French and German Institutes at Athens. It is enough to mention the excavations at Delos and Olympia, and the researches of Messieurs Dumont, Köhler, and Foucart. They have shown the way, and it is now for English scholars to follow in their footsteps, and emulate their achievements. But even apart

from such problems, scores of which still invite the labors of generations of students, the advantage to the classical teacher of personal familiarity with Greek scenes and monuments can scarcely be exaggerated. Emphatic testimony on this point was recently borne by the head-masters of Eton and Harrow. Dr. Warre, at the recent meeting of subscribers to the British School, spoke of the advantage to be derived in teaching from the accurate delineation and description of the works of ancient art and manufacture. Dr. Fearon went so far as to say that he would like to see a personal knowledge of the countries about which he was to teach insisted upon as a preliminary qualification for every classical lecturer, or master in a public school. On the same side we may quote the still more emphatic testimony of Professor Goodwin, the first Director of the American School at Athens. In the report issued after his year of office Professor Goodwin said, in speaking of those who were to carry on the classical teaching of schools and universities :

"I am conscious of no better preparation for enthusiastic work, after they have obtained the book-learning commonly deemed necessary for their profession, than to spend eight months in the study of Greece herself, in viewing her temples and learning the secrets of their architecture, and in studying geography and history at once by exploring her battle-fields, her lines of communication through her mountain passes, and the sites of her famous cities. So you can study history in riding over the plains of Boeotia, and visiting in quick succession Orchomenos, Chæroneia, Leuctra, Platea, and Thebes. So you can study history in making the circuit of the plain of Mantinea, and in forcing your way through the rocky passes which lead to the beautiful valley of Sparta. Before you get to Sparta you will see why none of these rough stones were needed to build walls for the city ; and before you leave the valley you will understand better the discipline of Lycurgus, with its iron money and its black broth, and the hardihood of Leonidas and the men of Thermopylae."

"I believe," adds the Professor in words which will be echoed by most people who have thought seriously about the subject, and especially by all who have spent even a short time in Athens,

"I believe, that any scholar who should take in these object lessons, with the host of others which follow them, in a rapid journey through Greece, and then make a study of the monuments of Athens herself, and of the topography

of Athens and Attica, would never regret the year devoted to the pleasant work; and I believe, further, that any school or college which might hereafter employ him as its teacher of Greek would have made the best possible investment if it had paid his expenses while he was doing it. And, apart from all the purely antiquarian interest which every stone in Athens awakens in the scholar, I am sure that no one can dwell in daily sight of the dark rock of the Acropolis, crowned with the stately Parthenon, meeting his eyes at every turn in the crowded streets of modern Athens, as it met the eyes of the ancient Athenians, and become familiar with the calm beauty and dignity of this favorite home of Athena, without feeling that merely to live under its shadow is in itself an education."

The final sentence strikes once more the chord of sentiment which thrilled the founders of the French school. And true it is that sentiment is no small factor in such an enterprise. But surely it is a noble sentiment, springing from a recognition of the high services rendered by the Greeks to the cause of humanity, and leading moreover to a practical result in the enlargement of the bounds of knowledge. What Mr. Burn has said in the preface to his "Rome and the Campagna," applies with at least equal force to the case of Greece. "The importance of archaeological and topographical research continually increases with the progress of criticism, and the more mistrustful modern science renders us with regard to the primitive traditions recited by Roman historians, the more indispensable becomes the appeal to actually existing monuments and sites." If the truth of these words be admitted—and few, we imagine, would now venture to question them—it follows that the establishment of what may be called a biological station for the study of the history of the Greek nation, in the very centre of its activity, is an object which has a direct significance for, and deserves the support of, all concerned in the higher education of the country.

Enough has perhaps now been said to show that the objects of this school are definite and worthy of encouragement. It remains to speak of the conditions of its management, and of the admission and work of its students. The managing committee consists of three trustees, of a treasurer* and secretary, of

five members elected annually by the subscribers, and of members nominated, one by each corporate body which undertakes to subscribe at least fifty pounds a year toward the maintenance of the school. In this committee is vested the government of the school, including the power of appointing the Director. The Director's chief duties, as defined in the regulations drawn up by the committee, are (1) to guide and assist the studies of students of the school, (2) to deliver at least six free public lectures at Athens during the season, (3) to report to the committee, at the end of each season, on the studies pursued by himself and by each student; and on any other matter affecting the interests of the school. To prevent misapprehension we should add that although Mr. Penrose's other engagements do not permit of his acting as Director for more than one year, it is not intended that future Directors shall hold office for less than three years. The system of yearly Directors, adopted from force of circumstances in the case of the American school, has been proved to be at least as unsatisfactory in practice as any one could have anticipated. It takes at least a year for even a trained archæologist to qualify himself to perform efficiently all the varied duties of such a post. The students fall into three classes: (1) holders of travelling fellowships, studentships, or scholarships at any university of the United Kingdom or of the British Colonies, (2) travelling students sent out by the Royal Academy, Royal Institute of British Architects, or other similar bodies, (3) other persons who shall satisfy the managing committee that they are duly qualified to be admitted to the privileges of the school. Intending students are required to apply to the secretary,* and no student will be enrolled who does not intend to reside at least three months in Greek lands. When attached to the school a student will be expected to pursue some definite course of study or research in a department of Hellenic studies, and to write in each season a report upon his work. Such reports will be submitted to the Direc-

* Mr. Walter Leaf, Old Change, London.

* At present, Mr. George Macmillan, 29 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

tor, and may afterward at discretion be published under the sanction of the managing committee. Students will have a right to use the library of the school, and to attend all lectures given in connection with the school, free of charge. At present no arrangements are possible for their boarding and lodging, but it is hoped later on that means may be found to accommodate at least some of them at a fixed rate. Not the least important part of the work of such a school, as has been abundantly shown in the case of the French and German schools, would be that of the exploration or excavation of ancient sites. This object will be kept steadily in view by the governors of the British school, and if possible a special fund will be established for application to such purposes.

This brings us to the financial aspect of the undertaking. It was clearly pointed out in the recent report of the executive committee that although an income of four hundred pounds secured for three years seemed to justify the appointment of a Director and the opening of the school, yet this income is of a precarious nature, and is not enough to insure the efficiency of the school. The University of Oxford and the Hellenic Society have each granted the sum of one hundred pounds a year for three years, and there is a reasonable prospect of these grants being renewed. The remaining two hundred pounds a year is made up of individual subscriptions, and rather more than half of it has been guaranteed by a single donor, who conceals his generosity under the veil of anonymity. The thousand pounds of capital which remain after the building of the house at Athens will be absorbed in the preliminary expenses of furnishing it, and purchasing the nucleus of a library. It will be seen at once that this is not a very satisfactory state of things. Not more than two-thirds of the present income can be reckoned upon at the end of the first three years. A competent Director can hardly be found for a less salary than four hundred pounds a year, even with the house to live in. The library, if it is to serve its purpose, must be kept up by the annual purchase of new books, and archaeological books are necessarily expensive. The wear and tear of the house and furniture, the printing of reports,

and other incidental expenses must be provided for. A fund for travelling and exploration is most desirable, if not indispensable. Taking all this into account, it seems obvious that whether by donations, or by annual subscriptions, an endowment of at least five hundred pounds a year beyond the present resources of the school must be raised if its work is to be efficient and fruitful. To establish such an institution, and then to starve it by an inadequate endowment would be a national disgrace in face of the achievements of the French and German schools. These are supported, and liberally supported, by their respective governments. In England and in America such institutions depend for their support upon private enterprise and liberality. The Americans, who opened their school in a hired house, are now building one of their own on a site (also presented to them by the Greek government) adjoining that of the British school. They, too, have had some difficulty in raising all the funds that are needed, but the scholars who are in charge of the undertaking are hopeful of ultimate success. All who feel that England ought to be at least on a level with her neighbors in the pursuit of every liberal study are bound to see to it that the British school, inaugurated under such favorable auspices, shall not stand out in contrast to her rivals as a conspicuous failure on financial grounds alone. If funds do not fail, we may count upon a constant supply of able and zealous workers. Time was when English scholars were foremost in the work of exploration and research in Greek lands. The splendid work both of discovery and of publication performed by the Society of Dilettanti, which still flourishes among us, has done lasting honor to the name of English scholarship and munificence. It was two Englishmen, Stuart and Revett, who first published anything worthy to be called a complete account of the monuments of ancient Athens. The topographical writings of Colonel Leake are of still undisputed authority. It should surely not be said that the country which has produced such men, and others like them happily still with us, is less zealous than of old in a field which it was among the first to cultivate.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LAZARUS TO DIVES.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

FOR part of a London Season Slumming was a fashionable pastime. Dainty dames, delicate damsels, and golden gentlemen, went to the dark, dank, and dismal slums that abound in Modern Babylon, and, while they sniffed at pretty little camphor bags, feasted their eyes upon the dire distress of their fellow creatures. I do not mean that they were so fiendishly brutal as to absolutely enjoy the sight of the misery with the full consciousness that their fellow creatures were the sufferers. Nay, I have been told, and I do not in the least doubt the statement, that the dainty dames shuddered, the delicate damsels were tearful, and that even the golden gentlemen shook their heads dolefully. Their enjoyment was of the theatrical kind, and so was their sympathy. They were amused and affected, in the same manner and degree as they would have been amused and affected at a theatre in witnessing a pathetic drama of Life in a London Slum.

Why do I assert that the sympathy, as well as the enjoyment, of the slumming parties was altogether theatrical? Because I assume, and confidently assume, that the dainty dames, delicate damsels, and golden gentlemen, are not inhuman, and they would indeed be heartless as wolves, if they had realized that the suffering they beheld was real, since the slumming pastime had no more practical effect than if it had been merely a theatrical recreation. It was rumored that in the opinion of a distinguished physician, the slumming, despite the pretty little camphor bags, was perilous to health, and so it ceased, but surely those who had been to the slums would have tried to do something to mitigate the misery of Lazarus, if they had understood that the scenes they saw were real life scenes.

It may be that much, very much, too much of all the sympathy for the poor is of the theatrical sort. To feel for the sufferer of a woe you have never suffered, and that apparently you never can suffer, cannot be easy. If you visited hospitals your sympathy with the sick would not be merely theatrical, for

you know that sickness strikes and shatters the rich as well as the poor. If you went a dead-housing, got up mortuary parties, to while away an hour betwixt luncheon and your Rotten Row drive, your emotion would not be mostly theatrical, for death is the doom of prince as well as peasant, of Dives as well as Lazarus. But your land and your houses, and your settlements, and your consols, and your shares, assure you against meeting pestilential slum pauperism. Your property is practically a gulf that separates you from such a direful condition, as seemingly impassable as that which separated Dives in Hell from Lazarus in Heaven. So your sympathy with the poor, anent suffering you have never suffered, and apparently can never suffer, is apt to be theatrically unreal.

Perhaps it would be far better for Dives, in all respects far better for him, if he realized the fact, the terrible fact, that the misery of the poor is a reality, a fearful reality. Fearful for Dives as well as for Lazarus.

Dives! I suppose the certain rich man of the parable was in his way a philanthropist. Or else why should Lazarus, the beggar full of sores, have been laid at his gate? Perhaps it was known that the rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, gave to hungry beggars the crumbs that fell from his table. Only the crumbs, and no substantial part of his wealth.

Oh, modern philanthropist! Lazarus in his suffering and sorrow and torture and torment speaks of you as Dives. Art thou Dives? I do not ask you what portion of your income is given to the poor. That is not the point. The certain rich man did not redeem the beggar Lazarus from his beggary. Do you try to redeem the abject poor from their abject poverty? Just preventing death from destitution is what Dives did. Just preventing death from destitution seems to be what is done with the poor of to-day. Oh, modern philanthropist! Art thou Dives?

My brother! Well you are my brother

despite your wealth, even as Lazarus is your brother despite his poverty. My brother, you and I being quite alone, that is as alone as two human beings can be, let us with fraternal frankness consider the question: Art thou Dives? Are you Dives in very deed though not in thought? If you are Dives, in your treatment of Lazarus it matters not to him whether you act with thought or thoughtlessly. Does your lack of consciousness matter to you, supposing you are as Dives to Lazarus? If you have eyes to see and shut them, and you stumble, is not your fall your fault? So the question closely, cleavily concerns you:—"Art thou Dives?"

Lazarus thinks you are. He says in effect:—"He, the rich man, just keeps me alive with the crumbs that fall from his table, with what remain when his dogs are too gorged to eat any more, but he leaves me in the depths of distress. He only prolongs my misery. He calls himself a Christian, but he is the rich man of the parable, he is Dives."

Lazarus does not say so to you. On the contrary, with his lips he thanks you for the crumbs. But he says it when you cannot hear him, and when he feels free to speak out of the fulness of his heart, out of the fulness and the soreness of his heart.

Crumbs! Is Lazarus blind? Is he deaf? Can he not see the noble charitable institutions that you have reared, and that you support? The hospitals, for example. Lazarus has cynical counsellors who whisper to him—"The hospitals! Bah! They are founded and maintained so that surgeons and physicians may have the practice that enables them to attend to the ailments of the rich." Surely that imputation of a selfish motive is unjust. Let Lazarus be mindful of the command to judge not. He is not a searcher of hearts. He has to do with the deed—not the motive that prompts the doer of the deed. Some of the counsellors of Lazarus are most malevolently cynical, for they whisper to him—"The charity of the rich is intended as a sin-offering for the exceeding sinfulness of their exceeding selfishness. Those who love their wealth too devotedly to willingly part with any portion of it, keep it while

they live, and since they must part with it at death, a portion is bequeathed to charity. The charitable bequest is a dodge for making a sin-offering without any personal sacrifice; for it is a charitable gift only to be given after death has sent the so-called donor naked out of the world." Such cynicism is deplorable, and though the sores of Lazarus are many and very sore, how can he be excused for assenting or even half-assenting to the imputation of iniquitously unworthy motives for deeds that are in themselves kind? Perhaps that imputation of motives has something to do with the blindness and deafness of Lazarus as to the great sum total of your charity. Crumbs that fall from the table! Surely, oh modern philanthropist, you give away more, much more than the fallen crumbs. Still there is Lazarus in his dire distress, and you, speaking figuratively, are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. So, my rich brother, be not angry with Lazarus for his harsh judgment, and whether it is unjust or just it is very harsh. Think of your condition and his condition! Do you wonder he calls you Dives? But art thou Dives? It may be unawares, but art thou Dives?

Crumbs, indeed! Lazarus knows not the statistics of your charity. Also do you not manifest a deep interest in the welfare of the poor? Is there not to be a People's Palace reared in the midst of a region of squalor? Are not men of culture nobly using their talents to give mental culture to the poorest? Do not men of genius go from the wealthy West to the pauperized East and deliver lectures? Are not the children of the poorest being educated? Are not the Ministers of the Gospel, who labor for their Master in the poorest districts, aided in their most blessed work by zealous lay helpers, by men and women who prefer the service of God to the pleasures of Mammon? Yes; and yet Lazarus is still in dire distress.

Also, you have lately been very zealous in exhorting the poor to be thrifty. No doubt thrift is a virtue, even as prodigality is a vice. That is, the thrift which does not involve a love of money, and the heart-worship of the golden

calf. I have heard thrift urged as if it were the virtue of virtues, as if the sole duty of man to God and his fellow man was to save money. But is not the preaching of thrift to the poor—I mean even the thrift which is a virtue—a mockery? Among the rich some are prodigal, some generous, some thrifty, and some miserly, and the miserly endure privation to heap up riches they can never spend. Among the working classes also there are the prodigal, generous, thrifty, and miserly. Most miserable misers have been found in slums; a bedless man, clad in rags, and with body attenuated from lack of food, leaves behind him a sum of money. But true thrift is not the self-denial of necessities or even of reasonable comforts. The thrifty rich man, or the thrifty workman, saves out of his abundance, or by denying himself some luxury. What is the use of exhorting those who are moaning for necessities to be thrifty? Anyhow, the talk about thrift has not helped Lazarus, who still abides in dire distress.

Yet, oh, Philanthropist, oh, Christian, your talk about thrift indicates some perception of the fact that the poor have bodies as well as souls, and that the body should be cared for as well as the soul. I take it to be your main mistake, oh Christian philanthropist, that your treatment of the poor seems to be based on the assumption that so far as the poor are concerned, the physical condition betwixt the cradle and the grave is unimportant. Perhaps the rich man of the parable had a dim vision of immortality, and when he thought of Lazarus, said: — "Poor Lazarus! Death will end his bodily sufferings, and therefore let him be patient, and do what he can to prepare his soul for the world to come!" But we are not to presume that he knew the creed that you profess and solemnly recite, that he knew about the redemption of man, of the whole man, not of the soul only, but of the body also. And do you not sometimes act, I mean as regards the poor, as if you did not believe that the body and soul of man must both be redeemed, if one is to be redeemed? I suppose it is hard to conceive a more hellish suggestion than that referred to by the Apostle, that Christians should

sin that grace might abound. There is an unfathomable depth of devilry in that proposition. Well, there is a vast difference in degree, but some similarity in kind to say, "Oh, let the poor suffer their dire distress, let us urge the immediate redeeming and happiness of their souls, but let the redeeming and happiness of their bodies be altogether postponed until the resurrection." Do you, oh wealthy Christian, suppose that your brother Lazarus, living in putrid, festering, leprous squalor, is in the condition favorable to redemption? I do not insinuate that he is not redeemed. God forbid. With God all things are possible, and even as a rich man may enter Heaven, though it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, so Lazarus by the Almighty mercy, may be redeemed, despite the putrid, festering, and leprous condition of his life on earth. But the matter that concerns you, my golden brother, is your treatment of Lazarus, for if it is cruel, iniquitously cruel, your iniquity is not the less deadly and accursed to you because God is merciful to the victim of your iniquitous treatment. Therefore, I ask you have you tried, have you done what you could to redeem Lazarus from mortal misery? You have no objection to his having the crumbs that fall from your table, provided they are bestowed in accord with the rules of your political economy, so that he will not be encouraged to ask for more and more, that he is not, as you put it, pauperized. Also you are very busy about his soul. But you let him abide in dire distress, in a putrid, festering, and leprous condition. You profess and call yourself a Christian. You believe in the redemption or otherwise of the whole man, not of the soul without the body, nor of the body without the soul, but of soul and body, of both or neither. Yet your brother Lazarus abides in dire, debasing, destroying distress. You a Christian! Was Dives a Christian? Art thou Dives?

As a Christian you should follow, as far as you can, the way of Christ. He fed the hungry, and healed the sick. Also in the parable of the Judgment Day the righteous are not commended for any so-called spiritual labor; for preaching or praying, but solely for

deeds done for the good of the body. "For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Pray and preach, but also be zealous about the bodily welfare, for that is not less Godly work, and is your most bounden Christian duty. I have a message to you from Lazarus. He says: "Give me for my body's sake, and for my soul's sake, and for your soul's sake give me what God has provided for me, give me a living share of the necessities and comforts of life." I know not what you can do till you have tried, but I know you ought to try to do what you can for him. For the sake of Lazarus, body and soul, and for your own sake also body and soul.

Mark, I do not suggest that you should give all your goods to the poor. Without charity that would profit you nothing, without the charity of the heart, that is love. Moreover, I do not think that giving all your goods to the poor would be a remedy for poverty.

Mark, my wealthy brother, I do not mean that in my opinion you may cling to all the goods you have and deny Lazarus, your brother Lazarus, when by giving, that is by sharing, you can remedy, or even alleviate, his distress. To do so is a flagrant violation of the Law of Christ. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Lazarus, your brother, is also your neighbor. If you loved him as your self, could you rest a moment before making an utmost effort to redeem him from putrid, festering and leprous distress? Would you not hasten to him and say "Oh, Lazarus, oh, my brother, cast off those filthy rags, and put on these clean and seemly garments that I have brought?" And when you say, that is say in very deed, in inmost thought, "I am very anxious about the soul of Lazarus, but in this mortal life he must abide in distress, be shivering in filthy rags," you are juggling with your conscience, grossly violating the Law of Christ. "Oh, Lazarus, oh, my brother, I love you as myself, and I am so anxious about your soul, but I will not part with a part of my wealth to redeem you from present

misery." Oh, my wealthy brother, if devils can laugh, how they must laugh when you say that, not with your lips, but say it in very deed and in inmost thought.

Yet I repeat that it would not profit you to give all your goods to the poor, unless heart charity prompted the deed, and further I do not think the deed would be a remedy for poverty. It appears to me that even as it is good that there should be rivers and lakes, and wells and springs, stores of water, so it is good that there should be stores of wealth. And I would remind my brother Socialist, for the Socialist is my brother, even as Lazarus is my brother, and as you, Golden Gentleman, are my brother, I would remind him that there being stores of wealth does not necessarily involve inequality of enjoyment of the fulness of the provision that the Creator has provided for His creatures.

How much substantial equality there is by the Divine Law? A third of man's life on earth is passed in sleep, and in sleep there is a perfect equality. The rich as well as the poor suffer from sickness, have to endure the heart sickness of bereavement, and have to pass through the Valley of the Shadow. The rich man can consume no more food and clothing, no more of the actual necessities and comforts of life, than the man of moderate means. On the vast estates of the great landowner, food enough to feed a hundred thousand mouths may be produced, but the great landowner cannot consume it all, nay, he can only consume one man's share. The richest man goes out of the world as naked as the poorest man. The beggar with a penny in his pocket is richer in this world's goods than the dead millionaire. Such is the equality of condition by the Divine Law.

My brother Lazarus, I am not mocking at your misery. I know the dire distress from which you suffer. I know the terrible inequality of condition which afflicts you, and I will deliver your message to Dives. Well, that is to the rich man whom you call Dives, and who can wonder that you being as you are, regard the rich man as a Dives! Yet it is needful to be very mindful of what God has done in His Almighty Wisdom to limit the effects of selfish-

ness, to impose much equality of condition.

This is the position. Though wealth can confer no benefit whatever for a third of life, the portion of life passed in sleep, though wealth does not prevent sickness, bereavement, and death, though wealth does not even confer a greater capacity for the consumption of the necessities and comforts of mortal life, and the wealthy man, like the poor man has to go naked out of the world, still man strives for the possession of wealth. The rich man after all is only the steward of his wealth. And if he is a faithful steward he does a good work. There is the instinct, the passion, for accumulation, and also the Divine Law limitation of the selfishness of the accumulator, so that though he may be an unwise and even an unjust steward, he can only be a steward. Therefore, it seems to me that it is not a violation of the Divine Law, but in accord with the Divine Law, that there should be stores of wealth, just as there are stores of water, and it would be as disastrous to destroy property as it would be to destroy the rivers, and lakes, and wells and springs. I agree with my brother Socialist that the dire distress of Lazarus ought to be relieved, but I disagree with him that the remedy is to deprive the rich man of his property and to distribute it. Such a theory seems to me not to be in accord, but fundamentally antagonistic to the law of Providence.

There are Socialists who do not propose the getting rid of stores of wealth, but the transference of wealth to the trusteeship or stewardship of the State. Their plan is to abolish every form and degree of inheritance, so that whatever a man is possessed of at the time of his death shall be the property of the State, and by that means, in the course of a few years, all property will become the property of the State. In this connection the State is the Government, and the Government are a number of men who in some way or other acquire place and power. Would they be better stewards than private owners? All history testifies to the contrary, and if the scheme were practicable it would be fraught with disastrous results to the welfare of the people.

The Anarchists are destructionists,

and contend that destruction must precede reconstruction. But surely the destruction of wealth cannot enrich any class. The claimant cannot gain by destroying the goods of which he claims a share.

There are many sects of Socialists, and some very widely differing from the others, but they have this in common, that the creed of all Socialism is a dream of Millennium. Often a mistaken and sometimes a distorted vision, but, my Christian brother, what is there wicked in the vision of perfect fraternity, of the world becoming a Church, every member loving every other member as he loves himself, and every one having all that he needs from the plentiful store held in common. Instead of denouncing the Socialist as a wicked foe of humanity, it would be juster and wiser to reason with him. Ask him why he assumes that in a state of Millennium there will not be stores of wealth under the stewardship of the few? It is, I hold, the best system now, and it is a system that seems to me to be compatible with a perfect, that is a Millennium, state of humanity. If there is to be equality of right, as set forth and proclaimed in Christianity, and if there can be an equality of happiness that all are equally happy, what signifies other inequalities? So, if the pint measure is full and the quart measure is full, the pint measure is none the worse off because the quart measure holds more, and the full quart measure is none the worse off because the pint measure is also full to the utmost of its capacity. If the shrub has all the nourishment it needs, why should it envy the tree because the tree needs more nourishment, and also has all that it needs? One star differeth from another in magnitude, but if both are full of glory of what has the lesser to complain? As I have pointed out, there is, by the Divine Law, by the wisdom of God, a notable equality in the capacity of men to enjoy and consume the necessities and comforts of life, and, therefore, however rich a man may be, and however selfish he may be, he cannot consume as much of the necessities and comforts of life as would suffice for a thousand men; nay, he can only consume as much as if he were in the con-

dition of having neither riches nor property. When I consider the instinct or passion for acquisition, and the limitation of consumption, I seem to have evidence that the system of stores of wealth under the stewardship of individuals, that is the system of property, is in accord with the will of Providence. But the system of property being righteous cannot involve the cruel wrong of Lazarus being in putrid, festering, and leprous distress. But do you marvel that the Socialist, seeing the luxury of the rich and the misery of the poor, deems the system of property not righteous but iniquitous! I do not, yet I hold my Socialist brother to be mistaken. So, my wealthy brethren, ye stewards of the abundance provided by Our Father in Heaven for His children on earth, for Lazarus as well as for you, do not refuse the Socialist a hearing, but hear him, and reason with him, and say to him:—"Let us consider how we may so reform our plan, amend the human laws that regulate the relations of man to man, that every man may have the opportunity of obtaining by fair labor a fair share of the necessities and comforts of life provided by Providence for all men."

I do not agree with the policy of Socialism, and I am opposed to the views and methods of the Anarchists. But, my wealthy brother, Socialism is a considerable and rapidly-growing power, and the Anarchists' League against property is not a fiction, but a fact—a disturbing and even menacing fact.

There is Lazarus of the slum. Also Lazarus partially employed, about whose door the wolf prowls at the best times, and ever and anon crosses the threshold, tears and rends the said Lazarus and his wife and his children. Lazarus and Lazarus, both million-headed and million-handed.

Beside the million-headed and million-handed Lazarus is the average conditioned million-headed and million-handed Workman, and he is not contented with the reward he gets for his toil, and he deeply sympathizes with Lazarus because he sees, and now and then in a degree feels, the dire distress of Lazarus. He is somewhat inclined to make common cause with Lazarus, and of late he has become more and more

Socialistic. The Workman and Lazarus, the million-headed and million-handed sections allied would be a formidable force.

My wealthy brother, it is a wise saw that Knowledge is Power. You have given up a monopoly of the keys of knowledge, and now the Workman has knowledge, nay, Lazarus has knowledge. You were told that education would make the Million peaceful. Perhaps so, if it shows them cause for peace. Assuredly not, if it suggests cause for discontent. My wealthy brother, there has been much befooling about educating the Million. It is done, and it cannot be undone, and I am not sorry it has been done. Yet I repeat that there has been much befooling about the spreading of education. It was to make the poor more contented—or shall I say less discontented?—with their lot in life. Such contentment used to be—in some quarters still is—preached as a religious duty, though it is based upon the anti-Christian assumption, that whereas it would be fearful and fatal for the poor man to neglect—that is, to postpone—the redeeming of his soul, he need not in this world trouble himself about the welfare of his body, and so, whatever his condition, even if it is a slum condition, a condition of putrid, festering, and leprous distress, he is to be content with his lot. I suppose that, to a certain extent, the preaching has been effective, but how can any one imagine that education will produce such contentment? Does not mental improvement make the contrast of bodily debasement the more conspicuous and painful? Put it the other way. How a person would be derided for asserting that the richer a man becomes, the greater the comfort and physical refinement of his condition, the less he cares for education. The effect is the reverse, and mental progress has been concurrent with physical progress. With mental improvement there is also a yearning for deliverance from physical degradation. Lazarus being educated is more discontented with his lot. Also he is more powerful. Yes, Knowledge is Power, and physical power, too. What a mass of human misery there is between two main arteries of London, the rich Strand

and rich Oxford Street. Only the distance of a stone's throw between the thousands who abide in putrid, festering, and leprous poverty and enormous riches. Yet the thousands never make a raid into the Strand or into Oxford Street. The still greater mass of East-end misery and West-end wealth is only separated by a walking distance, yet Lazarus of the East-end does not disturb the repose of the West-end. Lazarus is as honest as Dives, as he calls the rich, but it is not his honesty that prevents him from raiding and looting, for he thinks he has a right to a share of the wealth. No, it is physical force that restrains him. Not the physical force of superior numbers, but the physical force of the organization and discipline that makes the few stronger than the many. But the million-headed and million-handed Lazarus of the slum, and the million-headed and million-handed Lazarus of the partially employed class, and the million-headed and the million-handed Workman have received the keys of knowledge, and they are beginning to learn that Knowledge is Power, ay, physical power, when it is used for organization and discipline. I am amazed at the progress that the Million have made in organization and discipline. Every man of the Million seems to have an assigned place and to know it. Moreover, he appears to obey the directions of his leader as a soldier does his military commander. The discipline is as yet in the elementary stage, it lacks the celerity combined with steadiness which cannot be acquired without drill, but there is the instinct of discipline, the determination to obey, to give up individuality when the cause needs such tribute of loyalty, to become the machine, the puppet of the leader. The demagogue, that is the leader of the Million, says: "Brothers, union is strength. By discipline the people have been conquered, and only by discipline can the people overcome their enemy. Let us organize. Let the people be an army. Let our watchword be union and discipline."

I am merely a mouthpiece. I bring a message from Lazarus to Dives, to the rich he calls Dives, from the dweller in the slum to Society. I am not joining in the cry of "To arms." I do not

wave the Red flag. I am for reform, not for revolution. Therefore, I have become the mouthpiece of Lazarus, and deliver his message that you may be taught or reminded, and so warned that there is a peril of revolution, and that unless there is reform Society will have a terrible conflict, and the triumph of Society is not certain. You smile, my rich brother. Probably, the golden gentlemen of Rome smiled if any one suggested that ultimately the barbarian hordes would trample on Roman civilization and destroy the Roman Empire. When Lot warned his son-in-law about the coming destruction of the cities of the plain, he seemed to them "as one that mocked." It is a common weakness of man to hold that what is shall continue to be. But, my rich brother, see, and hear and consider the position. There are the Million, and the Million, and the Million. They are muttering menaces against Society. Your discipline is still superior, is still a dominating force, but the Million, and the Million, and the Million are not now an altogether undisciplined mob. You have given them the keys of knowledge, and that is a gift that you could give, but you cannot take it back. Knowledge is Power, and the Million, and the Million, and the Million have learned the alphabet of organization, and the elements of the art of war, the conquering art of discipline. Day by day they are becoming more instructed, and if the contest goes on some day your discipline may be confronted by discipline, and the somewhat inferior discipline of the Million, and the Million, and the Million may prevail, being allied to an enormous numerical superiority. Anyhow, it would be a terrible conflict. You smile, my rich brother. But the Million is ceasing to be a mob. Thanks to you, it has the keys of knowledge, and Knowledge is Power, and it has learned the alphabet of organization and the elements of the art of war, of the conquering art of discipline. Pardon the repetition, but I am anxious to impress upon you, my rich brother, the momentous fact that the Million which was only a mob is becoming an organized and disciplined force.

It is late, very late, but not too late for reform that will eradicate the germs

of revolution. For this is the present message of Lazarus: "Give me for my body's sake, and for my soul's sake, and for your soul's sake, give me what God has provided for me, give me a living share of the necessities and comforts of life. I ask no more from you. With less I will not be content."

Surely not an unreasonable claim. And now, my rich brother, will you not prove to our brother Lazarus that you are not Dives, by no longer treating him as if you were Dives? Raising him from his dire distress will not lower you. For though you stand, oh, Society, take heed lest you fall. If your welfare is based on the misery of Lazarus, you will fall. It will be wise and not unworthy to heed the appeal of Lazarus, to your self-interest. It is nonsense to talk about self-interest being an unworthy motive, for the punishment of wrong-doing and the reward of righteous doing is the Divine Law. For your own sake, then, my rich brother, no longer treat Lazarus as if you were Dives. But also you, as a Christian, have the highest motive to treat Lazarus as your brother, and you do not so treat him while you are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, and he, your brother Lazarus, abides in putrid, festering, and leprous misery. Will not the leprosy of his body make your soul leprous? If you say that you love Lazarus as your brother, that you care for the salvation of his soul, and yet you leave him to abide in dire and corrupting distress, your profession of affection is utterly false.

What can you do? Lazarus does not ask for alms, but for the relief he holds himself entitled to—that is, he claims a living share of the necessities and comforts of life. I do not mean that he rejects your alms, and the prompt relief of distress, as far as it can be promptly relieved, is your bounden duty. But Lazarus is not satisfied with the position of a crumb-fed beggar who is just kept alive, whose mortal misery is prolonged by the doles of the rich. The profusest almsgiving does very little even to alleviate the misery of the Million. My rich brother, if you gave all your goods to the poor it would not be an excuse

for not doing what can be done to render almsgiving unnecessary.

What can you do? Will you tell Lazarus that though God has made the earth abundantly fruitful, yet many, very many, must needs suffer from privation? Will you tell him that his shameful misery is irremediable, because it is not man's fault? You will not pollute your lips with such blasphemy. Then what can you do? Consider and consult as to what can be tried to overcome the evil. There is the distress, and how can it be remedied and hereafter prevented? How can the organization of Society be so reformed that all men, even Lazarus, will have a living share of the necessities and comforts of life?

If you convince yourself that it is your most solemn duty to spare no effort to remedy the evil I doubt not that you will succeed. I have spoken of stores of water, but a lack of distribution causes famine, and hence irrigation works are necessary. Even in our towns, what would become of the dense population, if the stores of water were not distributed by water works? Well, what you have to do is to devise means for the more efficient distribution of all the necessities and comforts of life. My rich brother, you will not be impoverished by the boon conferred on Lazarus. Nay, you will be in every way further enriched by the prosperity of Lazarus. The prosperity of the Million pays tribute to the wealth of the few. Let it then be the aim of your politics to redeem Lazarus from his dire distress, and to reform the organization and laws of Society so that the Million and the Million and the Million will have a living share of the necessities and comforts of life. If there are any theories of political economy that are antagonistic to such reform, consign those parts of your political economy to Saturn or to Satan. My rich brother, the tolerance of the dire distress of Lazarus is Satanic.

The present message of Lazarus to you, whom he calls Dives, and, as I have said, you may well forgive him for so doing when you think of the soreness of his sores, is an appeal:—"Give me for my body's sake and my soul's

sake, and for your soul's sake, give me what God has provided for me, give me a living share of the necessities and comforts of life."

That message, though an appeal, may also be an ultimatum. If Lazarus is left to abide in putrid, festering, and leprous misery, he, in alliance with the Million, not much better off than the most distressed Million, and in alliance with the Million somewhat better off, but generally discontented, may prove to Society, that the keys of knowledge have not been vainly bestowed, and that the Million, and the Million, and the Million, are no longer a mere mob, but an organized and disciplined force.

My rich brother, the peril of Society is far greater than you suppose, but I repeat that it is not yet too late to prevent the catastrophe of revolution, of the direst of all revolutions, a social revolution, by reform that will be in accord with the commands of Christ. I am only the mouthpiece of Lazarus. Will you hear and consider his message? It is: "Dives, I am weary, and can no

longer endure the dire distress, the putrid, festering, and leprous misery. Give me for my body's sake, and for my soul's sake, and for your soul's sake, give me what God has provided for me, give me a living share of the necessities and comforts of life."

My rich brother, heed the appeal, and prove to Lazarus that you are not Dives; and not for his sake only but for your own sake also. You have educated the Million and they are no longer a mere mob, but are becoming a disciplined force. For the sake of all your self-interests heed the appeal. For the security of your property, and for the safety of Society, rescue the million-headed and million-handed Lazarus. As a Christian it is your highest self-interest, your solemn duty to redeem Lazarus from a putrid, festering, and leprous distress. You have heard the message of Lazarus. What is your reply? Lazarus is very weary, and he is becoming perilously impatient.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

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SONNET.

[The author of these lines—a girl of twenty-five—was drowned in a Welsh river last August. The night before her death she was heard to say: "If I do not die soon, I think I shall make something of poetry."]

IF this poor name of mine, now writ in sand
On Life's gray shore, which Time for ever laves
—A hungry ocean of unresting waves—
Might but be graven on rock, and so withstand
A little while the weather and the tide,
Great joy were mine. Alas! I cannot guide
My chisel right to carve the stubborn stone
Of Fame; and so the numbness of despair
Invades me; for the sounding names are there
Of all Earth's great ones; and methinks mine own
Fades in their music; yet before the light
Has vanished from the sky, and unblest night,
In which no man can work, shall stain the air,
I stand and weep on the gray shore—alone.

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STAR LORE.

BY J. A. FARRER.

It must often have struck the most cursory observer of a celestial globe or atlas with wonder that the objects there-

on depicted should have ever been imagined to possess the least correspondence with the heavenly bodies. Why

are wolves, lions, scorpions, lyres, and the rest seen in arrangements of stars that have not the least resemblance to the things after which they are named? Did astronomers resort to those figures for the more convenient mapping out of the heavens, or did they accept traditional names handed down from a time when all the forms of life figured in the heavens were really thought to be embodied in the stars?

The latter alternative seems the more probable of the two, since the beliefs of existing savages prove beyond doubt the possibility of the state of mind supposed. The Tannese islanders, for instance, have the heavens portioned out into constellations, with definite traditions to account for the canoes and ducks and children that they see there. Eggede tells us that the Esquimaux thought that some of the stars had been men, and others different sorts of animals or fish. In the South Pacific Islands dying men will announce their intention of becoming a star, and even mention the particular part of the heavens where they are to be looked for. The Bushman regards the more conspicuous stars as men, lions, tortoises, and so forth, while he sees in the Milky Way some wood ashes thrown up by a girl into the sky, that people might see their way home by night. To the Australians, two large stars in the forelegs of Centaurus were two brothers who speared Tchingal to death, the east stars of Crux being the points of the spears that pierced his body. And the Indians of America, who told of the fisherman who once trespassed in heaven in quest of perpetual sunshine, and was shot by an arrow from one of the celestials, could point to the actual Fisher Stars, where the arrow could be seen in the fisherman's tail. We who are accustomed to think of the Milky Way as a vast multitude of unknown worlds, and of the sun simply as the sun—a conception against the impiety of which even Seneca protested—can hardly enter into the feelings of the Esquimaux, to whom the Milky Way represented in all reality the vast concourse of the dead, or of the Andamānese, to whom the sun was literally a woman and the mother of the stars.

But a goodly number of legends in actual European folklore prevent the

necessity of relying solely on the evidence of savage ideas in proof of the reality of this method of regarding or explaining the heavenly bodies. Everything in existence was apparently once regarded as human, or thought of under human attributes, as illustrated in the story of Balder in the Edda. To protect Balder from danger his mother, the goddess Freja, exacted an oath that they would spare his life from water, fire, earth, plants, animals, birds, worms, and even from pestilence, only excepting from the oath one small bush, the mistletoe, not because it was not as human as the rest, but because it was too young to understand the solemnity of an oath. And when Balder met his death from the mistletoe, not only men lamented him, but beasts and plants, and even stones.

The genders of words is a further confirmation of this theory, especially in the case of the sun and moon. In Latin and the Romance languages the sun is masculine and the moon feminine, and in Egypt and Peru the sun and moon were related as brother and sister or as husband and wife. But in German, Arabic, Mexican, Slavonic, and Lithuanian the genders are reversed, and in our own language Shakespeare speaks of the moon as "she." But in all languages the fundamental thought is the actual human personality of the two great lights, still the dominant thought among all, or nearly all, the lower races. And the thought still lingers with us, as in Bavaria, where they still speak of *Herr Mond* and *Frau Sonne*, and whence the following specimen of natural philosophy is derived.

Moon and sun, they say, were man and wife, but the moon proved but a cold lover, and was so addicted to sleep that one day his wife laid him a wager, by virtue of which the right of shining by day was to belong in future to whichever of them should awake first in the morning. The moon laughed, and accepted the wager, but found when he rose next day that the sun had been already for two hours giving light unto the world; a condition and indeed a consequence of their wager being, that unless they awoke at the same time they should shine at different times. The result of the wager was a permanent separation,

much to the affliction of the triumphant sun, who, still loving her husband, was, and always is, trying to repair the matrimonial breach. Eclipses are really due to meetings with a view to reconciliation; but as the pair always begin with mutual reproaches, the time comes for them to part before they have ceased to quarrel, and so the sun goes away blood-red with anger, and the red clouds often seen at sunset are the tears of blood she sheds.

Given the idea of the sun and moon as a married couple, the belief of the old Prussians that the stars were their children (identical with the Andamanese belief), was an obvious inference. Novels and romances were clearly written in the heavens, and afforded a ready clew to certain natural phenomena. Thus, according to one story, the moon once deserted his wife and eloped with the betrothed of the morning star, for which the god of thunder cut him in two with a knife, as may be distinctly perceived in his shape at certain times! According to another story the sun's jealousy was aroused when the moon took up from the earth a girl who span by moonlight. To be even with him, she took up the girl's lover whom she espied asleep in a wood. The girl and her lover, however, continued faithful to one another in spite of the immense distance between them. The coldness of the spinning girl toward himself caused the moon so lively a distress that he often weeps, and the tears he sheds are what we call the shooting stars!

Or you may regard the shooting stars as the dust which falls from the head of a giantess as she combs her hair with the moon's crescent. Nothing is left unexplained in this philosophy. The phases of the moon presuppose an old giant, too feeble to walk, who mounts the moon as he rises, but who rides him so heavily that the moon's sides are so much pressed in that it takes him some time to recover his normal size. As to the stars, there once were none, till the giants of old, throwing balls at the sun, pierced holes in the sky, and so let the light of that orb shine through those holes which we call stars. The Danes take the moon for a cheese, formed of the milk that has run together out of the Milky Way. In Cyprus they call

that luminary *Venus barbata*, because she once prayed to the Virgin for help against an importunate lover, and received, to protect her, a beard like a man's. In the Pyrenees they frighten black clouds by showing them their own face in a mirror, and thus avert the devastation of hail-storms.

Nothing more absurd than these ideas can be found among savages, albeit much that is of a precisely similar cast. In what a mental state must the old Jews have lived, who believed that the sun, moon, and stars danced before Adam in Paradise, and that at the end of the world they would do so again in the presence of the just! Or what shall be thought of Slavonic mythology, which regards the stars as living in habitual intercourse with men and their affairs, and which tells of a beautiful maiden who, because she boasted of her beauty as exceeding the sun's, was burned coal-black by that revengeful luminary? Everything shows that no ideas of primitive philosophy are too extravagant to survive into the days of exact science and observation. We may still study the mind of the savage in civilized Europe, where the rude guesses at truth, which constitute the greater part of mythology, are created or preserved very much as they ever were before the primitive Aryans left their common home. And if we wonder how people could ever have seen the remotest resemblance between, say, the sun and a man, we must remember that with our own children the smallest point of similarity between things amply suffices for an inference of complete identity. If the sun and moon suggested the idea of an eye or a face, the imagination would readily supply the other invisible parts. And who can measure the depths of absurdity into which we may get—if the sun, for instance, besides being a man or a woman, may at the same time as easily be thought of as a cow or a wolf, or in fact anything else?

There is, therefore, no essential improbability in assuming that, as the Red Indians, Australians, Bushmen, and Esquimaux interpreted the starlit heavens in the terms of earth, and saw men and animals where we see suns and worlds, so did our Aryan ancestors also, and that in that way originated those names

and figures of the constellations which are so great a perplexity to ourselves. Why, for instance, did the Greeks give the name of bear to that set of seven stars which we still call the Great Bear; or why should the Hindus have seen in them seven *rishi*, or wise men? The solar mythologists say that it was in consequence of the development of a verbal root which meant to *shine*. Says Sir George Cox: "From a root which meant to shine, the Seven Shiners received their name; possibly or probably to the same root belongs the name of the Golden Bear (*ἄρκτος* and *ursa*). . . . and thus, when the epithet had by some tribes been confined to the bear, the Seven Shiners were transformed first into seven bears, then into one with *Arktouros* (Arcturus) for their bearward. In India, too, the name of *riksha* was forgotten, but instead of referring the word to bears they confounded it with *rishi*, and the seven stars became the abode of seven poets or sages, who enter the ark with Menu (Minos), and reappear as the Seven Wise Men of Hellas, and the Seven Champions of Christendom." The explanation is highly ingenious; but it is at least as likely an explanation, and a far simpler one, that, just as the house-god Thor was once thought of as a bear, and actually so called, or as the Irokee god Agankitchee became sometimes a wolf, sometimes a bear, so the early Greeks revered a man as a bear or a bear as a god, and, when he died, gave him his place among the stars; or, again, that the Hindus did the same by seven wise men, or, seeing seven bright stars, simply interpreted them as seven sages. The Arcadian tale of Callisto, the mother of Arcas, being changed into a bear by the jealousy of Here, and imprisoned in the constellation of the bear, would, from its perfect accordance with the way in which such names are applied to the stars by most of the ruder races of mankind, be a far more likely origin for the Greek or modern English name than the root meaning to *shine*, which would have no more application to the stars of the Great Bear than to any others of the host of heaven.

Although the reaction of language on thought may undoubtedly add to the resources of mythological absurdity, we

shall do better to regard the influence of thought on language as its original and fundamental principle. The original thought underlying all mythology is the real humanity of all things, and the instantaneous convertibility of one thing into another. That is the essential groundwork of all its absurdities, though there may be other subsidiary causes enough. One, for instance, is the love of making riddles, and making enigmatical allusions to natural phenomena. "The father with his fur full of ears of corn" is a Lithuanian riddle for the sky and the stars. A popular German riddle for a cloud is a black cow going over a pillarless bridge, whom no one in the whole country can stop. Who would detect in the following Tyrolese enigma an allusion to the sun and moon, heaven and earth, and the sea—

Due viandanti : Two travellers.

Due bene stanti : Two who firmly stand.

E un cardinal : And a cardinal?

Or who would guess, on hearing the following—

Piatto sopra piatto,

Uomo ben armato,

Donna ben vestita,

Cavalleria ben fornita—

that the dish above a dish meant the sky above the earth, the well-armed man the sun, the well-dressed woman the moon, and the well-equipped cavalry the stars? Even if such riddles only implied a fanciful comparison, and not the form into which originally ruder belief about nature came to be translated, it is evident that they would be not without assistance in the production of irrational myths.

From being thought of as persons the sun and moon came gradually to be thought of as places, just as Hades and Orcus are said to have been persons before they were places, or, as in Norse mythology, Hel, the goddess of death, passed into Hell, the abode of the dead. If this change can be traced in European mythology it will help to throw light on the origin of one of the most curious and one of the most widely-spread superstitions of mankind.

The belief in the human personality of the sun and moon appears clearly in stories wherein they take mortals up to them from the earth by way of punishment. The modern Greeks tell a tale

of a childless woman, who, praying to the sun for a girl, obtained her request, subject to the restoration of the girl at the age of twelve. When little Tetiko, having reached that age, was one day picking vegetables in the garden, whom should she meet but the sun himself, who bade her go and remind her mother of her promise. The terrified mother instantly shut the doors and windows to protect the child, but she unfortunately forgot the keyhole, through which the sun penetrated and succeeded in carrying off his prey.

A German story shows the sun regarded partly as a person who can be offended, partly as the place where the offender is punished. A prisoner on his way to execution met with the pity of all he passed, save of one woman, who was hanging up her linen to dry on the rays of the sun, and maintained that the man richly deserved his fate. No sooner had she expressed that opinion than her linen fell down, nor was she ever again able to hang it on her former drying-place. And when she died she came to the sun, there condemned to remain as long as the world endures.

The moon, however, is generally thought of as a greater kidnapper than the sun. The Samoans have the following legend. A woman who with a mallet was once beating out on a board some of the bark of the paper mulberry in time of famine, seeing the moon rise like a great bread-fruit, exclaimed, "Why cannot you come down and let my child have a bit of you?" The moon, indignant at such an idea, did come down, and took up the woman with her board and mallet and her child, as any Samaon may see for himself by looking at the moon when it is full.

In the Edda the moon takes up two children for merely carrying waterpots on their shoulders. That the moon was himself a man seems to have preceded the idea that there was a man in the moon. There are many German and Tyrolean stories of the moon carrying off a rascal who held brambles before the moon to conceal his theft of a horse, of cabbages, cherries, fish, or cheese, or who went about at night sticking sheep with a fork. The Bohemian tradition is, that the moon warned a thief against stealing peas, and took him up when he

persisted in doing so. In all these stories the moon appears as a human agent, capable of being offended and of inflicting punishment. In Swabia they still see the flax and hair of the woman who was taken up to the moon for spinning at her window in the moonlight, and they still think it so sinful to spin or sew by moonlight that it is a common thing to hear it said, "Leave off working, or you will go to the moon."

But the most ridiculous story of the man in the moon is that which identifies him with a certain peasant translated thither for profaning a holy day. As Marc Antony, to the great offence of the Romans, called two twins of his Sun and Moon, so this peasant when on earth rejoiced in the name of Moon. Before his departure he promised his wife that he would return and fetch her, so that when he appeared one night at her window she at once recognized him and merely said, "Is it you, Moon?" "Yes," replied that orb, "I was Moon on earth, and am still, and must be for eternity. If you will come, dress warmly, for it is cold in my company." So his wife took her wooden shoes and fur and went to the moon, where she may still be seen after midnight dressed in her fur. In this story there is clearly some confusion of thought between the moon himself and the man supposed to be resident in the moon; a confusion which would naturally occur, as the conception of the moon as a person tended to pass into that of the moon as a place. To how late a time the former conception prevailed is indicated by the facts that as late as the seventh century St. Eligius deemed it necessary to preach against the practice of speaking of the moon as "our Lord;" and that a Christian legend actually identifies the luminary with Mary Magdalene, and sees in the spots on its face the tears of her repentance!

There is a common superstition against pointing the finger at the new moon; and in Swabia children are not allowed to make the shadow-figure of a hare on the walls with their fingers, in imitation of the hare sometimes supposed to be visible in the moon. This latter custom is curious, because in China, India, and Ceylon there is also thought to be a hare in the moon, and in connection with

definite traditions. In Indian mythology, the god of the moon carries a hare; in Ceylon the story is that the hare, meeting Buddha in a wood, bade him light a fire, and then proceeded to jump into it, to be cooked for his benefit; whereupon Buddha snatched the good animal from the flames and translated him to the moon. And the Chinese hold that the hare's figure was placed in the moon to commemorate the action of the ruler of heaven, who once changed himself into a hare to assuage the pangs of a hungry traveller. Some such story must underlie the Swabian custom, which, like other customs in connection with the moon, is sometimes thought to be a survival of an old system of moon-worship. But how came it that the sun and moon were ever worshipped at all? Is it not, with greater probability, because human attributes were once ascribed to them with fear and dread than because they were regarded as the symbols of light or fire or heat? From the belief in their humanity to belief in their divinity the transition would be natural and obvious; and in fact on no other theory can we understand all the propitiatory sacrifices connected with their worship. Would the Mexicans have offered their horrible human sacrifices merely to the symbols of light and heat?

From being, then, persons able to inflict punishment on mortals, the sun and moon passed into the actual places of punishment. The moon certainly becomes a place to which even mortals by the power of a curse may consign their fellows. The person seen in the moon is a seventh son cursed thither by his father, who had children enough; or a daughter cursed thither by her mother for idleness at spinning or for having gone to dance in her mother's absence. In Wurtemberg it is still a common formula for the asseveration of innocence to say, "If I did it, may I go to the moon!" Dante's identification of the figure in the moon with Cain, or the more popular one, with the man stoned by the Israelites for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, points still more clearly to the moon as the place of punishment.

There is a Swiss story of a man who, having committed the offence of cutting down a fir-tree, was allowed to choose

as his punishment removal to the heat of the sun or the cold of the moon. In Russian and German folklore the moon is, on account of its cold, identified with the place of future punishment for Sabbath-breakers. The Northern nations, taught by grim experience to dread extreme cold more than extreme heat, imagine a hell of cold and ice; and if such a hell were suggested by, and then identified with the moon, what more natural than that in hotter climates the sun should have given birth to the idea of a world where excess of fire and heat formed the basis of penal suffering for the wicked? And thus, as either luminary suggested an intensification of heat or cold, endured in this world, as the probable punishment of the next, so would the other luminary come naturally to be thought of as reversing those conditions, and therefore reserved as a place of sensational delight, like the Elysium of the Greeks or the happy hunting-grounds of the Red Indian, for those who by their bravery or other virtues might be so fortunate as to deserve it.

It is no objection to, but rather a confirmation of, this theory, that the place of future purgatory is as universally thought of as subterranean (as was Elysium also), an idea so firmly fixed in the old pagan world that even the Christian Tertullian located heaven under the earth. For without observation of the movements of the sun and moon, apparently rising from below or out of the earth or sea and again sinking beneath them, nothing would have suggested a subterranean world at all, which is not of itself of obvious occurrence. The periodical reappearance of sun and moon is clearly suggestive of a journey under and through the earth during their absence from sight; and probably the Samoan idea was a general one in primitive life, that "the blazing sun went down into the ocean, passed through, and came up next morning on the other side." One result would be that the ideas of punishment originally associated with the sun and moon would gradually pass to that more mysterious, because unseen, world through which they were thought to travel, and with which existing traditions still connect them in popular tales. Thus the Boto-

cudos of Brazil, who identify the bad spirit Ayguan with the moon, believe that it is in his proper residence under the earth that he punishes and torments the souls of cowards.* And to that subterranean world, so suggested, would no less naturally become attached the eternal duration of the fire or frost of future suffering there to be endured, the unceasing regularity of the lunar and solar movements indicating that conclusion—a conclusion which is a conspicuous feature in all those popular myths which insist on the everlastingness of the punishment of the hapless offender whose presence and fate is writ large in the moon as an eternal warning to mankind.

For sheer irrationality it will perhaps be conceded that European mythology actually in existence may compete very fairly with Hottentot or any other mythology. The question is how that irrationality arose, and the answer here submitted is that such irrationality is the primary and fundamental fact in all mythology, the result for the most part of guesses at knowledge in a state of ignorance; and that we shall be more likely to be right if we regard current popular mythology less as a corruption of conceptions originally sane and plausible than as a survival of conceptions that have been from the first as irrational as at one time they seemed to be plausible. The absurdity of beliefs to us is no proof of their absurdity to their original framers, and if such beliefs were ever held simultaneously (as there is good evidence that they were) as that the moon might be a man, or a cow, or a wolf, or have on its surface a man, or a hare, or a dog, it is very evident that some very pretty myths would result, for which it would be a waste of time to search for any very recondite meaning or origin.

This theory accounts in one and the same way both for the origin and for the absurdities of mythology, by supposing that mythology is in its essence, and has been from first to last, irrational, nothing being so wild or extravagant as not to commend itself as true and likely to the human mind in its primitive and infantine state. Thus, if Cronus

devours his own children, it accounts for it without further ado as a thing that originally seemed a very natural thing for Cronus to do. As it is told of the Maories of New Zealand that "such absurdities as would only amuse infants in Europe serve to delight and illuminate the most venerable auditory," so might it have been told of our remote Aryan ancestors. In other words, irrational mythology appears as the natural product of irrational minds speculating on or trying to account for the numerous striking facts that fell under their observation.

The more venerable theory regards mythology as in the main the corruption, induced by the influence or reaction of language or thought on beliefs or ideas originally sane enough, if not positively philosophical. "What makes mythology mythological in the true sense of the word," says Prof. Max Müller, "is what is utterly unintelligible, absurd, strange, or miraculous," and this, instead of accepting it as its normal and original condition, he seeks to explain by most ingenious and philological speculations. Take, for instance, *Tsui-goab*, the Hottentot name for the Deity. It now means wounded knee, but it meant originally the red dawn, the two words which at first connoted the latter idea having come in time to connote the former; so that what was once clear in reference to the highest supernatural power came to have no meaning at all, and consequently called into existence for the purpose of explanation all sorts of stories of a once-powerful sorcerer who wounded his knee in conflict with an enemy. The word *tsui*, we are told, means generally *sore*, but may also mean *red* or *bloody*, while the word *goab* is from a root *goa*, to walk or approach, whence *goab*, he comes, or, the goer; the latter word leading, further, to the meaning of a knee; and the word *goab* also meaning the day, and more particularly the approaching day.

So many names have been forced into meaning the dawn, that it may be permitted to doubt whether *Tsui-goab* ever really did mean the red dawn at all. According to the Professor, there is only one rival to the theory of the influence of language over thought in the formation of mythology, namely, the theory

* Réville: *Hist. des Religions*, i. 367.

of Euhemerus, which interprets the irrational as a matter of actual fact, and ascribes its origin to some real incident in human life. Euhemerus would have said that Tsui-goab was really a sorcerer who limped or had a wounded knee, and who, for the marvels he wrought as a sorcerer, came to be worshipped after his death as a divinity. This is quite possible; but perhaps the most probable theory of all is that Tsui-goab never had any real existence at all, but was the gradual product of the Hottentot mind exercised on speculative matters, just as Manabozho was the product of Red Indian imagination, or Zeus of the Greek. That as the story grew some incident was added which so strongly associated the legendary hero with a wounded knee as to fix that as his permanent name would be likely enough, but that the incident itself is discoverable or worth discovering there is not the smallest reason for supposing.

This hypothesis of the essential irrationality of all mythology, without any resort to the depraving influence of language over thought, except as a subsidiary cause, meets all cases, the Greek myths no less than the African, inasmuch as the most irrational explanations or stories have an inherent power of surviv-

ing into more civilized times. That it was only the higher minds of Greece to whom the stories of Hesiod and Homer did not afford the most complete satisfaction is amply proved by the indirect attack upon them made by Plato in his imaginary Republic. That a philosopher at that time should have found it necessary to protest, and that only on behalf of a fictitious, and not a real, community, against such tales as the flinging of Hephæstus out of heaven for trying to take his mother's part when his father was beating her, or as the chaining of Hera by her son, is a proof of the extreme vitality of myths of the sort. Our own European traditions are quite as objectionable and absurd, and the immense amount of learning and ingenuity that has been devoted to their study, with a view to connect them with originally rational and sound philosophy contained in metaphorical allusions to natural phenomena, will probably before long be recognized as little better than wasted. They are merely old wives' tales handed down through the ages; the offspring of idleness and ignorance, and only of interest at all as illustrations of the state of the human mind in the days before science had dawned.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE MATTERHORN, AND ITS VICTIMS.

THE Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin, a peak of the Pennine Alps, fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty feet high, is unique among the mountains of the Alps, for elsewhere throughout their length and breadth there is no single peak that approaches to it in massive grandeur of shape. Standing alone, apart from the neighboring peaks, holding itself proudly aloof, as it were, from the common herd, it is truly a monarch among mountains. To look upon it is to realize at once the feeling of awe and reverence with which, even to this day, the peasants of the valley regard it—a feeling which in former years had perhaps more to do with its reputed inaccessibility than anything else; while other peaks whose ascent is now thought to be more difficult, were falling one by one before the early pioneers of the Al-

pine Club. In that time—with very few exceptions—even the boldest hunters of Zermatt and the Val Tournanche shrank from attempting the ascent, for time-honored legends said that the Matterhorn was haunted, that evil spirits made it their trysting-place; and when the storm raged high, and the lightning played about its crags, danced and shrieked around it in unholy glee. Then, too, the Matterhorn has a history of its own, such as no other mountain save Mont Blanc possesses.

Every one who has read Mr. Whymper's *Scrambles Among the Alps*—a book which has probably done more to stimulate the love of climbing than any written before or since—knows how he alone—when other mountaineers tried and failed, coming back always with the same tale, that the summit was inacces-

sible—persisted that it could be reached ; and how, though driven back many and many a time, he refused to accept defeat, till at length, after an expenditure of time and money which some would deem completely thrown away in such a cause, his indomitable perseverance met with its due reward. As Mr. Whymper's adventures in connection with the ascent of the Matterhorn have been already related in this *Journal* under the title "Ascent of the Matterhorn," January 10, 1880, we need only refer to them here in so far as is necessary for the sequence of the narrative.

There were several attempts made to ascend the Matterhorn previous to 1858 ; but the first known were those of the four Val Tournanche guides—Jean Antoine Carrel, J. J. Carrel, Victor Carrel, Gabriel Maquignaz, with the Abbé Gorret, in that and in the following year. These attempts were all made on the Italian side, from Breuil ; and it does not appear that at any time a greater height than twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet was attained. Very little definite information, however, has ever been obtainable on the subject.

The next attempt of which we have record was a remarkable one, for it was made by three brothers, the Messrs. Parker of Liverpool, *and without guides*. The attempt was made in 1860 from Zermatt, and these daring climbers attacked the eastern face, looked upon at that time as quite beyond the powers of any human being to climb. They succeeded in ascending to a height of some twelve thousand feet, and were then driven back by bad weather. In the same year, another attempt was made from Breuil by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Vaughan Hawkins, with the guides J. J. Carrel and Bennen ; but they did not make much advance upon what had been done during the attempts of the Val Tournanche guides ; and it is doubtful if a greater height than thirteen thousand feet was reached.

In 1861, the Messrs. Parker tried again, but did not succeed in getting much higher than they did in the previous year ; while on the Italian side, the two Carrels, J. A. and J. J., made another attempt, which was unsuccessful.

Then began the attempts of Mr. Whymper, and from that moment until

the last successful expedition, with two exceptions, his name was associated with all the attempts that were made upon the mountain. The two exceptions were those of Mr. T. S. Kennedy and of Professor Tyndall in 1862. The first was unique, as having been made in the winter—on the 7th of January. Mr. Kennedy seems to have thought that the ascent might prove practicable in winter, if not in summer ; but his experience was a severe one. A fierce wind, bitter cold, and a superabundance of snow prevented his getting very far ; and, like all the rest, he returned completely discomfited. The attempt of Professor Tyndall on the Italian side, in July of that year, was perhaps the nearest to success of any that had yet been made. He had two celebrated Swiss guides with him, Bennen and Walter ; and he also took, but only as porters, three Val Tournanche men, of whom J. A. Carrel was one. This expedition was only stopped when within eight hundred feet of the top. Professor Tyndall came back so deeply impressed with the difficulties surrounding the ascent, that he made no effort to renew his attempt. In fact, he does not appear to have gone on the mountain again till he ascended it in 1868, three years after the first ascent had been made. Professor Tyndall's want of success appears in great measure to have been due to the jealousy existing between the guides of the two rival nationalities, Swiss and Italian.

The first attempt by Mr. Whymper was made from Breuil on the 29th of August 1861, the same day as the attempt by the two Carrels. Mr. Whymper was accompanied by an Oberland guide, who proved a somewhat inefficient companion ; and they failed to get higher than the "Chimney," twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. He made other five attempts in 1862, one in 1863, and two in 1865. In the ninth and last, he was successful.

In Mr. Whymper's ninth and successful attempt the united party consisted of Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Hadow—a friend of Mr. Hudson's—and the guides Michel Croz and the two Taugwalders, father and son. They started from Zermatt on July 13, 1865,

and camped out above the Hörnli ridge. The weather was fine and with everything in their favor, next day, they climbed with ease the apparently inaccessible precipices, and reached the actual summit at 1.40 P.M.

In the account of the expedition which Mr. Whymper has given to the world, he graphically describes the wild delight which they all felt at a success so much beyond their hopes, and how for a full hour they sat drinking in the sweets of victory before preparing to descend. It is almost needless to retell a story which we have previously related, and which is so well known as the terrible tragedy which took place during the descent—how Mr. Hadow slipped, struck Croz from his steps, and dragged down Mr. Hudson and Lord Francis Douglas; how the rope snapped midway between Lord Francis Douglas and old Taugwalder; and how Mr. Whymper and the two Taugwalders watched, horrified, while their unfortunate companions slid rapidly downward, spreading out their hands in a vain endeavor to save themselves, till they finally disappeared over the edge of the precipice, falling a distance of four thousand feet on to the glacier below! The bodies of Messrs. Hudson, Hadow, and Croz were subsequently recovered, and now lie buried in the graveyard of the Zermatt village church; but of Lord Francis Douglas, nothing could be seen. Beyond a boot, a pair of gloves, and the torn and blood-stained sleeve of a coat, no trace of him has ever since been found. What became of his body is to this day a mystery.

It is strange how the memory of this the most dramatic—if it may be so termed—of all the accidents which have ever happened in the Alps is still indelibly impressed on the minds of climbers, guides, and amateurs alike. It is the commonest thing to hear it discussed, and the theories put forward as to the cause of the rope giving way where it did are various and ingenious. Unfortunately for the reputation of old Taugwalder, the report of the official investigation held by the local authorities after the accident has never to this day been made public. As a consequence, old Taugwalder has suffered irretrievably from a report mischievously circulated

by his fellow-villagers to the effect, that at the moment of the slip, he sacrificed his companions to save himself, by severing the rope! And in spite of Mr. Whymper's assertions that the thing was impossible, there are some who still persist in maintaining that he cut it. The suspicion under which he labored so preyed upon his spirits that he quitted the scene, and for many years never returned to his native village. The younger Taugwalder became one of the leading guides of the valley.

Thrice again has the Matterhorn been the scene of death in a terrible form. In 1879, the mountain claimed two more victims. In the one case, an American, Dr. Moseley, disregarding the most ordinary precautions, slipped and perished horribly, falling a height of some two thousand feet, on to some rocks a little way down the Furggen Glacier. Dr. Moseley, accompanied by Mr. Craven and the well-known Oberland guides, Christian Inäbnit and Peter Rubi, left Zermatt on the night of August 13, with the intention of making a one-day ascent of the Matterhorn. Both gentlemen were members of the Alpine Club, and mountaineers of considerable experience. The summit was reached successfully at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th; and after a short halt, the descent was commenced. Dr. Moseley, who was a skilful rock-climber, and possessed of great confidence in his own climbing powers, soon after passing the most difficult bit of the mountain, complained that the rope was a considerable hindrance; and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Craven and the guides, insisted on detaching himself from the other members of the party. At some little distance from the old hut the party had to cross a projecting ledge of smooth rock. Rubi crossed first, and planted his ax so as to give Dr. Moseley a firm foothold; but Dr. Moseley, declining the proffered assistance, placed his hand upon the rock and endeavored to vault over it. In an instant, his foot slipped, his ax flew out of his hand, and he fell on to some snow beneath, down which he commenced to slide on his back. The snow was frozen, and he dropped on to some rocks below. With a desperate effort, he turned himself round and tried to

grasp the rocks with his hands ; but the impetus attained was too great, and he fell from rock to rock till lost to his companions' sight. The body was subsequently recovered ; and from the terrible nature of the fall, death must have ensued long before the bottom was reached.

Here was a case of a valuable life absolutely thrown away, for, had Dr. Moseley remained on the rope, the accident would never have happened. It was the same over-confidence that cost the life of the Rev. J. M. Elliott on the Schreckhorn, and it is to be feared will cost the lives of others yet, if the warning conveyed by the fall of these two accomplished mountaineers continues to be disregarded. There was another circumstance, too, which had a bearing on the accident, and which is an additional proof of a want of carefulness on the part of the unfortunate man—his boots were found, on examination, to be almost entirely devoid of nails, and were, therefore, practically useless for mountaineering purposes.

In the other case, a death occurred under circumstances which are happily without a parallel in the annals of mountaineering. Two members of the Basle section of the Swiss Alpine Club—a body in no way connected with our own Alpine Club—engaged three guides—J. M. Lochmatter and Joseph Brantschen, both of St. Nicolas, and P. Beytrison of Evolena—to take them over the Matterhorn from Breuil to Zermatt. They left the first-named place on the morning of August 12, and in the afternoon reached the hut which the Italian Alpine Club have built at an elevation of some thirteen thousand feet, amid the wildest crags of the Matterhorn, intending to sleep there, and cross the mountain to Zermatt in the course of the following day. During the night, the guide Brantschen was taken ill, and by morning had become so weak as to be quite unable to move. Now, under these circumstances, it might have been supposed that Brantschen would have been the first consideration ; but the two Swiss gentlemen thought otherwise. Instead of at once abandoning the expedition, and sending down for help to Breuil, after a brief consultation they announced to Lochmatter their inten-

tion of proceeding to Zermatt, and ordered him and Beytrison to get ready to start. They were conscious of the fact that Brantschen had become dangerously ill, and appear to have demurred at first, but weakly gave in on their employers insisting. A blanket was thrown over the sick man, a little food placed beside him, and then the party filed out of the hut, and the door was shut. It is possible that in their leaving Brantschen they were scarcely alive to the consequences of their act ; it is to be hoped, at all events, that they were not ; but from the moment that the hut was left, they deliberately condemned the sick man to at least thirty-six hours of absolute solitude. In fact, by the adoption of this course, the nearest succor—at the pace of the party—was nineteen and a half hours off, whereas Breuil would have been only eight. They crossed the mountain safely, but being bad walkers, did not reach Zermatt till half-past one the following morning. They then caused a relief party of guides to be sent out ; but it was too late. On reaching the hut, the unfortunate man was found to be dead. The conduct of his employers did not escape criticism both at home and abroad.

There have been accidents on the Matterhorn since 1879 ; but although in more than one instance there has been a narrow escape, only once has any further life been sacrificed.

Within a few days of the first ascent of the Matterhorn, on July 18, 1865, J. A. Carrel and Bich succeeded in reaching the summit from the Italian side, by a feat of rock-climbing scarcely equalled for daring in the annals of mountaineering. Since then, ascents of the Matterhorn have multiplied year by year ; but for every one ascent by the Italian route, there must be twenty at least by the Zermatt. In fact, the former route is scarcely adapted for any but good mountaineers. The Matterhorn has also been climbed from the Zmutt side ; but this route has never become popular. The first traveller to ascend the Matterhorn from Breuil was Mr. F. Craufurd Grove, the present President of the Alpine Club ; and of other remarkable ascents may be mentioned those of Miss Walker, accompanied by her brother and Mr. Gardiner—Miss

Walker being the first lady to climb the Matterhorn—of the Misses Pigeon, who were weather-bound for three days in the hut on the Italian side; and in descending to Zermatt, after crossing the summit, were benighted, and had to remain on the open mountainside till day-break; of Messrs. Cawood, Colgrove and Cust, who made the ascent from Zermatt without guides; of the ill-fated expeditions in which the lives of Dr. Moseley, the guide Brantschen, and Mr. Borchhardt were lost; and of Mr. Mummery and the late Mr. Penhall, who each discovered a new route from the Zmutt side.

The Matterhorn has likewise been ascended in the winter; as the writer can assert from experience, having accomplished the feat—such as it was—in the days when it had not become the everyday affair that it is now. With two guides, one of whom was the well-known Joseph Imboden of St. Nicolas. I arrived at Zermatt one fine afternoon in August, resolved upon a one-day ascent of the Matterhorn. A start was to be made at midnight; and soon after that hour, we were picking our way over the stones which paved the deserted village street in the darkness of a moonless night. Leaving the village behind us, we commenced to ascend through the meadows beyond the village, Imboden leading, and never for a moment pausing, although, in that uncertain light, it was difficult to distinguish a track of any kind. We reached the barren Hörnli ridge, and as we commenced to traverse it, the sky grew lighter with the dawn of day. We were close to the foot of the Matterhorn now, and it loomed upon us, towering high into the sky, and seeming to my eyes one mighty series of precipices from base to summit. There was a solemn grandeur about the scene which seemed even to have its influence upon my companion, for not a word was spoken as we strode on toward the mountain. But when once we were upon the rock itself, I found that the difficulties which I had pictured to myself as likely to arise had little existence in fact; the series of precipices resolved themselves into a rocky surface, much broken, and yielding capital hand and foot hold everywhere. The incline, too, was very much less steep than it had

appeared at a distance. No difficulty indeed presented itself; and climbing upward rapidly, in two hours from the Hörnli we were at the hut which in those days was generally made use of for passing the night previous to an ascent. This hut is built beneath the shelter of an overhanging cliff, on a narrow rock platform, and its position does not give one an idea of security. It is cramped, and when I saw it, was very dirty, and, indeed, looked altogether so uninviting, that I congratulated myself on having avoided a night in it. We found the stove useful, though, for cooking our breakfast. This hut has now been superseded by a larger building, erected lower down the mountain. We finished our breakfast, and set out once more.

Hitherto, the work had been quite easy; but now came something stiffer, our first experience being on an ice-slope at an angle of perhaps forty-five degrees, overhanging the route by which we had ascended, and by which, had any false step been made, we should have returned somewhat hastily. A party that had gone up the day before spared us any step-cutting, for they had done their work so satisfactorily that quite a staircase remained for our use. We reached the top of the slope in safety; a knife-edge of snow led us to the right, and almost immediately we found ourselves upon the most difficult bit of the mountain, the northern face. Rounding the edge of the mountain, you look down, and below you, the face of the cliff falls away steeply, till it terminates in a drop of three thousand feet or more. Above, rises perpendicularly almost a succession of knobs of rock, overlapping one another, and more or less coated with snow and ice. The position may be rendered exciting enough to please any one by the addition of one or two incompetent individuals to the party.

Our progress was slow but steady. Imboden would scan the face of the cliff, climb up a few feet, and when firmly fixed, call to me to follow, the operation then being repeated with the second guide. We sighted the summit at fifteen minutes past eight; and in less than two hours after leaving the hut we were on the highest point. The summit varies much, differing in shape with

each successive season; and when we were there, it was a ridge of snow, narrow in places, broader in others, though nowhere was it possible to walk three abreast. We had a glorious view; but in this respect the Matterhorn is perhaps inferior to some of its neighbors, notably to Monte Rosa and the Dom.

During the descent, Imboden exercised even greater care, and we reached the hut again safely. From there we made our way leisurely down to Zermatt, where we arrived soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, after an unusually quick ascent, thanks to the splendid weather and the easy state of the northern face, which, while it cost us only two hours, has sometimes given a party seven hours or more of hard work. On the way down, Imboden pointed out to me two blanched fragments of rope trailing from the rocks far up on the northern face. They were left there by Mr. Whympers after the accident, and marked the spot close by where it occurred. There they remained as cherished relics till last year, when a traveller sent his guide to cut them down and bring them away. It is sad to think that it was an Englishman who was guilty of this wanton act.

As far as the actual ascent of the Matterhorn goes, it is far from being the formidable affair which it was once considered to be; but at the same time it is certainly not an expedition to be recommended to every one. It is not that the ascent is dangerous in itself, though some may have their own opinion about that, but it cannot be too strongly insisted on that, under certain conditions, it ought not to be attempted. Every experienced climber knows how weather can affect a mountain, and how ascents which, under ordinary conditions, are easy enough, are apt after bad weather to become difficult—sometimes impossible; and for a party of novices, with possibly guides not of the best class, to attempt the Matterhorn in a bad state is to run a risk such as no one

in the pursuit of pleasure is justified in running.

The latest accident upon the Matterhorn, up to date of writing, has perhaps more than any other Alpine accident illustrated the folly of attempting great mountains without a proper mountaineering training beforehand. On the morning of the 17th of August, at three A.M., a party, consisting of Messrs. F. C. Borckhardt and T. Davies, with Zermatt guides, Peter Aufdemblatten and Fridolin Kronig, left the lower Matterhorn hut, and in fine weather reached the summit about nine A.M. Soon after leaving it, the weather, with one of those sudden changes which must always more or less constitute a danger in Alpine climbing, became very bad, and it began to snow. The progress of the party was very slow, for neither of the two gentlemen seems to have been a good walker, and both were exhausted; and by seven o'clock that same evening they had only reached the spot near where Dr. Moseley made his fatal slip. Here they halted. It continued to snow all that night and till past noon on the following day, by which time travellers and guides were reduced to a pitiable condition. And now comes the saddest part of the story. Of the party, Mr. Borckhardt was by this time the most helpless, and as such, ought to have received the greatest consideration; but the guides persuaded Mr. Davies that the only chance of saving their own lives was to leave their helpless companion, and make a push to the nearest point whence help could be obtained. At that moment, it so happened that a rescue party was on its way from Zermatt, and they met it about half-way down to the hut. On hearing of the abandonment of Mr. Borckhardt on the open mountain-side, the relief party pushed on to his aid with all haste; but it was of no avail; they only arrived to find that the unfortunate gentleman was past all human help.—*Chambers's Journal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUR ARCTIC PROVINCES, ALASKA AND THE SEAL ISLANDS. By Henry W. Elliott. Illustrated with many Drawings from Nature and Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this entertaining and instructive book announces in his preface that his aim has been to divest himself entirely of his own individuality, and to portray by pen and pencil the life and country as it is, clearly and truthfully, so that the reader might draw his or her own inference, just as though he or she stood on the ground in person. This was no easy task. Every traveller is much inclined to exploit himself and bring his own personality into the foreground on all possible occasions. To suppress the individuality, and to make one's self a faithful and graphic camera, so to speak, simply is to be the ideal traveller. Mr. Elliott's scientific training as one of the corps of the Smithsonian Institution stands him in good stead, and he has given the world a book of sterling value and interest, which will be regarded as a standard work on the subject. Our author begins with sketching the earlier history of Alaska from the time of its first occupation by the Russians in 1741 to its acquisition by the United States in 1867, through Mr. Seward's then-much-laughed-at negotiations. The wisdom of the purchase has been amply justified since in the development of already remarkable results and the promise of a much greater one. The remoteness of Alaska from the rest of the United States has been a drawback to her growth, but it has not prevented valuable results in more than one sense. Mr. Elliott, as a student in anthropology, has had an excellent field for his talents in the study of the Alaskan aborigines. These tribes, generically the same in race, but with several varieties, present many curious features and are a fine people, the creole type or the half-breed mixture with the Russian producing men and women of noticeable strength and beauty. These Indians live mostly on the sea and estuaries, or on the great rivers (of which Alaska has one, the Yukon, which rivals the Amazon and the Mississippi), and are fishermen instead of hunters, though not without skill in the latter direction. Rum and disease have rapidly, however, reduced the number of the Sitkan aborigines, and their ultimate extinction, like that of the other American Indian tribes, is only a matter of time. This is the more to be de-

plored as the Sitkan Indians are peaceable, hardy, amenable to civilization, and important factors in the great fishing interests so rapidly developing in Alaska, interests which promise to make the territory the greatest source of fish supply in the world. The seas swarm with countless shoals of the finest cod, halibut, and mackerel, while the salmon in the rivers surpasses that of the Columbia in quality and fecundity.

Mr. Elliott gives vivid descriptions of the rivers, mountains, and plains of this magnificent region, which in summer is superbly beautiful. The temperature of this semi-Arctic province is much higher than the corresponding latitudes of the Atlantic coast, and the flora and fauna are in many respects not widely different from those of the rest of the Pacific coast region. Mr. Elliott speaks with pardonable enthusiasm of what he saw, if half he says be true.

Chapters to which many readers will turn with special interest are those devoted to the otter and the seal, especially the latter. He gives a very full description of the habits of these creatures and the method of hunting them. Five sixths of the seal fur of the world comes from Alaska, yet, in spite of the multitudinous slaughter of these animals every year, they do not seem to decrease in quantity. The killing of them is regulated by law, and as the monopoly is now in the hands of one company, which ranks only second to the Standard Oil Company in wealth, it seems fair to suppose that the seal-fishery will be always conducted with some intelligent appreciation of the future. It is impossible to convey within a brief space any adequate notion of the value and interest of this book. There are no romantic travellers' stories, no thrilling narratives of daring or dangerous personal adventure. It is only the careful and well-written record of an observer thoroughly equipped with scientific knowledge, and anxious to speak the exact truth of what he sees, leaving nothing untouched which could enlighten or entertain his readers. That he writes with ease and vividness, and that he sketches with breadth and dash, are accomplishments which enable him to present his observations with added fascination.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND ARMY CORPS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. By Francis A. Walker, Brevet-General U. S. Volunteers,

Assistant Adjutant-General of the Corps, October 9th, 1862—January 12th, 1865. With Portraits and Maps. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

General Walker, whose official position at the headquarters of the Second Corps gave him unusual facilities for acquiring such facts as fit him to be the historian of this gallant section of the Army of the Potomac, has acquitted himself with much skill in executing his task. The history of the Second Corps is an important part of the history of the Army of the Potomac, and to write it is well-nigh to writing the history of that series of bloody battles which extended from the battle of Fair Oaks on the Peninsula, in 1862, to the final fighting around Petersburg and Richmond which ended the bloody war. The corps was commanded successively by Generals Sumner, Sedgwick, Couch, Warren, Hancock, and Humphreys, all of them soldiers of the highest distinction, and the men under them were worthy of the reputation of the commanders. The principal battles in which the Second Corps distinguished itself were Fair Oaks (or Seven Pines), the Seven Days' Fight, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, and Reams Station.

General Walker gives an account of the military operations at great detail, and with a clearness which many military histories do not possess. To the general reader descriptions of battles are often highly confused and confusing, but we do not think that the non-professional reader will have this difficulty in the present case. The battles of Gettysburg and of the Wilderness may be specially mentioned as furnishing the occasion for exceedingly lucid delineation, which is almost a model of its kind. The author has consulted all possible authorities, both Union and Confederate, and seems to have spared no pains of research to make his arduous work in every way perfect. The book is embellished with portraits of the leading officers of the corps who in any way distinguished themselves. It is interesting to note that a large number of the most brilliant and successful soldiers of our late war on the Union side were at some time or another connected with this military organization. The clover-leaf has good reason to be considered one of the most splendid symbols of the war, and the survivors of the corps to congratulate themselves on having belonged to such an organization. Among other matters of interest in this history is a full list of all the officers

who were killed or mortally wounded in action, and other similar statistics. The book is a good specimen of book-making, both on the author's and publisher's part, and well worthy of a place on the book-shelves of all those interested in the late war.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, INCLUDING SELECTIONS FROM THE FIVE GREAT CLASSICS, CHAUCER, SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND MILTON, AND A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE DEATH OF DRYDEN IN 1700. By M. W. Smith, A.M., Teacher of English Literature in Hughes's High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. Cincinnati and New York: *Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.*

This text-book, as it may perhaps be called, seems to be modelled on an intelligent and desirable plan. It aims to give a brief and comprehensive sketch of English literature up to the death of Dryden, with examples and illustrations of the great classics of the earlier period down to the age of Milton. Within its scope the purpose is well carried out, and it is adapted to serve not only the use of classes in schools, but for the reading of young people for recreation and pleasure. A brief introduction discusses the early Saxon poems of "Beowulf," of Cædmon's biblical periphrase, and the writings of Venerable Bede and of Geoffrey of Monmouth. With Chaucer, of course, first came in English literature proper. The specimen of Chaucer given is the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales." The main value of the book is drawn from the rich literature of the Elizabethan age. Several poems of Sir Philip Sydney are given, and brief extracts from Sir Philip Sydney and others. As an example of Edmund Spenser we have the first book of the "Faerie Queene." Extracts are given from John Lilly, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, and as representative of Shakespeare the whole of "The Merchant of Venice." Several of Bacon's essays are quoted in full, lengthy extracts from John Bunyan, and portions of John Dryden's "All for Love." A fitting conclusion is in that most lovely poem of Milton, "Comus," truly one of the most chiselled masterpieces of the language. The editor of the book has added such explanations, suggestions, and questions as make it more valuable for the use of young persons.

A STUDY OF MEXICO. By David A. Wells, LL.D., D.C.L. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

These chapters, originally published in the

Popular Science Monthly, and now collected in book form, form one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the understanding of the political, economical, and social status of our sister republic. The recent extension of railway enterprise in this until recently most conservative of countries, and the large investment of European and American capital in the development of its resources, have made the world more deeply interested than formerly in Mexico, and the book of Mr. Wells will serve an important purpose. He tells us that in the early months of 1885 he went for purposes of health and recreation to this interesting country, and traversed it in a private car over the whole length of the Mexican Central, over most of the Vera Cruz and City of Mexico Railway, and over a part of the Mexican National. The aggregate distance passed over was more than three thousand miles, and as the train had its own provision for eating and sleeping, the party stopped at every point of interest, city, town, hacienda, mine, or desert, sufficiently long to satiate all curiosity and desire of information. The value of such a record of experience is indicated by the two points made by Mr. Wells in his preface: firstly, that Mexico, bordering the United States for two thousand miles, is as foreign to us in race, climate, government, customs, laws, and manners, as though belonging to another planet; and secondly, that the people of this country know about as much of Mexico as they do of China. Mr. Wells claims, and not too boldly, that the main facts and deductions presented by him comprise all that is essential to a fair understanding of the physical conformation and history of Mexico; of its present political, industrial, and social condition; and also for an intelligent discussion of its future possible or desirable political and commercial relations to the United States.

That Mr. Wells does not see things *couleur de rose* in Mexico need hardly be wondered at. He looks at life in all its varied interests from the standpoint of the thinker and the economist, not from the attitude of the mere traveller and the lover of the picturesque. He does not hesitate to speak the exact impression of his mind without any sugar-coating, except that which is incidental to gentlemanly courtesy. It is not much to be marvelled at that the book is bitterly criticised in Mexico, and that the author's motives have been sharply assailed. That Mr. Wells is right in his studies of the industrial and economical side of Mexican life is probably true. And, after all, this is the

main value of a work emanating from one of his personality and training. We should hardly expect any very acute perception of the romantic and genial side of our Mexican neighbors. After all, as he himself says, "it is not genius to carve crucifixes, embroider *huipillas*, or compose and execute music that her people need; but rather the ability to make and maintain good roads, invent and use machinery, and reform a system of laws that would neutralize all her natural advantages, even though they were many times greater than the most patriotic citizen of the country could claim for it."

Mr. Wells professes to prick some bubbles about Mexico, among them the notion that this is the great silver-producing country of the world in the richness of its native deposits. He claims that it is so far inferior to the United States as not worthy to be named in the same breath. He proceeds to point out the barbaric mediævalism of many of the laws which come nearest to the hearts and homes of the people, and the utter lack of respect for law and order which exists among the great mass of Mexicans. Mr. Wells is a severe critic, and puts his finger on many weak and frail points. Such a book ought to be valuable to Mexicans, as it teaches them what the impression made on intelligent and thinking foreigners is; for probably the majority of open-eyed tourists, even if they watch as keenly as did Mr. Wells, do not express their views with the same frankness.

THE BUCKHOLZ FAMILY. SKETCHES OF BERLIN LIFE. By Julius Stinde. Translated from the Forty-ninth Edition of the German Original by L. Dora Schmitz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The unprecedented popularity which this book attained in Germany is shown by the fact that within two years of the date of its publication it passed through fifty editions. As a picture of middle-class German life it was hailed as a most faithful and subtle study, as realistic as a story of Zola, with far more delicacy and fineness in the art handiwork. To fully appreciate the humor and veracity of Herr Stinde's work one probably needs to be somewhat acquainted with German life; but most people will find enough to enjoy in its keen analysis and knowledge of the average human character.

Although the sketches embodied in the chapters are practically independent of each other, they relate to the experiences of a single fam-

ily. They are interesting, whether taken singly or in their serial connection. The different social vicissitudes which would naturally overtake the members of a family in middle-class life, with all their joys and sorrows, their virtues, their aberrations, and the thousand daily accidents which, trivial to the beholder, may be important factors in determining happiness and shaping character, are depicted with the keenest sense of truth and humor. Such a writer must of necessity be a humorist, even in his pathos, if, indeed, humor and pathos can ever be radically divorced.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

PROF. THOROLD ROGERS is about to make a contribution to the early history of the Bank of England. His work, which will deal with the first nine years of the history of that great institution, will contain much interesting information drawn from original sources.

FROM the beginning of the new year *Blackwood's Magazine* has been permanently enlarged to 144 double-columned pages. The publishers say that the accession of new contributors, in addition to the well-known writers whose names are most identified with *Maga*, as well as the extended range of topics which now fall within the province of magazine literature, have rendered this step expedient. It is satisfactory to note that, in spite of the prevailing mania for signed articles, *Blackwood* has only adopted the fashion to a limited extent, and yet offers a field where the untried writer may win his spurs by the merit of his endeavors.

M. GÉDÉON HUET has published a catalogue of the Dutch MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, 109 in number. Among them are: a translation of Boethius, with illuminations; two fragmentary versions of the Old Testament; and the original of Grotius's "Defence of Religion."

VIENNA now has a paper issued for the benefit of English and American visitors. It is entitled the *Vienna Weekly News*, and is published every Tuesday morning. Dr. Griez is the editor, and Mr. W. N. Brown the London correspondent.

SWITZERLAND has lost one of her most characteristic dialect story-tellers by the death of Pfarrer J. B. Egli, the parish priest of Oldberg in Canton Aarau. Many who did not know his name were familiar with his popular tales

under the pseudonym so characteristic of the man, "Hans Gradus" ("Jack Straightforward"). Many of his stories appeared under another pseudonym, "Waldbruder Makkari." Pfarrer Egli was one of the small band of Swiss Catholic priests who refused to accept the Vatican decrees of 1870.

A HISTORY of the United States, in two volumes, is announced by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., of London. The work covers the whole period from the foundation of Virginia and Plymouth down to the close of the War of Secession and the re-establishment of self-government in the Southern States. The author, Mr. Percy Greg, has been known from the publication of his first volume of verse—*Interleaves*, in 1875—as a strong sympathizer with the Southern cause; and this work is, perhaps, the first historical account of the Civil War and its causes from that standpoint by one who was not an actor on the stage.

IN Prof. Madvig, of Copenhagen, Denmark, the world has lost one of the two or three classical scholars to whom their contemporaries would unhesitatingly assign a place in the first rank, who can be classed along with Casaubon, Bentley, Ruhnken, Hermann, and Lachmann. Beyond all dispute he was the greatest Latin scholar of the age. Since the death of Ritschl the Germans have ceased to contest the fact, and to other nations it was evident at an earlier period. His contributions to the criticism of Cicero and Livy can never be forgotten, for he was one of those who do not merely do work useful to their generation, but leave permanent traces of their influence on scholarship.

A LINK between the last century and the present recently passed away in the person of Herr Jakob Zipffler, at the small South German town of Forst. Zipffler, who died at the age of ninety-nine, used to act as an errand boy to Schiller. One of his most pleasant recollections was the fact that in 1802, when taking home to Schiller at Jena a new pair of trousers from the tailor with whom he was apprenticed, the poet gave him a liberal gratuity, with the words: "This is to refresh our acquaintance."

MR. GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, M.P., has in a forward state of preparation a history of the colonies and dependencies of the British empire, with special reference to the great growth of the last fifty years. His personal experiences in all our greater colonies and in India enable Mr. Baden-Powell to write with adequate personal knowledge of the places, people, and affairs dealt with.

MR. CHARLES ZACHARY MACAULAY, the historian's youngest brother, who died not long ago, was the author of a book entitled "Authority and Conscience: a Free Debate, edited by Conway Morel." Messrs. Longman published this book in 1871. Mr. C. Z. Macaulay was a member of the Bar, and for a time he was Attorney-General of Mauritius. Afterward he held an office in the Civil Service. His later years were devoted to philosophical speculation. He was the only one of the historian's brothers who manifested a taste and an aptitude for literary pursuits. He had a great dislike, however, to appearing before the public as an author in his own person. His only son, Mr. Charles Trevelyan Macaulay, is a frequent contributor to the current literature of the day.

MR. WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY, an American, has sent to England for publication a work on Walt Whitman, entitled "Walt Whitman, the Poet of Humanity," in the main a critical commentary and exposition of "Leaves of Grass," especially the moral and literary aspects of the book. The work includes some personal reminiscences of the "good gray poet" and his friends, and a bibliography and history of "Leaves of Grass."

HEINE's continued popularity in Germany is shown by the number of new editions which have recently appeared. One of the most noteworthy of them will probably be the "Kritische Gesamtausgabe," issued by the well-known house of Grote, at Berlin. It will be edited by Dr. Gustav Karpeles; and Prof. Buchheim has written for it a "Biographical Introduction," based on his life of Heine, prefixed to the Clarendon Press edition of Heine's *Prosa*.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that the Italian poet and historian of literature, G. Carducci, has just finished a remarkable work on the Popes as poets, "I Papi Poeti." He intends, however, to keep it back for some months before sending it to press, as it contains a chapter of somewhat severe criticism upon the poems of Leo XIII., and the author is not anxious to win a cheap popularity among the Italian anticlericalists.

PROF. BUCHHEIM has written a "Biographische Einleitung" for the new critical edition of Heine's works, which Dr. Karpeles is editing, and which is appearing at Berlin.

MR. W. W. ROCKHILL, of the U. S. Legation at Peking, in a letter to Dr. Rost mentions that he has ready for the press a work on Tibet. It is mainly based on a new translation

of the Chinese description of that country which was first made known through Klaproth's rendering; but he has added to it not only extracts from such other Chinese books on the subject as are available at Peking, but also a great amount of information supplied to him by Chinese and Tibetan travellers, besides a number of photographic and other illustrations. The work is likely to prove an important contribution to our knowledge of Tibet.

DANIEL SZILAGYI, lately of Constantinople, bequeathed to the Hungarian Academy his collections, and they have been only now fully examined and reported upon to the Academy by that competent authority, Mr. Vambéry. The late Mr. Szilagyi was one of the Hungarian exiles, and established himself in Constantinople as a bookseller. He was well known to Europeans and Turks, and much liked, but his real value was only known to a few of his fellow Magyars. Having made himself a thorough master of Turkish, he devoted his opportunities to the acquirement of the MSS. and books in question, in search of which he employed many years. His first object appears to have been to collect MSS. illustrative of the Turkish rule in Hungary. These form one section of the series, but it is rich also in rare MSS. throwing light on Turkish history, some unknown to Von Hammer. It includes early printed books, and among them nearly all that came from the first press of Ibrahim Effendi, who is of interest to Hungary as having been a Magyar. There are many rarities, and Mr. Vambéry naturally prizes some Jagatai MSS. It is proposed to place a bust of Szilagyi in the Academy.

DR. HARKAVY, of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, has discovered on his recent visit to the East, among other rabbinical MSS., a detailed narrative of the expulsion of the Jews of Spain and Portugal by an eye-witness, with the unknown name of Abraham, son of R. Solomon, of טרוטאָויל, who settled with many other exiles in Fez. The treatise forms a supplement to Abraham ben David's chronicle called "Book of Tradition," which goes up to the year 4921 A.M. = 1161 A.D. The supplement continues up to 5270 A.M. = 1510. The author gives also an account of the Spanish kings up to Ferdinand, with details about his wars against the kingdom of Granada. Jewish historical works being so few, we hope that Dr. Harkavy will try, in spite of his numerous engagements, not to keep back for any length of time such a precious document.

